

EMMELINE,
THE
ORPHAN OF THE CASTLE.

BY
CHARLOTTE SMITH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME III.

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CHAP. I.

THE Baron de St. Alpin was a venerable soldier near sixty, in whom the natural roughness of his country was polished by a long residence among the French. He was extremely good humoured and cheerful, and passionately fond of the Chevalier de Bellozane, who was the youngest of three sons, the two elder of whom had fallen in the field. The military ardour, however, of the Baron, had not been buried with them; and he still intrusted the sole survivor of his house and the last support of his hopes, in the same service.

With infinite satisfaction he embraced this beloved son on his return from Martinique, and with exultation presented him to his nephew, to Lady Westhaven, and Miss Mowbray. The Baron was indeed persuaded that he was the most accomplished young man in France, and had no notion that every body did not behold him with the same eyes.

Bellozane was tall, well made, and handsome;

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his face, and yet more, his figure, bore some resemblance to the Godolphin family; his manners were elegant, his air military, his vivacity excessive, and he was something of a coxcomb, but not more than is thought becoming to men of his profession in France at two and twenty.

Having lived always in the army or in fashionable circles at Paris, he had conceived no advantageous ideas of his own country, where he had not been since his childhood. His father now retiring thither himself, had obtained a long leave of absence for him; that he might go also; but Bellozane would willingly have dispensed with the journey, which the Baron pressed with so much vehemence, that he had hardly time to modernize his appearance after his American campaigns; a point which was to him of serious importance.

He had therefore with reluctance looked forward to their journey over the Alps. But as soon as his father (who had met him at Port L'Orient on his landing) introduced him at Paris to his English relations and to Emmeline, the journey seemed not only to have lost its horrors, but to become a delightful party of pleasure; and he was happy to make the fourth in the post coach in which Lady Westhaven, Emmeline, and her Ladyship's woman, travelled; Lord Westhaven and the Baron following in a post chaise.

Nothing could exceed the happiness of the Baron, nor the gaiety of his son. Lord Westhaven and his wife, though they talked about it less, were not less pleased with their friends and their expedition; while Emmeline appeared restored to her former cheerfulness, because she saw that they wished to see her cheerful. But whenever she was a moment alone,



parties were desirous that it might be lengthened.

The extreme eagerness with which the Baron de St. Alpin had wished to revisit his estate, gave way to the pleasures he found in travelling in such society; and as Lady Westhaven had never been farther south than Lyons, and Emmeline had never seen the Southern Provinces at all, it was determined, on their arrival at that city, to proceed to the shore of the Mediterranean before they went into Switzerland.

It was the finest season of the year, and the loveliest weather imaginable. The party consulted, therefore, only pleasure on their way. Sometimes they went no more than a single stage in a day, and employed the rest in viewing any place in its neighbourhood worth their curiosity. They often left their carriages to walk, to saunter, to dine on the grass on provisions they had brought with them; and whenever a beautiful view or uncommon scene presented themselves, they stopped to admire them; and Bellozane drew sketches, which were put into Emmeline's *port feuille*.

As they were travelling between Marseilles and Toulon, they entered a road bounded on each side by mountainous rocks, which sometimes receding, left between them small but richly cultivated vallies; and in other parts so nearly met each other, as to leave little more room than sufficed for the carriage to pass; while the turnings of the road were so angular and abrupt, that it seemed every moment to be carrying them into the bosom of the rock. Through this defile, as it was quite shady, they agreed to walk.

In some places huge masses impended over them, of varied form and colour, without any vegetation

but scattered mosses ; in others, aromatic plants and low shrubs ; the lavender, the thyme, the rosemary, the mountain sage, fringed the steep crags, while a neighbouring acclivity was shaded with the taller growth of holly, phillyrea, and ever-green oak ; and the next covered, perhaps, with the glowing purple of the Mediterranean heath. The summits of almost all, crowned with groves of fir, larch, and pine.

Emmeline, in silent admiration, beheld this beautiful and singular scene ; and with the pleasure it gave her, a soft and melancholy sensation was mingled. She wanted to be alone in this delightful place, or with some one who could share, who could understand the satisfaction she felt. She knew nobody but Godolphin who had taste and enthusiasm enough to enjoy it.

Insensibly she left Lady Westhaven and the Chevalier behind her ; and passing his Lordship and the Baron, who were deeply engaged in a discourse about the military operations of the past war, she walked on with some quickness. Intent on the romantic wildness of the cliffs with which she was surrounded, and her mind associating with it the idea of him on whom it now perpetually dwelt, she had brought Godolphin before her, and was imagining what he would have said had he been with her ; with what warmth he would enjoy, with what taste and spirit point out, the beauty of scenes so enchanting.

She had now left her companions at some distance, yet as she heard their voices swell in the breeze along the defile, she felt no apprehension. In the narrowest part of it, where she saw only steep crags and the sky, which their bending tops hardly admitted, she was stopped by a transparent stream, which, bursting

involuntary sighs fled towards England; and when she remembered how far she must be from Lady Adeline, from little William, in short, from Godolphin, how could she help thinking of them with concern.

During the day, however, the Chevalier gave her no time for reflection. He waited on her with the most assiduous attention, watched her looks to prevent her slightest wishes, talked to her incessantly, besought her to teach him English, and told her all he had seen in his travels, and much that he had done. A Frenchman talks without hesitation of himself, and the Chevalier was quite a Frenchman.

Too polite, however, for exclusive adulation, Lady Westhaven shared all his flattery; and her real character being now unrepresed by the severity of her mother, she, all gaiety and good humour, was extremely amused with the extravagant gallantry of the Chevalier, and at Emmeline's amazement; who, having been little used to the manners of the French, was sometimes alarmed, and sometimes vexed, at the warmth of his address and the admiration which he professed towards them both.

Lady Westhaven assured her that such conversation was so usual, that nobody ever thought of being offended at it; and that Bellozane was probably so much used to apply the figures of speech which she thought so extraordinary, to every woman he saw, that he, perhaps, knew not himself, and certainly never thought of what he was saying.

Emmeline, therefore, heard from him repeatedly what would from an Englishman have been considered as an absolute declaration of love, without any other answer than seeming inattention, and flying as soon as possible to some other topic.

In the progress of their journey, these common-

place speeches, and this desultory gallantry, was gradually exchanged for a deportment more respectful. He besought Emmeline very seriously to give him an opportunity of speaking to her apart; which she with the utmost difficulty evaded. His extreme gaiety forsook him—the poor Chevalier was in love.

It was in vain he communicated his malady to *la belle cousine* (as he usually called Lady Westhaven); *la belle cousine* only laughed at him, and told him he had according to his own account been so often in love, that this additional *penchant* could not possibly hurt him, and would merely serve to prevent what he owned he had so much dreaded, being “*ennuyé à la mort*” at St. Alpin.

When he found the inexorable Lady Westhaven refused seriously to attend to him, he applied with new ardour to Emmeline herself; to whom his importunity began to be distressing, as she foresaw in his addresses only a repetition of the persecution she had suffered from the fiery and impetuous Delamere. Still, however, she was often obliged to hear him. She could hear him only with coldness; which he was far from taking as a discouragement. As she did not love to think *herself engaged*, she could not use that plea, or even name an engagement which she believed might now never be claimed by *him* to whom it was given. All, therefore, she could say was, that she had no thoughts of marrying. An answer which, however frequently repeated, Bellozane determined to think favourable; and Emmeline knew not how to treat, with peremptory rudeness, the cousin of Lord Westhaven and of Captain Godolphin.

But whatever diminution of her ease and tranquillity she might suffer or apprehend from the growing attachment of this young man, the journey was attended with so many pleasant circumstances, that all

*depuis que mon maitre—mon pauvre maitre mouroit dans mes bras belas !—s'il avoit vecu—car il etoit tout jeun—j'aurois passé ma vie entiere avec lui—j'aurois retourné avec lui en Angleterre—Ah, c'est un païs charmant que cette Angleterre.” **

“ You have been there, then ? ”

He answered that he had been three times ; and should have been happy had it pleased heaven to have ended his days there.

“ The praise you bestow on our country, my friend,” said Lord Westhaven, “ is worth at least this piece *de six francs* ; and the beauty *de cette jolie enfant*,” † added he, turning to the little *paisanne*, “ is interesting enough to induce me to inquire whether such a gift may not serve her to purchase *quelques petites amulettes a la ville*.” ‡ He presented the young woman with another crown.

The old Frenchman seemed ready to thank his Lordship with tears.

Without solicitation or ceremony, seeing that the gentlemen were disposed to listen to him, he began to relate his “ short and simple ” story.

Lady Westhaven and the Chevalier now arrived. But she sat down by Emmeline, and desired the old man to continue whatever he was saying.

“ He has been praising our country,” said Lord Westhaven, “ and in return, I am willing to hear the history of himself, which he seems very desirous of relating.”

“ I was in the army,” said he, “ as we all are ; ”

* It is almost nineteen years, since my master—my poor master, died in my arms ; had he lived, for he was quite a young man, I should have passed my life with him—I should have returned with him to England. Ah, that England is a charming country !

† Of this pretty maid.

‡ Some little necessaries, bargains, at the neighbouring town.

till being taken with a plurify at Calais, and rendered long incapable of duty, I got my discharge, and hired myself as a travelling valet to *Milor Anglais*. With him (he was the best master in the world) I lived six years. I went with him to England when he came to his estate, and five years afterwards came back with him to France. He met with a misfortune in losing *une dame tres aimable*, and never was quite well afterwards. To drive away trouble, *pour se dissiper*, he went among a set of his own countrymen, and I believe *le chagrin*, and living too freely, gave him a terrible fever. *Une fièvre ardente lui saisit à Milan, ses compagnons apparemment n'aimoit gueres les malades ;* * for nobody came near him except a young surgeon, who arrived there by accident, and hearing that an Englishman of fashion lay ill, charitably visited him. But it was too late. He had already been eleven days under the hands of an Italian physician; and when the English gentleman saw him, he said he had only a few hours to live.

“He sat by him, however. But my poor master was senseless; till about an hour before he died he recovered his recollection.

“He ordered me to bring him two little boxes, which he always carried with him; and charged me to go to England with his body, and deliver those boxes to a person he named. He bade me give one of his watches, which was a very rich one, to his brother, and told *me* to keep the other in memory of my master.

“Then he spoke to the stranger—‘Sir,’ said he, ‘since you have had the humanity to interest yourself for a person unknown to you, have the goodness to see that my servant is suffered to execute

* A burning fever seized him at Milan; his companions seemed to have but little affection for the sick.

suddenly with some violence out of the rock, is received into a small reservoir of stone, and then carried away in stone channels to a village at some distance.

While Emmeline stood contemplating this beautiful spring, she beheld, in an excavation in the rock close to it, two persons sitting on a bench, which had been rudely cut for the passenger to rest. One of them appeared to be a man about fifty; he wore a short light-coloured coat, a waistcoat that had once been of embroidered velvet; from his head, which was covered first with a red thrum night-cap, and then with a small hat, bound with tarnished lace, depended an immense *queue*; his face, though thin and of a mahogany darkness, seemed to express penetration and good humour; and Emmeline, who had at first been a little startled, was no longer under alarm; when he, on perceiving her near the entrance of the cavern, flew nimbly out of it, bowed to the ground, and pulling off, most politely, his thrum night-cap, inquired—" *Si Mademoiselle voudrez bien se reposer ?*" *

Emmeline thanked him, and advanced towards the bench; from which a girl about seventeen, very brown but very pretty, had on her approach arisen, and put up into a kind of wallet the remains of the provisions they had been eating, which were only fruit and black bread. As soon as the old Frenchman perceived that Emmeline intended to sit down, he sprung before her, brushed down the seat with his cap, and then making several profound bows, assured " *Mademoiselle qu'elle pourroit s'asseoir sans incommodité.*" †

* If the young lady would please to sit down?

† That she might sit down without inconvenience.

The young woman, dressed like the *paisannes* of the country, was modestly retiring; but Emmeline desired her to remain; and entering into conversation with her, found she was the daughter of the assiduous old Frenchman, and that he was going with her to Toulon in hopes of procuring her a service.

The Baron and Lord Westhaven now approached and laughingly reproached Emmeline for having deserted them. She told them she was enchanted with the seat she had found, and should wait there for the Chevalier and Lady Westhaven.

"I am only grieved," said she, "that I have disturbed from their humble supper these good people."

The two gentlemen then spoke to the old Frenchman; whose countenance had something of keen intelligence and humble civility, which prejudiced both in his favour.

"*Je vois bien*," said he, addressing himself to Lord Westhaven,—"*Je vois bien que j'ai l'honneur de parler à un Milor Anglais.*" *

"*Eh! comment?*" answered his Lordship—"comment? tu connois donc bien les Anglais?" †

"*Oh oui!—j'ai passé à leur service une partie de ma jeunesse.—Ils sont les meilleur maitres—*" ‡

"*Parle tu Anglais, mon ami?*" §

"Yes, Milor, I speak little English. "*Mais*," continued he, relapsing into the volubility of his own language—" *Mais il y'a a peu pres dix neuf ans,*

* I perceive I have the honour to speak to an English nobleman.

† How? are you then well acquainted with the English?

‡ I passed part of my youth in their service.—They are the best masters in the world.

§ Do you speak English, my friend?

what I have directed, and put your seal on my effects. The money I have about me, my clothes, and my common watch, I have given him. He knows what farther I would have done; I told him on the second day of my illness. Baptist—you remember——”

“He tried to say something more; but in a few moments he died in my arms.

“With the assistance of the young English surgeon, I arranged every thing as my master directed. I went with his corps to England, and received a large present from his brother, whom, however, I did not see, because he was not in London. Then I returned to France.”

“Since you loved England so much,” inquired the Baron, “*puisque vous aimiez tant cet pays pourquoi ne pas y’ rester ?*” *

“*Ah, Monsieur ! j’étois riche ; et je brulez de partager mes richesses avec une jolie fille dont j’étois éperdument amoureux.*” †

“*Eh bien ?*”

“I married her, Monsieur; and for above two years we were the happiest people on earth. But we were very thoughtless. *Je ne sçais comment cela se faisoit, mes espece Anglais, qui je croyais inepuisable se dissipant peu a pes, et enfin il falloit songer a quelque provision pour ma femme et mes deux petites filles.*” ‡

“I returned, therefore, into the Limosin, of which

* Why not stay there ?

† Ah, Sir ! I was rich, and I longed eagerly to share my riches with a pretty young woman with whom I was distractedly in love.

‡ I know not how it happened, my English money, which I thought inexhaustible, diminished by little and little; and at length it was necessary to think what I was to do for my wife and my two little girls.

province I was a native ; but some of my family were dead, and the rest had neither power nor inclination to assist their poor relations. The Seigneur of the village had bought a post at Paris, and was about to quit his chateau. He heard I was honest ; and therefore, though he had very little to lose, he put me into it. I worked in the garden, and raised enough, with the little wages we had, to keep us. My wife learned to work, and my two girls were healthy and happy.

“ *Oui, Messieurs, nous étions pauvre à la vérité ! mais nous étions très contents !* * till about eight months ago ; and then an epidemical distemper broke out in the village, and carried off my wife and my eldest daughter.

“ *Oh, Therese ! et toi ma petite Suzette, je te pleurs ; encore amèrement je te pleurs.*” †

The poor Frenchman turned away, and wept bitterly.

“ *Je sçais bien,*” continued he—“ *je sçais bien qu’il faut s’accoutumer à les souffrances !* ‡ We might still have lived on, Madelon and me, at our ruinous chateau ; but the possessor of it dying, his son sent us notice that he should pull it down (indeed it must soon have fallen), and ordered us to quit it.

“ *Ainsi me voila, Messieurs, à cinquante ans, sans pain. Mais pour cela je ne m’embarrasse pas ; si je pourrois bien placer ma pauvre Madelon tout ira bien !*” §

* Yes, gentlemen, we were indeed poor ; but we were very, very happy !

† Oh, Therese ! and you, my poor Suzette, I lament ye ! bitterly I deplore your loss !

‡ I know well—I know, that we must learn to suffer !

§ So here I am, gentlemen, at fifty years old, without bread to eat. But it is not that which troubles me. If I could get a comfortable place for my poor Madelon, all would be well !

There was in this relation a touching simplicity which drew tears from Lady Westhaven and Emmeline. The whole party became interested for the father and the daughter, who had wept silently while he was relating their story.

"Can nothing be done for these poor creatures?" said Lady Westhaven.

"Certainly we will assist them," answered her Lord—"But let us inquire how we can best do it. *Tu t'appelles ?*"* continued he, speaking to the Frenchman.

"*Baptiste La Fere, mais mon nomme de guerre, et de condition fut toujours Le Limosin.* †

"*Dites moi dunc, ‡ Monsieur Le Limosin,*" said his Lordship, "what hopes have you of placing your daughter at Toulon?"

"Alas! Milor, but little. I know nobody there but an old relation of my poor wife's, who is *Tou-riere* at a convent; and if I cannot get a service for Madelon, I must give the good abbess a little money to take her till I can do something better for her."

"And where do you expect to get money?"

"*Tenez, mon Seigneur,*" answered he, pulling a watch out of his pocket, "*ayez la bonté d'examiner cet montre.* † It is an English watch; gold, and in a gold case. I have been offered a great deal of money for it; but in all my poverty, in all my distresses, I have contrived to keep it, because it was the last gift of my dear master. But now my poor Madelon must be thought of; and if it must be so,

* Your name?

† Baptista La Fere. But the name under which I served as a soldier and as a servant, is Le Limosin.

‡ Tell me then.

† See, my Lord, have the goodness to look at this watch.

"I will sell it, and pay for her staying in the convent."

"You shall not do that, my friend," replied Lord Westhaven, still holding the watch in his hand.

It had a cypher H. C. M. and a crest engraved on it.

"H. C. M.?" said his Lordship, "and the Mowbray crest! Pray what was your master's name?"

"Milor Moubray," answered Le Limosin.

"Comment? Milor Moubray?"

"Oui, Milor, regardez s'il vous plaita. Voila son Chiffre, Henry-Charles Moubray, et vaila le cimier de famille†."

Emmeline, who no longer doubted but this was her father's servant, was so much affected, that Lady Westhaven, apprehending she would faint, called for assistance; and the Chevalier, who during this conversation had attended only to her, snatched up the beechen cup out of which Limosin and Madelon had been drinking, and which still stood on the ground, and flying with it to the spring, brought it instantly back filled with water; while Lady Westhaven bathed her temples, and held to her her salts. She soon recovered; and then speaking in a faint voice to his Lordship, said—"My Lord, this is the servant in whose arms my poor father expired. Do allow me to intercede with your Lordship for him and for his daughter; but let him not know, to-night at least, who I am. I cannot again bear a circumstantial detail about my father."

Lord Westhaven now led Limosin out of the

† Yes, my Lord, be so good as to observe. There is his cypher H. C. M. and there the family crest.

cave; told him he had determined, as he had known his master's family, to take him into his own service, and that Lady Westhaven would provide for his daughter. At this intelligence the poor fellow grew almost frantic. He would have thrown himself at the feet of his benefactor, had he not been prevented; then flew back to fetch his Madelon, that she might join in prayers and benedictions; and hardly could Lord Westhaven persuade him to be tranquil enough to understand the orders he gave him, which were to hire some kind of conveyance at the next village to carry his daughter to Toulon; where he gave him a direction to find his English benefactor the next day.

It was now late, and the party hastened to leave this romantic spot, which had been marked by so singular a meeting. On their arrival at Toulon, they equipped, and sent away before them to St. Alpin, Le Limosin and Madelon, the latter of whom Lady Westhaven took entirely to wait on Emmeline.

The soft heart and tender spirits of Emmeline had not yet recovered the detail she had heard of her father's death. A pensive melancholy hung over her, which the Chevalier, nothing doubting his own perfections, hoped was owing to a growing affection for himself. But it had several sources of which he had no suspicion; and it made the remaining three weeks of their tour appear tedious to Emmeline; who languished to be at St. Alpin, where she hoped to find letters from Mrs. Stafford and from Lady Adelina. She thought it an age since she had heard from the latter; and secretly but anxiously indulged an hope of meeting a large packet, which might contain some intelligence of Godolphin.

CHAP. II.

THE Chateau de St. Alpin was a gloomy and antique building, but in habitable repair. The only constant resident in it for some years had been the Demoiselle de St. Alpin, now about five and forty years; whose whole attention had been given to keeping it in order, and collecting in the garden, variety of plants, in which she took singular pleasure. Detached from the world, and with no other relations than her brother and her nephews, whom she was seldom likely to see, she found in this innocent and amusing pursuit a resource against the tedium of life. Her manners, though simple, were mild and engaging; and her heart perfectly good and benevolent. With her, therefore, Emmeline was extremely pleased; and the country in which her residence was situated, was so beautiful, that accustomed to form her ideas of magnificent scenery from the first impressions that her mind had received in Wales, Emmeline acknowledged that her eye was here perfectly satisfied.

With her heart it was far otherwise. On her arrival at St. Alpin, she found letters from Lady Adelina inclosed in others from Mrs. Stafford. Lady Adelina gave such an account of her own health, as convinced Emmeline it was not improved since she left England. Of Mr. Godolphin she only said, that he was returned from Ireland, but had staid with her only a few hours, and was then obliged to go on business to London, where his continuance was uncertain.

Mrs. Stafford gave of herself and her family a more pleasing account. She said she had hopes that the re-adjustment of Mr. Stafford's affairs would

soon allow of their return to England; and as it might possibly happen on a very short notice, and before Emmeline could rejoin them, she had sent, by a family who were travelling to Geneva, and who readily undertook the care of it, a large box, which contained some of her clothes and the caskets which belonged to her, which had been long left at Mrs. Ashwood's after Emmeline's precipitate departure from her house with Delamere, and which, on Mrs. Ashwood's marriage and removal, she had sent with a cold note (addressed to Miss Mowbray) to the person who negociated Mr. Stafford's business in London.

Their lengthened journey had so much broken in on the time allotted to their tour, that Lord and Lady Westhaven purposed staying only a month at St. Alpin. The Baron, who had equal pride and pleasure in the company of his nephew, endeavoured, by every means in his power, to make that time pass agreeably; and felt great satisfaction in shewing to the few neighbours who were within fifteen miles of his *chateau*, that he had in an English nobleman of such rank and merit, so near a relation.

He had observed very early the growing passion of his son for Miss Mowbray. He was assured that she returned it; for he never supposed it possible that any woman could behold the Chevalier with indifference.

He had heard from Lord Westhaven that Emmeline was the daughter of a man of fashion, but was by the circumstances of her birth excluded from any share of his fortune, and entirely dependant on the favour of the Marquis of Montreville. The old Baron, charmed himself with her person and her manners, rather approved than opposed the wishes

his son; and however convenient it might have been to have seen him married to a woman of fortune, he was disposed to rejoice at his inclining to marry at all; and convinced that with Emmeline he must be happy, thought he might dispense with being rich. The Chevalier, confident of success, and believing that Emmeline meant by her timid refusals only encouragement, grew so extremely importunate, that she was sometimes on the point of declaring to him her real situation.

But from this she was deterred, by the apprehension that he would apply to Lord Delamere for the relinquishment of her promise; and should he obtain it, consider himself as having a claim to the hand his Lordship resigned.

This was an hope, which, whatever his vanity might have suggested, she never meant to give him; yet she had the mortification to find that all her rejections, however repeated, were considered by the Chevalier as words of course. It was in vain she assured him, that besides her disinclination to change her situation by marriage at all, she had other forcible objections; that she should never think of passing her life out of England; that not only their country, but their manners, their ideas on a thousand subjects, so materially differed, as to make every other reason of her refusal unnecessary.

When she seriously urged thus much, he usually answered that he would then reside in England; that he would accommodate his manner of living to her pleasure; and that as to the ideas which had displeased her, he would never again offend her with their repetition. Emmeline had indeed been extremely hurt and disgusted at that levity of principle, on the most serious subjects, which the Chevalier avowed without reserve, and for which he appeared to value himself.

Though brought up a Calvinist, he had, as he owned, always conformed to the mode of worship and ceremonies of the Catholics while he was among them; and usually added, that had he served amid the Turks or the Jews, he should have done the same, as a matter of great indifference.

The Baron, whose life had been more active than contemplative, was unaccustomed to consider these matters deeply. And as every thing Bellozane advanced had with him great authority, he was struck with his lively arguments; and whatever might be their solidity, could not help admiring the wit of the Chevalier, whom he sometimes encouraged to dispute with Lord Westhaven. The religion of Lord Westhaven was as steady and unaffected as his morals were excellent; and he entered willingly into these dialogues with Bellozane, in hopes of convincing him that infidelity was by no means necessary to the character of a soldier; and that *he* was unlikely to serve well the country to which he belonged, or for which he fought, who began by insulting his God.

He found, however, that the young man had imbibed these lessons so early, and fancied them so much the marks of a superior and penetrating mind, that he could make no impression by rational argument. Bellozane usually answered by a sprightly quotation from some French author; and his Lordship soon declined the conversation, believing that if sickness and sorrow did not supersede so slow a cure, time at least would convince him of his folly.

But such was the effect of this sort of discourse on Emmeline, that had Bellozane been in other respects unexceptionable, and had her heart been free from any other impression, she would never have listened to him as a lover.

From his own account of himself in other respects, Emmeline had gathered enough to believe that he was profligate and immoral. But as she could not appear to detect these errors without allowing him to suppose her interested in his forsaking them, she generally heard him in silence; and only, when pressed to name her objections, stated his loose opinions as one in her mind very material.

To this he again repeated, that his opinions he would correct; his residence should be settled by herself.—“Had she any objection to his person?” inquired he, as he proudly surveyed it in the long old fashioned glass which ornamented the *salette a manger*.*

Emmeline, blushing from the conscious recollection of the resemblance it bore in height and air to that of Godolphin, answered falteringly—“That to his person there could be no objection.”

“To his fortune?”

“It was undoubtedly more than, situated as she was, she could expect.”

“To his family?”

“It was a family whose alliance must confer honour.”

“What then?” vehemently continued the Chevalier—“What then, charming Emmeline, occasions this long reserve, this barbarous coldness? Since you can form no decided objection; since you have undoubtedly allowed me to hope; why do you thus cruelly prolong my sufferings? Surely you do not, you cannot mean finally to refuse and desert me, after having permitted me to speak so long to you of my passion?”

“It is with some justice,” gravely and coldly answered Emmeline, “I own that it is with some justice that you impute to me the appearance of co-

* Dining room.

quetry; because I have listened with too much patience (though certainly never with approbation) to your discourse on this subject. But be assured, that whatever I have said, though perhaps with insufficient firmness I now repeat, in the hope that you will understand it as my unalterable resolution—the honour you are so obliging as to offer me, I *never* can accept; and I beg you will forbear to urge me farther on a subject to which I never can give any other answer.”

This dialogue, which happened on the second day of her residence at St. Alpin, and the first moment he could find her alone, did not seem to discourage the Chevalier. He observed her narrowly: the country round St. Alpin, which, as well as the place itself, he thought “*triste et insupportable*,” seemed to delight and attract her. He saw her not only enduring, but even fond of his aunt and her plants, which were to him “*les sujets du monde les plus facheux*.” † His excessive vanity made him persist in believing that she could not admire such a place, but through some latent partiality to its master; nor seek the company and esteem of his aunt, but for the sake of her nephew.

These remarks, and a conviction formed on his own self-love, and on the experience of his Persian conquests, made him disregard her refusal, and persecute her incessantly with his love. Lord Westhaven saw her uneasiness; but knew not how to relieve her, without offending the Baron and the Chevalier, or divulging circumstances of which he did not think himself at liberty without her permission to speak.

Lady Westhaven, to whom Emmeline was obliged to complain of the importunity of Bellozane, re-

† The most wearisome, or to use the cant of the times, the most boring subjects in the world.

peatedly, but very fruitlessly, remonstrated with him. What she had at first ridiculed, now gave her pain; and anxious as she was to reconcile her brother to her friend, from whom she thought only his warmth of temper and a misunderstanding had divided him, she wished to shorten as much as possible their stay at St. Alpin.

Her own situation, too, made her very anxious to return to England; and she was impatient to see Lord Delamere, to explain to him all the mystery of Emmeline's conduct; a detail which she could not venture by the post, though she had written to him from Lyons, intreating him to suspend all opinion in regard to Miss Mowbray's conduct till she should see him.

This letter never reached the hands of Lord Delamere, and therefore was not answered to St. Alpin; whither his sister had desired him to direct, and where she now grew very uneasy at not hearing from him.

Le Limosin and his Madelon had arrived at St. Alpin some time before their noble patrons, with whose goodness they were elated to excess. Le Limosin himself, assiduous to do every thing for every body, flew about as if he was but twenty. His particular province was to attend, with Lady Weithaven's English servant, on her Ladyship and Miss Mowbray; and Madelon was directed to wait on the latter as her *fille de chambre*.

Emmeline, with painful solicitude for which she could hardly account, wished to hear from Le Limosin those particulars of her father of which he was so well able to inform her. He had served, too, her mother; whose name she had hardly ever heard repeated, and of whom, before witnesses, she dared not inquire.

Lord Westhaven had not yet explained to him to what he principally owed the extraordinary kindness he had met with. He knew not that the lady on whom he had the honour to wait, was the daughter of that master to whom he had been so much obliged.

The first days that Lord and Lady Westhaven and Emmeline had passed with the Baron, had been engaged by company, or in parties which he made to shew the views of the surrounding country to his English guests. The Chevalier never suffered Emmeline to be absent from these excursions, nor when at home allowed her to be a moment out of his company. If she sought refuge in the chamber of Mrs. St. Alpin, he followed her; if she went with her to her plants, thither also came Bellozane; and having acquired from his aunt's books a few physical and botanical terms, affected to desire information, which the old lady highly pleased with his desire of improvement in her favourite studies, gave him with great simplicity.

Lord Westhaven grew apprehensive, that the jaunts of pleasure which the Baron continued to propose, would be too fatiguing for his wife. And as they were now to go on a visit to one of St. Alpin's old military friends, who resided at the distance of fifteen miles, and where they were to remain all night, he prevailed on her to stay at home, where Emmeline also desired to be left.

Bellozane detesting a party which the ladies were not to enliven, made some efforts to be excused also; but he found his declining to go would so much chagrin and disappoint his father, that, with whatever reluctance, he was obliged to set out with him.

Lady Westhaven, who was a good deal indisposed, went to lie down in her room; whither Emme-

line attended her, and finding she was disposed to sleep, left her. Mrs. St. Alpin was busied in her garden; and Emmeline, delighted with an opportunity of being alone, retired to her room to write to Mrs. Stafford. She had not proceeded far in her letter, when a servant informed her that the messenger who had been sent to Geneva for her box was returned with it. She desired that it might be brought up. Madelon came to assist her in opening it, and then left her.

She took out the clothes and linen, and then the two embroidered caskets, which she put on the table before her, and gazed at with melancholy pleasure, as silent memorials of her parents. They brought also to her mind the recollection of Mrs. Carey, and many of her infantine pains and pleasures at Mowbray Castle, where she remembered first to have remarked them in a drawer belonging to that good woman; to which, though it was generally locked, she had occasionally sent her little charge when she was herself confined to her chair.

One of them she had begun to inspect at Clapham, and perused some of the letters it contained. They were from her grandmother, Mrs. Mowbray, to her father; and were filled with reproaches so warm and severe, and such pointed censures of his conduct in regard to Miss Stavordale, her mother, to whom one letter yet more bitter was addressed, that after reading three of them, Emmeline believed that the further inspection of the casket was likely to produce for her only unavailing regret.

Still, however, she would then have continued it, painful as it was, but was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Lord Montreville, who came to inquire after his son. The sight of Mr. Mowbray's picture, which she had taken out, created in the breast of

his Lordship a momentary tenderness for his niece. She had since always worn that picture about her; but the papers by which she had been too much affected after that interview farther to peruse, she had again secured in the caskets; and being almost immediately afterwards taken by Delamere on her involuntary journey to Stevenage, from whence she returned no more to Clapham, she had not since had them in her possession.

Her mind, in this interval, had acquired greater strength; and she at length wished to know those particulars of her mother's fate, into which she had hitherto forborne through timidity to inquire. Being now, therefore, alone, and having these repositories once more in her hands, she resolutely inspected them.

The first contained about twenty letters. Some were those she had before seen, and others followed them equally severe. They seemed in sullen resentment to have been preserved; and Emmeline could not but reflect with pain on the anger and asperity in which they were written; on the remorse and uneasiness with which they must have been read.

The second casket seemed also to hold letters. On opening it, Emmeline found they were part of the correspondence between her father and mother during the early part of their acquaintance, when, though they sometimes resided in the same house, the vigilant observation of Mrs. Mowbray very seldom allowed them to converse.

Among these were several pieces of poetry, elegant and affecting. After having read which, Emmeline imagined she had seen all the box contained, a few loosely folded papers only remaining; but on opening one of these, what was her astonishment to find in it two certificates of her mother's marriage!

one under the hand of a Catholic priest, by whom she had been married immediately on their arrival at Dunkirk; the other signed a few days before the birth of Emmeline by an English clergyman, who had again performed the ceremony in the chapel of the English Ambassador at Paris.

That the memory of her mother should thus be free from reproach; that the conduct of her father, which had hitherto appeared cruel and unjust, should be vindicated from every aspersion; and that she should herself be restored to that place in society from which she seemed to be excluded for ever; was altogether such unexpected, such incredible happiness, as made her almost doubtful of the evidence of her senses. Ignorant as she was of the usual form of such papers, yet the care with which these seemed to be executed left her little doubt of their regularity. One other folded paper yet remained unread. Trembling she opened it. It was written in her father's hand, and endorsed

MEMORANDUM.

“ The harshness with which my mother and her family have treated Miss Stavordale for a supposed crime, has forced her to put herself under my protection. Miss Stavordale is now my wife; but of this I shall not inform my family, conceiving myself accountable no longer to persons capable of so much rashness and injustice. Lest any thing, however, should happen before I can make a will in due form, I hereby acknowledge Emmeline Stavordale (now Mowbray) as my wife; and her child, whether a son or a daughter, heir to my estate. My brother being possessed of a very large fortune, both by his late marriage and the gifts of his mother's family,

will hardly dispute the claim of such child to my paternal estate.

“ (This is a duplicate of a paper sent to Francis Williamson, my steward at Mowbray Castle.) Signed by me at Paris, in presence of two witnesses, this fifteenth of March 17—.

“ HENRY CHARLES MOWBRAY.”

Witnessed by

ROBERT WALLACE,

BAPTISTE LA FERÉ (dit Le Limosin.)

This, which was of the same date as the last certificate, confirmed every claim which they both gave Emmeline to her name and fortune. A change of circumstances so sudden; her apprehensions that the Marquis of Montreville, who she thought must have long known, should dispute her legitimacy; and her wonder at the concealment which Mr. Williamson and Mrs. Carey seemed passively to have suffered; which, together with a thousand other sensations crowded at once into her mind, so greatly affected her, that feeling herself grow sick, she was obliged to call Madelon, who, being at work in an adjoining room, ran in, and seeing her lady look extremely pale, and hearing her speak with difficulty, she threw open the window, fetched her some water, and then, without waiting to see their effects, she flew away to call Mrs. St. Alpin; who presently appeared, followed by her maid, carrying a large case, which was filled with bottles of various distillations from every aromatic and pungent herb her garden or the adjacent mountains afforded.

Emmeline, hardly knowing what she did, was compelled to swallow a glass full of one of these cordials; which Mrs. St. Alpin assured her was “*excellente pour les vapeurs.*” * It almost deprived

* Excellent for the cure of vapours.

her of breath, but recalled her astonished spirits, and having with great difficulty prevailed on her kindly-busy hostess to leave her, she locked up her papers, and threw herself on the bed ; where, having directed Madelon to draw the curtains and retire, she tried to compose her mind, and to consider what steps she ought to take in consequence of this extraordinary discovery.

CHAP. III.

CONVINCED of the noble and disinterested nature of Lord Westhaven, Emmeline thought she ought immediately on his return to shew him the papers she had found, and intreat him to examine, for farther particulars, Le Limosin, who seemed providentially to have been thrown in her way on purpose to elucidate her history.

After having formed this resolution, her mind was at liberty for other reflections. Delamere returned to it : his unjust suspicions ; his haughty reproaches ; his long, indignant anger, which vouchsafed not even to solicit an explanation ; she involuntarily compared with the gentleness, the generosity of Godolphin ; with his candid temper, his warm affections, his tender heart. And with pain she remembered, that unless Delamere would relinquish the fatal promise she had given him, she could not shew the preference which she feared she must ever feel for him. Sometimes she thought of asking Lord Westhaven to apply to Delamere for her release. But how could she venture on a measure which might involve, in such difficulties, Lady Adeline, and engage Lord Westhaven in an inquiry fatal to his repose and that of his whole family ? How could she, by this application, counteract the

wishes of Lady Westhaven, who anxiously hoped to re-unite her brother and her friend; and who desired ardently to be in England, that she might explain herself, to Delamere, all the circumstances that had injured Emmeline in his opinion; which she thought she could easily do, without hazarding any of the evils that might follow from an inconsiderate disclosure of the occurrences he had misunderstood.

Uneasily ruminating on the painful uncertainty of her situation and the difficulties which every way surrounded her, she continued alone; till Lady Westhaven, alarmed at hearing she had been ill, sent her woman to inquire after and know if she might herself come to her? Emmeline, to relieve at once her friendly solicitude, arose and went to her apartment; where she made light of her sickness, and endeavoured to assume as much cheerfulness as possible. —Till she had seen Lord Westhaven, she determined not to mention to her Ladyship the discovery of the morning; feeling that there would be great indecency in eagerly divulging to her a secret by which she must tacitly accuse the Marquis of Montreville of having thus long detained from its legal owner the Mowbray estate; and of having brought up in indigence and obscurity, the daughter of his brother, while conscious of her claim to education and affluence.

Struggling, therefore, to subdue the remaining tumult of her spirits, she rejoined her friend. They passed the afternoon tranquilly with Mrs. St. Alpin; and about eleven o'clock the following morning, Lord Westhaven, the Baron, and the Chevalier, returned.

Emmeline took the earliest opportunity of telling Lord Westhaven that she wished to speak to him alone. There was no way of escaping from the Chevalier, but by his Lordship's openly declaring that he wanted a private conference with his fair cousin, whom he led into the garden. Bellozane, who hoped that his earnest solicitations had prevailed on Lord Westhaven to befriend his love, was glad to see them walk out together, while he watched them from a window.

Emmeline put into her pocket the two certificates and the memorandum written by her father. Without explanation or comment, she gave them, as soon as they were at a little distance from the house, to Lord Westhaven.

He read them twice over in silence ; then looking with astonishment at Emmeline, he asked her from whence she had these papers?

" They were inclosed, my Lord," answered she " in two little boxes or caskets which were left to me among other things by my father's nurse ; when becoming the housekeeper at Mowbray Castle brought me up. They afterwards long remained at the house of Mrs. James Crofts, with whom you know I resided ; on her removal after her marriage they were sent, together with some of my clothes to Mrs. Stafford's agent in London ; from whence she lately received them ; and having an opportunity of sending them to Geneva by a family travelling thither, she forwarded them to me, and I found them yesterday in the trunk brought by the messenger which you know the Baron sent thither on purpose."

Again Lord Westhaven read the papers ; and after pausing a moment, said—

"There is no doubt, there can be none, of the authenticity of these papers, nor of your consequent claim to the Mowbray estate. Surely," added he, again pausing—"surely it is most extraordinary that Lord Montreville should have suffered the true circumstances of your birth to remain thus long unexplained. Most cruel! most ungenerous! to possess himself of a property to which he must know he had no right! Your father's memorandum says that he had forwarded a duplicate of it to Francis Williamson; do you know whether that person is yet living?"

"He is dead, my Lord. He died in consequence of an accident at Mowbray Castle, where he was many years steward."

"He must, however, have had sufficient time to give Lord Montreville every information as to his master's marriage, even if his Lordship knew it not, as he probably did by other means. Yet from a man of honour—from Lord Montreville—such conduct is most unworthy. I can hardly conceive it possible that he should be guilty of such concealment."

"Surely, my Lord, it is possible," said the candid and ingenuous Emmeline—"surely it is possible that my uncle might, by some accident (for which, without knowing more, we cannot account), have been kept in ignorance of my mother's real situation. For your satisfaction and mine, before we say more on this subject, would it not be well to hear what Le Limosin, who was, I suppose, present both at my mother's marriage and at my father's death, has to relate?"

To this proposal Lord Westhaven agreed. The

sal a campagne * was usually vacant at this hour of the day. Thither they went together, and sent for Le Limosin; who loved talking so much, that nothing was more easy than to make him tell all he remembered, and even minutely describe every scene at which he had been present.

Le Limosin," said Lord Westhaven, as soon as he came into the room, "I was much pleased and interested with the account you gave me when I first met with you, of the English master whom you call *Milor Mowbray*. I know his family well. Tell me, does this picture resemble him?"

His Lordship shewed him a portrait of Mr. Mowbray, which had been drawn at Paris.

Le Limosin looked a moment at it; the tears came into his eyes.

"O oui—oui, mi Lor!—*je me rappelle bien ce portrait. Ah! quel ressemblance! Quelques mois avant sa mort tel étoit mon pauvre maître! Ah!*" added he, giving back, with a sigh, the picture to Lord Westhaven. "*cela me fend le cœur!* †

"Now then," resumed Lord Westhaven, "look Le Limosin, at that." He put before him the resemblance of Emmeline's mother, which had been painted at the same time.

"*Eh! pardi oui, voila, voila Madame! la chère tante femme, dont la perte couta la vie à mon maître. Hélas! je m'en souviens bien du jour que je vis pour la première fois cette aimable dame. Elle n'avoit qu'environ*

* Drawing-room.

† O yes, my Lord; I recollect well this picture. What a likeness! Such, a few months before he died, was my poor master. Alas! it cuts me to the heart.

*ren quatorze a quinze ans. Ah! qu'elle etoit pour lors, gai, espiogle, folatre, et si belle! si belle!" **

"Tell me," said Lord Westhaven, "all you remember of her."

"I remember her, my Lord," said Limosin, speaking still in French, "I remember her from the first of my going to England with Milor Mowbray. She lived then with Madame Mowbray; and the servants told me, that being a distant relation and an orphan, Madame had taken her and intended to give her a fortune. Milor Mowbray, when he first returned from his travels, used to live for two or three months together with Madame his mother; but she was strict and severe, and used frequently to reproach him with his gaieties, *il etoit un peu liberin Milor, comme sont a l'ordinaire les jeunes seigneurs de sa nation.* † He admired Mademoiselle Stavordale as a beautiful child, and used to romp with her; but as she grew older, Madame Mowbray was dissatisfied with him for taking so much notice of her, and would oblige her to live always up in Madame's dressing room, so that my master could hardly ever see her. Madame, however, told my master one day, that though Mademoiselle Stavordale had no fortune, she would not object to his marrying her in a year or two, if he was then in the same mind. But my master was in his turn offended. He said he would not be dictated to, nor told whether he should marry or remain single. *Madame*

* Ah! hah! yes,—there is sure enough my Lady. The charming woman whose loss cost my master his life. Alas! how well I recollect the first day I saw this amiable lady; she was then only between fourteen and fifteen; and at that time so gay, so full of frolic and vivacity, and so very, very pretty!

† He was a little free, my Lord; as the young noblemen of his country usually are.

etoit forte brusque, elle piquoit Monsieur par un peu vive
 and they had a violent disagreement; in consequence
 of which he quitted her house, and only went now
 and then afterwards to see her, quite in form. Some
 months afterwards he called me to him; and as
 was dressing him, he asked me, if I had no female
 friend among his mother's servants. 'Baptista
 said he, 'I cannot get the Demoiselle Stavordale out
 of my head.—*J'aime a la folie cette fille mait pour
 mariage, je ne suis pas trop sur, que je m'acquiesce
 bien, en promissant de l'aimer pour la vie. Je ven
 aussi qu'elle m'aime sans que l'interet y'entre pour quel
 que chose. Puisque Madame ma mere s'amuse a me
 guetter, je voudrois bien la tromper; je sçais que tu es
 habile, ne pourra tu pas nous menager une petite t
 a tete?*† "Milor, je faisois mon possible, et enfin, par la
 bonté et l'honneteté, d'une fille qui servoit Madame, je
 vins, heureusement about. Quelque jours apres, Mad
 sieurs enleva la belle Stavordale tant en depit, qu'en a
 mour."‡

At this recital, Emmeline found herself cruelly
 hurt; but Lord Westhaven besought her to com
 mand herself, and Le Limosin went on.

* Madame was very hasty; she irritated my master by a sharp
 answer.

† I love that girl to madness; but as to marrying her, I am not
 quite sure I should acquit myself well were I to promise that I
 would love her for ever. I desire, too, that interest may have no
 thing to do with her affection for me. As my mother amuses
 herself with watching me, I long to deceive her. You are a
 clever fellow; cannot you contrive for us a private meeting?

‡ My Lord, I did my best; and at last, by the goodness and
 civility of a young woman who waited on Madame, I happily ac
 complished it. Some days after which, my master carried off the
 fair Stavordale, as much through revenge as love.

“ To avoid the rage and reproaches of Madame Mowbray, which it was likely would be very loud, my master took Mademoiselle Stavordale immediately abroad. We landed at Dunkirk; but the young lady was so unhappy at the step she had taken, *elle pleuroit, elle se desoloit, elle s'abandonna a le desesper, enfin, tant elle fraisoit**, that Monsieur sent for a priest, and they were married. Soon afterwards my Lady was likely to bring Monsieur an heir. *Ab! qu'ils etoient pour lors heureux.* But their happiness was interrupted by the death of my master's mother, Madame Mowbray, who had never forgiven him, and who disposed of all her money that was in her own power to his brother. My poor lady took this sadly to heart. She reproached herself with being the cause of my master's losing such a fortune. He said he had yet enough; and tried to console my lady. Still, still it hung on her spirits; and she could not bear to think that Madame Mowbray, who had brought her up, and had been kind to her when she had no other friend, should have died in anger with her. I believe my master was sorry then that he had not reconciled himself with his mother, as my lady often begged and intreated that he would; but it was now too late; and he said his brother had used him unkindly, and had certainly helped to irritate his mother against him; and he would not write to him, though my lady often desired and prayed that he would. As she grew near her time, she was more and more out of spirits; and my master finding her uneasy because they had not been married by an English priest, had the ceremony performed again in the chapel of the English Ambassa-

* She wept, she lamented, she gave herself up to despair.

dor. My master could not, however, make her forget her concern for the death of his mother; and she was always melancholy, as if she had foreseen how little a time she had herself to live. Alas! she brought my master a daughter, and died in three hours!

"If I were to live a thousand years," continued Le Limosin, "I should never forget my poor master's distraction when he heard she was dead. It was with great difficulty, that even with the assistance of his English servants I could prevent his destroying himself in the phrenzy of his grief. I dared not leave him a moment. He heard nothing we said to him; he heeded not the questions I asked him about the child; and at last I was forced to send an express to Mr. Oxenden, his friend, who was at some distance from Paris. He came; and by the help of another English gentleman they forced him out of the house, while the body of my mistress was removed to be carried to England. He was so near madness, that his friends were afraid of his relapsing, even after he grew better, if they asked him many questions about it. So they gave me orders as to her funeral; and after about a fortnight he came back to the house where the child was, attended by his two friends.

"It was an heart-piercing sight, Milor, to see him weep over the little baby as it lay in the arms of its nurse. After some time he called me, and told me that he should not be easy, unless he was sure his poor little girl would be taken proper care of; that he had no friend in France to whom he chose to intrust her; and therefore ordered me to go with the nurse to England, and directed Therese, my mistress's *fille de chambre*, to go also, that the child might be well attended. He told me that he should

perhaps quit Paris before I could get back ; in which case he would leave directions where I should follow him. Then he kissed his little girl, and his two friends tore him away. I immediately proceeded to England as he directed, with the nurse, and Therése, and we carried the infant to the Chateau de Mowbray. The French nurse could speak no English, and could not be prevailed upon to stay above two days. Therése, too, longed to get back to France ; and we immediately returned to Paris, where I found a letter from my master, ordering me to follow him to Italy.

“ At Milan, Milor, I rejoined him. He looked very ill ; and complained of feeling himself indisposed. But still he went out ; and I believe drank too much with his English friends. The third or fourth day after I got there, he came home from a party which he had made out of town with them about ten o'clock in the morning, and told me he had a violent pain in his head. He went up into his room. ‘ I am strangely disordered, Baptista,’ said he, as he put his hand to his temples—‘ perhaps it may go off, but if it should grow worse, as I am afraid it will, remember that you take those two little boxes in which I keep my papers, to England, and deliver them to my steward at Mowbray Castle. I have already written to him about my daughter.’ Then almost shrieking with the acute pain which darted into his head, he cried—‘ I cannot talk, nor can I now write to my brother, as I think I ought to do, about my child. But send, send for a notary, and when I am a little easier I will dictate a will.’

“ Milor, I sent for the notary ; but he waited all day in the anti-room to no purpose. My poor master

was never again easy enough to see him—never again able to dictate a will. He grew more and more delirious, and continued to complain of his head, his head! Alas! he did not even know me till about an hour before his death.”

Emmeline, whose tears had almost choaked her during the greatest part of this narrative, now said to Lord Westhaven—

“My Lord, do not let him repeat the scene of my father’s death; I am not now able to bear it.”

“Well, Le Limosin,” said his Lordship, “this young lady, who is the daughter of your master the same whom you helped to carry, an infant, to Mowbray Castle, will soon have it in her power to reward your fidelity and attachment to her father.”

Le Limosin now threw himself on his knees in a transport of joy and acknowledgment. Lord Westhaven, fearing that his raptures might quite overcome the disturbed spirits of his fair mistress, desired her to give him her hand to kiss; which she did; and trying, but ineffectually, to smile through her tears was led by his Lordship into her own room. He told her that, at present, he wished to conceal from Lady Westhaven the discovery they had made. “For though I am convinced,” added he, “that for your sake she will rejoice in it, she will be hurt at the extraordinary conduct of her father, and harass herself with conjectures about it, and apologies for it, which I wish to spare her in her present state.”

Emmeline assured him she would observe strict silence; and he left her to give to Le Limosin a charge of secrecy. He then retired to his room and wrote to Lord Montreville, stating the simple fact, and inclosing copies of the certificates; and after shewing his letter to Emmeline, sent it off to England.

Emmeline now went out to walk, in hopes of recovering her composure, and being able to appear at dinner without betraying by her countenance that any thing extraordinary had been the subject of her conversation with Lord Westhaven. The Chevalier, however, was soon at her side; and still flattering himself that his Lordship had undertaken to plead his cause, he addressed her with all the confidence of a man sure of success.

Emmeline was very little disposed to listen to him; and with a greater appearance of chagrin and impatience than she had yet shewn, repeated to him her determination not to marry. He still declared himself sure of her relenting; and added, that unless she had designed finally to hear him favourably, she would never have allowed him so repeatedly to press his attachment. This speech, which indirectly accused her of coquetry, increased her vexation. But the persevering Chevalier was not to be repressed. He told her that he had projected a party of pleasure on the lake the next day, in which he intended to include a visit to the Rocks of Meillerie.

"It is classic ground, Mademoiselle," said he, and is fitted to love and despair. Ah! will you not there hear me? Will you still inhumanly smile; will you still look so gentle, while your heart is harder than the rocks we shall see—colder than the snow that crowns them!—an heart on which even the pen of fire which Rousseau held would make no impression!"

He held her hands during this rhapsody. She could not therefore immediately escape. But on the appearance of a servant, who announced the dinner's being ready, she coldly disengaged herself, and went into the house.

CHAP. IV.

THE agitation she had undergone in the morning, affected both the spirits and the looks of Emmeline; and when, immediately after dinner Bellozane proposed the party of pleasure he had projected for the next day, Lady Westhaven answered, "As for me, I shall on my own account make no objection, but I cannot equally answer for our fair cousin.—Emmeline, my love, you seem ill. I cannot imagine, my Lord, what you have been saying to her?"

"I have been advising her," answered Lord Westhaven, "to go into a convent; and her looks are merely looks of penitence for all the mischief she has done. She determines to take the veil, and to do no more."

Emmeline, though hardly able to bear even this friendly raillery, turned it off with a melancholy smile. The party was agreed upon; the Baron went out to give orders for preparing the provisions they were to take with them, and the Chevalier to see that the boat was in a proper state for the expedition and give the boatmen notice.

Lady Westhaven then began talking of England and expressed her astonishment at having heard nothing from thence for above six weeks. While Lord Westhaven was attempting to account for this failure of intelligence, which he saw gave his wife more concern than she expressed, a servant brought in several large packets of letters, which he said the messenger who was usually sent to the post town, had that moment brought in.

His Lordship, eagerly surveying the addresses on each, gave to Emmeline one for her; which opened

ing, she found came from Mrs. Stafford, and inclosed another.

" St. Germain's, June 6.

" My dearest Emmeline will forgive me if I write only a line in the envelope, to account for the long detention of the inclosed letter. It has, by some mistake of Mr. La Fosse, been kept at Rouen instead of being forwarded to St. Germain's; and appears to have passed through numberless hands. I hope you will get it safe; though my being at Paris, when it *did* arrive here, has made it yet a week later. By the next post I shall write more fully, and therefore will now only tell you we are well, and that I am ever, with the truest attachment, your

" C. STAFFORD."

Emmeline now saw, by the seal and the address, that the second letter was from Lord Montreville. It appeared to have been written in great haste; and as she unfolded it, infinite was her amazement to find, instead of a remittance, which about this time she expected, the promise she had given Delamere torn in two pieces, and put into a blank paper.

The astonishment and agitation she felt at this sight, hardly left her power to read the letter which she held.

" Berkley-Square, May 5, 17—

" Dear Miss Mowbray,

" My son, Lord Delamere, convinced at length of the impropriety of a marriage so unwelcome to his family, allows me to release you from the promise which he obtained. I do myself the pleasure to inclose it, and shall be glad to hear you receive it safe by an early post. My Lord Delamere assures me that you hold no promise of the like nature from him. If he is in this matter forgetful, I doubt not but that you will return it on receipt of this.

“Maddox informs me that he shall, in a few days, forward to you the payment due: to which I beg leave to add, that if you have occasion for fifty or an hundred pounds more, during your stay on the continent, you may draw on Maddox to that amount. With sincere wishes for your health and happiness, I am, dear Miss Mowbray, your obedient and faithful humble servant,

“MONTREVILLE.”

Though joy was, in the heart of Emmeline, the predominant emotion, she yet felt some degree of pique and resentment involuntarily arise against Lord Montreville and his son; and though the renunciation of the latter was what she had secretly wished, ever since she had discovered the capricious violence of Delamere and the merit of Godolphin, the cold and barely civil stile in which his father had acquainted her with it, seemed at once to shock, mortify, and relieve her.

After having considered a moment the contents of her own letters, she cast her eyes towards Lady Westhaven, whose countenance expressed great emotion; while her Lord, sternly and displeased, ran over his, and then put them into his pocket.

“What say *your* letters from England, my fairest cousin?” said he, advancing and trying to shake off his chagrin.

“Will you do me the honour to peruse them, my Lord?” said she, half smiling.—“They will not take you up much time.”

He read them. “It is a settled thing then I find. Lady Westhaven, your’s are, I presume, from Berkeley-square?”

“They are,” answered she.—“Never,” and she took out her handkerchief—“never have I received any less welcome!”

She gave one from Lady Frances Crofts to his Lordship, in which, with many details of her own affairs, was this sentence—

“Before this, you have heard from my father or my mother, that Lord Delamere has entirely recovered the use of his reason, and accepts of Miss Otley with her immense fortune. This change was brought about suddenly. It was settled in Norfolk, immediately after Lord Delamere’s return from Ireland. I congratulate you and Lord W. on an event which I conclude *must* to *both* of you be pleasing. I have seen none of the family for near three weeks, as they are gone back into Norfolk; only my brother called for a moment, and seemed to be greatly hurried; by which, as well as from other circumstances, I conclude that preparations are making for the wedding immediately.

“*May 18.*”

Lady Westhaven, who saw all hopes of being allied to the friend of her heart for ever at an end; who believed that she had always cherished an affection for her brother; and who supposed, that in consequence of his desertion she was left in mortifying dependence on Lord Montreville; was infinitely hurt at this information. The letter from her father to Emmeline confirmed all her apprehensions. There was a freezing civility in the style, which gave no hopes of his alleviating, by generosity and kindness, the pain which her Ladyship concluded Emmeline must feel; while Lord Westhaven, knowing that to her whom he thus insulted with the distant offer of fifty or an hundred pounds, he really was accountable for the income of an estate of four thousand five hundred a-year, for nineteen years, and that he still withheld that estate from her, could hardly contain his indignation even before his wife;

whom he loved too well not to wish to conceal from her the ill opinion he could not help conceiving of her father.

Emmeline, who was far from feeling that degree of pain which Lady Westhaven concluded must penetrate her heart, was yet unwilling to shew that she actually received with pleasure (though somewhat allayed by Lord Montreville's coldness) an emancipation from her engagement. Of her partiality to Godolphin, her friend had no idea; for Emmeline, too conscious of it to be able to converse about him without fearing to betray herself, had studiously avoided talking of him after their first meeting; and she now imagined that Lady Westhaven, passionately fond of her brother as she was, would think her indifference affected through pique, and carried too far, if she did not receive the intelligence of their eternal separation with some degree of concern. These thoughts gave her an air of vexation and embarrassment, which would have saved her the trouble of dissimulation had she been an adept in its practice. Extremely harassed and out of spirits before, tears now, in spite of her internal satisfaction, and perhaps partly arising from it, filled her eyes; while Lady Westhaven, who was greatly more hurt, exclaimed,

"My brother then marries Miss Otley! After all I have heard him say, I thought it impossible!"

"He will, however, I doubt not, be happy," answered Emmeline. "The satisfaction of having made Lord and Lady Montreville completely happy, must greatly contribute to his being so himself."

"Heaven grant it!" replied Lady Westhaven. "Poor Frederic! he throws away an invaluable blessing! Whether he will, in any other, find consolation, I greatly doubt. But however changed his heart

may be, my dearest Emmeline," added she, tenderly embracing her, "I think I can venture to assure you that those of Lord Westhaven and your Augusta, will, towards you, ever be the same."

Emmeline now wished to put an end to a conversation which Lady Westhaven seemed hardly able to support; and she languished herself to be alone. Forcing therefore a smile, though the tears still fell from her eyes, she said—"My dear friends, though I expected this long ago, yet I beg you to consider, that being *but* a woman, and of course vain, my pride is a little wounded; and I must recollect all your kindness, to put me in good humour again with myself. Do not let the Chevalier follow me; for I am not disposed to hear any thing this evening, after these sweetest and most consoling assurances of your inestimable friendship. Therefore I shall take Madelon with me, and go for a walk."

She then left the room, Lady Westhaven not attempting to detain her; and her Lord, vexed to see his gentle Augusta thus uneasy, remained with her, pointing out to her the fairest prospects of establishment for her beloved Emmeline; though he thought the present an improper opportunity to open to her his knowledge of those circumstances in her friend's fortune, which, without such conspicuous merit, could hardly fail of obtaining it.

To go to a great distance from the house, alone, Emmeline had not courage; to stay near it, subjected her to the intrusion and importunity of the Chevalier. She therefore determined to take Madelon, whose presence would be some protection, without any interruption to her thoughts. She had wished, ever since her arrival at St. Alpin, to visit alone the borders of the lake of Geneva. Madelon, alert and brightly, undertook to shew her the pleasantest way,

and led her through a narrow path, crossing a hill covered with broom and coppice wood, into a dark and gloomy wood of fir, cypress, and chefnut, that extended to the edge of the water; from which it was in some places separated by rocks pointing out into the lake, while in others the trees grew almost in the water, and dipped their extremities in the limpid waves beneath them.

Madelon informed Emmeline that this was the place where the servants of the castle assembled to dance on a holiday, in the shade; and where boats usually landed that came from the other side of the lake.

The scene, softened into more pensive beauty by the approach of a warm and serene evening, had every thing in it that could charm and soothe the mind of the lovely orphan. But her internal feelings were at this time too acute to suffer her to attend to outward circumstances. She wished only for tranquillity and silence, to collect her thoughts; and bidding Madelon find herself a seat, she went a few yards into the wood, and sat down on the long grass, where even Madelon might not remark her.

The events of the two last days appeared to be visions rather than realities. From being an indigent dependant on the bounty of a relation, whose caprice or avarice might leave her entirely destitute, she was at once found to be heiress to an extensive property. From being bound down to marry, if she pleased, a man for whom she felt only sisterly regard, and who had thrown her from him in the violence of unreasonable jealousy and gloomy suspicion, she was now at liberty to indulge the affections she had so long vainly resisted, and to think, without present self-accusation, or the danger of future repentance, of Godolphin. In imagination, she already

ly beheld him avowing that tendernefs which he had before generously struggled to conceal. She faw him, who, ſhe believed, would have taken her *with-*out fortune, receiving in her eſtate the means of beflowing happinefs, and the power of indulging his liberal and noble ſpirit. She faw the tender, unhappy Adelina, reconciled to life, in contemplating the felicity of her dear William; and Lord Weſthaven, to whom ſhe was ſo much obliged, glorying in the good fortune of a brother ſo deſervedly beloved; while ſtill calling her excellent and lovely friend Auguſta by the endearing appellation of ſiſter, ſhe ſaw her forget, in the happinefs of Godolphin, the concern ſhe had felt for Delamere.

From this delicious dream of future bliſs, ſhe was awakened ſomewhat ſuddenly by Madelon; who, running towards her, told her that a boat, in which there appeared to be ſeveral men, was pointing to land juſt where ſhe had been ſitting. Emmeline, ſcared as ſhe was with the Chevalier's gallantry, immediately ſuppoſed it to be him, and ſhe knew he was out on the lake. She therefore advanced a ſtep or two to look. It was ſo nearly dark, that ſhe could only diſtinguiſh a man ſtanding in the boat, whoſe figure appeared to be that of Bellozane; and taking Madelon by the arm, ſhe haſtily ſtruck into the wood to avoid him, by returning to St. Alpin before he ſhould perceive her.

She had hardly walked twenty paces, when ſhe heard the boat put on ſhore, and two or three perſons leap out of it. Still hoping, however, to get through the wood before Bellozane could overtake her, ſhe almoſt ran with Madelon. But ſomebody ſeemed to purſue them. Her clothes were white; ſhe knew, that notwithſtanding the evening was ſo far ſhut in, and the path obſcured by trees, ſhe

must yet be distinguished gliding between their branches. The persons behind gained upon her, and her pace quickened as her alarm increased; for she now apprehended something yet more disagreeable than being overtaken by Bellozane. Suddenly she heard—" *Arretez, arretez, Mesdames! de grace dites moi si vous etes de la famille du Baron de St. Alpin?*" *

The first word of this sentence stopped the flying Emmeline, and fixed her to the spot where she stood. It was the voice of Godolphin—Godolphin himself was before her!

The suddenness of his appearance quite overcame her, breathless as she was before from haste and fear, and finding that to support herself was impossible she staggered towards a tree which grew on the edge of the path, but would have fallen if Godolphin had not caught her in his arms.

He did this merely from the impulse of his natural gallantry and good nature. What were his transports, when he found that the fugitive whom he had undesignedly alarmed, by asking a direction to St. Alpin, was his adored Emmeline; and that the lovely object, whose idea, since their first meeting, had never a moment been absent from it, he now pressed to his throbbing heart? Instantly terrified, however, to find her speechless and almost insensible, he ordered the servant who followed him to run back for some water; and seating her gently on the ground, he threw himself down by her and supported her, while Madelon, wringing her hands, called on her *aimable*, her *belle maitresse*; and was too much frightened to give her any assistance.

* Stay, stay a moment, ladies! Have the goodness to tell me whether you belong to the family of the Baron de St. Alpin?

Before the man returned with the water, her recollection was restored, and she said, faintly, "Mr. Godolphin! Is it possible?"

"Loveliest Miss Mowbray, how thoughtlessly have I alarmed you! Can you forgive me?"

"Ah!" cried she, disengaging herself from his support; "how came you here, and from whence?"

Godolphin, without considering, and almost without knowing what he said, replied—"I come from Lord Delamere."

"From Lord Delamere!" exclaimed she in amazement. "Is he not in London then?—is he not married?"

"No; I overtook him at Besançon; where he lies ill—very ill!"

"Ill!" repeated Emmeline.—"Ill, and at Besançon!—merciful heaven!"

She now again relapsed almost into insensibility: for at the mention of Godolphin's having overtaken him, and having left him ill, a thousand terrific and frightful images crowded into her mind; but the predominant idea was, that it was on her account they had met, and that Delamere's illness was a wound in consequence of that meeting.

That such an imagination should possess her, Godolphin had no means of knowing. He therefore very naturally concluded that the violent sorrow which she expressed, on hearing of Delamere's illness, arose from her love towards him; and, in such a conclusion, he found the ruin of those hopes he had of late fondly cherished.

"Happy, happy Delamere!" said he, sighing to himself.—"Her first affections were his, and never will any secondary tenderness supersede that early impression. Alas! his rejection of her has not been able to efface it.—For me, there is nothing to

hope! and while I thus hold her to my heart, I have lost her for ever! I came not hither, however, solely on my own account, but rather to save from pain, her and those she loves. 'Tis not then of myself I am to think."

While these reflections passed through his mind, he remained silent; and Emmeline concluded, that his silence was owing to the truth of her conjecture. The grief of Lady Westhaven for her brother, the despair of Lord Montreville for his son, presented themselves to her mind; and the contemptuous return of her promise, which a few hours before she thought of with resentment, was now forgotten in regret for his illness, and pity for his sufferings.

"Ah!" cried she, trying to rise, "what shall I say to Lady Westhaven?---How disclose to her such intelligence as this?"

"It was to prevent her hearing it abruptly," said Godolphin, "that I came myself, rather than send by a messenger, or a letter, such distressing information."

So strongly had the idea of a duel between them taken possession of the mind of Emmeline, that she had no courage to ask particulars of his illness; and shuddering with horror at the supposition that the hand Godolphin held out to assist her was stained with the blood of the unfortunate Delamere, she drew her's hastily, and almost involuntarily from him; and taking again Madelon's arm, attempted to hasten towards home.

But the scene of anguish and terror which she must there encounter with Lady Westhaven, the distress and vexation of her Lord, and the misery of believing that Godolphin had made himself for ever hateful to all her own family, and that if her cousin died, she could never again behold him but with re-

gret and anguish; were altogether reflections so overwhelming, and so much more than her harassed spirits were able to sustain, that after tottering about fifty yards, she was compelled to stop, and gasping for breath, to accept the offered assistance of Godolphin. Strongly prepossessed with the idea of her affection for Delamere, he languidly and mournfully lent it. He had no longer courage to speak to her; yet wished to take measures for preventing Lady Westhaven's being suddenly alarmed by his appearance; and he feared, that not his appearance only, but his countenance, would tell her that he came not thither to impart tidings of happiness.

It was now quite dark; and the slow pace in which only Emmeline could walk, had not yet carried them through the wood. The agitation of Emmeline increased: she wished, yet dreaded to know the particulars of Delamere's situation; and unable to summon courage to inquire into it, she proceeded mournfully along, almost borne by Godolphin and Madelon; who, understanding nothing of what had been said, and not knowing who the gentleman was who had thus frightened her mistress, was herself almost as much in dismay.

After a long pause, Emmeline, in faltering accents, asked, "if the situation of Lord Delamere was absolutely desperate?"

"I hope, and believe not," said Godolphin. "When I left him, at least, there were hopes of a favourable issue."

"Ah! wherefore did you leave him? Why not stay at least to see the event?"

"Because he so earnestly desired that his sister might know of his situation, and that I only might acquaint her with it, and press her to go to him."

"She will need no intreaties. Poor, poor Dela-

lamere!"—Sighing deeply, Emmeline again became silent.

They were to mount a small hill, which was between the wood they had left and the grounds immediately surrounding St. Alpin, which was extremely steep and rugged. Before she reached the top, she was quite exhausted.

"I believe," said she, "I must again rest before I can proceed."

She sat down on a bank formed by the roots of the trees which sustained the earth, on the edge of the narrow path.

Godolphin, excessively alarmed at her weakness and dejection, which he still attributed to the anguish she felt for Delamere, sat by her, hardly daring to breathe himself, while he listened to her short respiration, and fancied he heard the violent palpitation of her heart.

"And how long do you think," said she, again recurring to Delamere—"how long may he linger before the event will be known?"

"I really hope, and I think I am not too sanguine, that the fever will have left him before we see him again."

"The fever!" repeated Emmeline—"has he a fever then?"

"Yes," replied Godolphin—"I thought I told you that a fever was his complaint. But had you not better, my dear Madam, think a little of yourself! Ill as you appear to be, I see not how you are to get home, unless you will suffer me to go on and procure some kind of conveyance for you."

"I shall do very well," answered she, "as I am, if you will only tell me about Lord Delamere. He has only a fever?"

"And is it not enough," said Godolphin. "Tho',

Were I Lord Delamere, I should think an illness that called forth in my favour the charming sensibility of Miss Mowbray, the happiest event of my life."

Having said this, he fell into a profound silence. The certainty of her affection for Delamere, deprived him of all spirits, when he most wanted to exert them. Yet it was necessary to take some measures for introducing himself at St. Alpin without alarming Lady Westhaven, and to consider how he was to account to his brother for Delamere's estrangement from Emmeline; and while he canvassed these and many other perplexities, Emmeline, who was relieved from the most distressing of her apprehensions, and dared not for the world reveal what those apprehensions had been, in some degree recovered herself; and growing anxious for Lady Westhaven, said she believed she could now walk home.

As she was about to arise with an intention to attempt it, they heard the sound of approaching voices, and almost immediately lights appeared above the hill, while "Mademoiselle---Miss Mowbray!---Madelon!---Madelon!--"---was frequently and loudly repeated by the persons who carried them.

"The Baron and Lord Westhaven," said Emmeline, "alarmed at my being out so late, have sent persons in search of me."

Her conjecture was right. In a moment the Chevalier, with a flambeau in his hand, was before them; who, when he found Emmeline sitting in such a place, supported by a young man whom he had never before seen, was at once amazed and displeased. There was no time for explanation. Lord Westhaven immediately followed him; and after stopping a moment to consider, whether the figure of Godolphin which rose before him was not an illusion, he flew eagerly into his arms.

The manly eyes of both the brothers were filled with tears. Lord Westhaven had not seen Godolphin for four years; and, since their last parting they had lost their father. After a short pause, Lordship introduced Godolphin to Bellozane; and then taking the cold and trembling hand of Emmeline, who leaned languidly on Madelon, he said—

“And you, my lovely cousin, for whose safety we have been above an hour in the cruellest alarm where did you find William, and by what extraordinary chance are ye here together?”

Emmeline with great difficulty found voice enough to explain their accidental meeting. And Bellozane observing her apparent faintness, said—“you seem Mademoiselle, to be extremely fatigued. Pray allow me the honour of giving you my arm.”

“If you please,” said she, in a low voice. And supposing that Godolphin would be glad to have some conversation with his brother, she accepted his assistance and proceeded.

This preference, however, of Bellozane, Godolphin imputed to her coldness or dislike towards himself; and so struck was he with the cruel idea, that it was not without an effort he recollected himself enough to relate to his brother, as they walked, all that it was necessary for him to know. Lord Westhaven, anxious for a life so precious to his wife and her family, as was that of Lord Delamere, determined immediately to go to him. At present it was necessary to reveal, as tenderly as possible, his situation to his sister, Lady Westhaven; and first to dissipate the uneasiness she had suffered from the long absence of Emmeline.

CHAP. V.

LORD Westhaven first entered the room where his wife was, whose alarming apprehensions at Emmeline's long stay were by this time extreme.

"Our Emmeline is returned, my love," said he, "and has met with no accident."

Lady Westhaven eagerly embracing her, reproached her tenderly for her long absence. But then observing how pale she looked, and the fatigue and oppression she seemed to suffer, her Ladyship said—

"Surely you have been frightened, or you are ill? You look so faint!"

"She is a little surpris'd," interrupted Lord Westhaven, seeing her still unable to answer for herself. "She has brought us a visitor whom we did not expect. My brother Godolphin landed just as she was returning home."

At this intelligence, Lady Westhaven could express only pleasure. She had never seen Godolphin, who was now introduced, and received with every token of regard by her Ladyship, as well as by the Baron and Mrs. St. Alpin; who beheld with pleasure another son of their sister, and beheld him an honour to their family.

Bellozane, however, saw his arrival with less satisfaction. He remembered that Emmeline had been, as she had told him, well acquainted with Godolphin in England; and recollected, that whenever he had been spoken of, she had always done justice to his merit, yet rather evaded than sought the conversation. Her extraordinary agitation on his arrival, which was such as disabled her from walking home, seemed much greater than could have been created by the sight of a mere acquaintance;

his figure was so uncommonly handsome, his countenance so interesting, and his address such a fortunate mixture of dignity and softness, that Bellozane, vain as he was, could not but acknowledge his personal merit; and began to fear that the coldness and insensibility of Emmeline, which he had till now, supposed perseverance would vanquish, were less occasioned by her affected blindness to his own perfections, than by her prepossession in favour of another.

Whatever internal displeasure this idea of rivalry gave the Chevalier, he overwhelmed Godolphin with professions of regard and esteem, not the less warm for being wholly insincere.

But Godolphin, who saw, in the increasing dejection of Emmeline, only a confirmation of her attachment to Delamere, drooped in hopeless despondence. Emmeline, unable to support herself, retired early to her room; and Godolphin, complaining of fatigue, was conducted to his by Bellozane; while Lord Westhaven meditated how to disclose to his wife, without too much distressing her, the illness of her brother. He thought, that as she had suffered a good deal of vexation in the course of the day, as well as terror at Emmeline's absence at so late an hour in the evening, he would defer till the next morning this unwelcome intelligence. As soon, however, as she was retired, he communicated to his uncle and aunt the situation of Lord Delamere, and the necessity there was for their quitting St. Alpin the next day, to attend him; an account which they both heard with sincere regret. Mrs. St. Alpin heartily wished Lord Delamere was with *her*, being persuaded she could immediately cure him with remedies of her own preparing; while the Baron expressed his vexation

and regret to find the visit of his nephews so much shortened.

Lord Westhaven went to his own apartment in great uneasiness. He heard from his brother, that Lord Delamere, repenting of his renunciation of Emmeline, was coming to St. Alpin, when illness stopped him at Besançon. He knew not how to act about her; who, heiress to a large fortune, was of so much more consequence than she had been hitherto supposed. He had a long contention in view with Lord Montreville; and was now likely to be embarrassed with the passion of Delamere, if he recovered (who would certainly expect his influence over Emmeline to be exerted to obtain his pardon); or if the event of his illness should prove fatal, he dreaded the anguish of Lady Westhaven, and the despair of the whole family.

He was, besides, hurt at that melancholy and unhappy appearance, so unlike his former manners, which he had observed in Godolphin; and for which, ignorant of his passion for Emmeline, he knew not how to account. His short conversation with him had cleared up no part of the mystery which he could not but perceive hung about the affairs of Lady Adelina; and he only knew enough to discover that something remained, which it would probably pain him to know thoroughly.

The pillow of Emmeline also was strewed with thorns. For though the sharpest of them was removed, by having heard that Delamere was ill, without having suffered from the event of any dispute in which he might, on her account, have engaged, she was extremely unhappy that he had, in pursuit of her, come to France, which she now concluded must be the case, and sorry for the disquiet which she

forefaw muſt ariſe from his indifpoſition and love.

She was ſure that Lady Weſthaven would immediately fly to her brother. And in that event how was ſhe herſelf to act ?

Could ſhe ſuffer her generous, her tender friend to whom ſhe was ſo much obliged, to encounter alone all the fatigue and anxiety to which the ſickneſs and danger of this beloved brother would probably expoſe her ? Yet could ſhe ſubmit to the appearance of ſeeking a man who had ſo lately renounced her for ever, with coldneſs, contempt, and inſult ? If ſhe went not with Lady Weſthaven, ſhe had no choice but that of travelling acroſs France alone, to rejoin Mrs. Stafford ; ſince ſhe could not remain with propriety a moment at St. Alpin, with the Chevalier de Bellozane ; whoſe addreſſes ſhe never meant to encourage, and whoſe importunate paſſion perſecuted and diſtreſſed her. Godolphin, too ! whither would Godolphin go ? Could ſhe go where he was, and conceal her partiality ? or could ſhe, by accompanying him to Beſançon, plunge another dagger in the heart of Delamere, and ſhew him, not only that he had loſt that portion of her regard he had once poſſeſſed, but that all her love was now given to another.

That ſhe was moſt partial to Godolphin, ſhe could no longer attempt to conceal from herſelf. The moment her fears that he had met Delamere hoſtily were removed, all her tenderneſs for him returned with new force. She again ſaw all the merit, all the nobleneſs of his character ; but ſhe ſtill tormented herſelf with uneaſy conjectures as to the cauſe of his journey to Switzerland ; and wearied herſelf with conſidering how ſhe ought to act, till towards morning, when falling, through mere fa-

igue and lassitude, into a short slumber, she saw, multiplied and exaggerated, in dreams, the dreadful images which had disturbed her waking; and starting up in terror, determined no more to attempt to sleep. It was now day-break; and wrapping herself in her muslin morning-gown and cloke, she went down into the garden of Mrs. St. Alpin, where, seated on a bench, under a row of tall walnut trees, which divided it from the vineyard, she leaned her head against one of them; and lost in reflections on the strangeness of her fate, and the pain of her situation, she neither saw nor heard any thing around her.

Godolphin, in the anxiety she had expressed for Belamere, believed he saw a confirmation of his fears; which had always been, that the early impression he had made on her heart would be immovable, and that neither his having renounced her, nor his rash and heedless temper, would prevent her continuing to love him. Wretched in this idea, he concluded all hopes of obtaining her regard for ever at an end; while every hour's experience of his own feelings, whether he thought of or saw her, convinced him that his love, however desperate, was incurable. Accustomed to fatigue, all that he had endured the day before could not restore to him that repose which was driven away by these reflections. Almost as soon as he saw it was light, he left his room, and with less interest than he would once have taken in such a survey, wandered over the antique apartments of the paternal house of his mother. He then went down into the garden; and musing rather than observing, passed along the strait walk that went between the walnut trees and the vineyard. At the end of it he turned, and, in coming again towards the house, saw Emmeline sitting

on the bench beneath them, who had not seen him the first time he had passed her, but who now appeared surprised at his approach.

She had not, however, time to rise before he went up to her, and bowing gravely, inquired how she did after the alarm he had been so unfortunate as to give her the evening before?

"I fear," said he, seating himself by her, "that Miss Mowbray is yet indisposed from her late walk and my inconsiderate address to her. I know not how to forgive myself for my indiscretion, since it has distressed you."

"Such intelligence as I had the misfortune of hearing, Sir, of the brother of Lady Westhaven—a brother so dear to her—could hardly fail of affecting me. I should have been concerned had a stranger been so circumstanced; but when—"

"Ah! Madam," interrupted Godolphin, "you need not repeat all the claims which give the fortunate Delamere a right to your favour. But do not suffer yourself, on his account, to be so extremely alarmed. I hope the danger is by no means so great as to make his recovery hopeless. Since of those we love, the most minute account is not tedious, and since it may, perhaps, alleviate your apprehensions for his safety, will you allow me to relate all I know of his illness! It will engage me, perhaps, in a detail of our first acquaintance, and carry me back to circumstances which I would wish to forget; if your gratification was not in my mind a consideration superior to every other."

Emmeline, trembling, yet wishing to hear all, could not refuse. She bowed in silence; and Godolphin considering that as an assent, resumed his discourse.

"Soon after I had the happiness of seeing you

left, my wish to embrace Lady Clancarryl and her family (from whose house I had been long obliged to absent myself, because Mr. Fitz-Edward was with them) carried me to Ireland; and to my astonishment I there met Lord Delamere.

"The relationship between their families, made my sister anxiously invite him to Lough Carryl. Thither reluctantly he came; and an accident informed him that I had the good fortune, by means of Lady Adelina Trelawny, to be known to you.

"He did me the honour to shew me particular attention; and the morning after he found I had the happiness of being acquainted with Miss Mowbray, he took occasion, when we were alone, to ask me, abruptly, whether I knew Colonel Fitz-Edward? I answered that I certainly did, by the connection in our families; and that he was *once* my most intimate friend.

"He then unreservedly, and with vehemence, said, that Fitz-Edward was a villain! Astonished and hurt at an assertion, which (how true soever it might be) I thought alluded to that unhappy affair which I hoped was a secret, I eagerly asked an explanation. But judge, Miss Mowbray, of the astonishment, the pain, with which I heard him impute to *you* the error of my unfortunate Adelina; when I saw him take out three anonymous letters, one of which I found had hastened his return from France, purporting that Fitz-Edward had availed himself of his absence to win your affections; that he had taken, of those affections, the most ungenerous advantage; and that on going to a place named (which I remember to be the house where my little William was nursed), he might himself see an unequivocal proof of your fatal attachment and Fitz-Edward's perfidy.

“When I had read these odious letters, and listened to several circumstances he related, which confirmed, in his apprehension, the truth of the assertions they contained; he went on to inform me that following this cruel information, he had seen you with the infant in your arms, had bitterly reproached you, and then had quitted you for ever. But as he could not rest without trying to punish the infamous conduct of Fitz-Edward, he had pursued him to Ireland, where, instead of finding him, he heard that he was gone to France, undoubtedly to meet you, by your own appointment; but as Lord Clancarryl still expected him back, he determined to wait a little longer, in hopes of an opportunity of discussing with him the subjects of complaint he had related.

“Though I immediately saw what I ought to do, astonishment for a moment kept me silent, and in that moment we were interrupted.

“This delay, however unwelcome, gave me time for reflection. Lord Delamere was to go the same day from Lough Carryl to Dublin. I resolved to follow him thither, and relate the whole truth; since I would by no means suffer your generous and exalted friendship for my sister to stain the lovely purity of a character, which only the malice of fiends could delight in blasting, only the blind and infatuated rashness of jealousy a moment believe capable of blemish! Many reasons induced me, however, to delay this necessary explanation till I saw him at his own lodgings. Thither I followed him, two days after he departed from Lough Carryl. But on inquiring for him, was surprised and mortified to find that he had received letters from England, which had induced him immediately to return thither, and

that he had failed in the packet for Holyhead the day after his arrival at Dublin."

Emmeline, astonished at the malice which appeared to have been exerted against her, remained silent; but in such tremor, that it was with difficulty she continued to hear him.

"I now, therefore, relinquished all thoughts of returning to the house of my sister, and followed him by the first conveyance that offered, greatly apprehending, that if the letters he had received gave him notice of Fitz-Edward's return to London, my interposition would be too late to prevent their meeting. I knew the hasty and inconsiderate Delamere would, without an explanation, so conduct himself towards Fitz-Edward, that neither his spirit nor his profession would permit him to bear; and that if they met, the consequence must, to one of them, be fatal. I was impatient, too, to rescue your name, Madam, from the unmerited aspersions which it bore. But when I arrived in London, and hastened to Berkley-Square, I heard that Lord and Lady Montreville, together with Lady Frances Crofts, her husband, and Lord Delamere, had gone all together to Audley Hall, immediately after his return from Ireland. Thither, therefore, I went also."

"Generous, considerate Godolphin!" sighed Emmeline to herself.

"Though related, by my brother's marriage, to the family of the Marquis of Montreville, I was a stranger to every member of it but Lord Delamere. He was gone to dine out; and in the rest of the family I observed an air of happiness and triumph, which Lord Montreville informed me was occasioned by the marriage which was intended soon to take place between his son and Miss Otley; whose immense fortune, and near relationship to his mother's

family, had made such a marriage particularly desirable. I was glad to hear he was likely to be happy; but it was not therefore the less necessary to clear up the error into which he had fallen. On his coming home, he appeared pleased and surprised to see me; but I saw in his looks none of that satisfaction which was so evident in those of the rest of the house.

“As soon as we were alone, he said to me ‘You see me, Mr. Godolphin, at length taken from the toils. Immediately after leaving Lough Carrig I received a letter from a person in London, whom I had employed for that purpose, which informed me that he heard, at the office of the agent to Fitz-Edward’s regiment, that he was certainly to be in town in a few days. He named, indeed, the exact time; and I, who imagined that pains had been taken to keep us from meeting, determined to return to England instantly, that he might not again avoid me. On reaching London, however, I found that the intelligence I had received was wholly unfounded, and originated in the mistake of a clerk in the agent’s office. None knew where Fitz-Edward was, or when he would return; and though I wrote to inquire at Rouen, where I imagined the residence of Miss Mowbray might induce him to remain, I have yet had no answer. The intreaties and tears of my mother prevailed on me to come down hither; and reckless of what becomes of me since Emmeline is undoubtedly lost to me for ever, I have yielded to the remonstrance of my father, and the prayers of my mother, and have consented to marry a woman whom I cannot love. Let not Fitz-Edward, however, imagine,’ (vehemently and fiercely he spoke) ‘that he is with impunity to escape; and that though my vengeance may be de-

ayed, I can *forgive* the man who has basely robbed me of her whom I *could* love—whom I *did* love—
even to madness!

“I own to you, Madam, that when I found this unfortunate young man had put into his father’s hands the promise you had given him, and that it was returned to you, I felt at once pity for him, and—hope for myself, which, till then, I had never dared to indulge.”

Godolphin had never been thus explicit before. Pale as death, and deprived of the power, as well as of the inclination to interrupt him, Emmeline awaited, in breathless silence, the close of this extraordinary narrative.

“It was now,” resumed he, “my turn to speak. And trusting to his honour for his silence about my unhappy sister, I revealed to him the whole truth. It at once cleared your character from unjust blame, and, I hope, did justice to those exalted virtues, to which I owe so much. I will not shock your gentle and generous bosom with a relation of the wild frenzy, the agonies of regret and repentance, into which this relation threw Lord Delamere. Concerned at the confusion his reproaches and his anguish had occasioned to the whole family, I lamented that I could not explain to *them* what I had said to *him*, which had produced so sudden a change in his sentiments about you; but to such women as the Marchioness of Montreville and her daughter, I could not relate the unhappiness of my poor Adeline; and Delamere steadily refused to tell them how he became convinced of your innocence, and the wicked arts which had been used to mislead him; which he openly imputed to the family of the Crofts, against whom his fiery and vindictive spirit turned

all the rage it had till now cherished against Fitz-Edward.

“The Marquis, though extremely hurt, had yet candour enough to own, that if I was convinced that the causes of complaint which his son had against you were ill-founded, I had done well in removing them. Yet I saw that he wished I had been less anxious for the vindication of innocence; and he beheld, with an uneasy and suspicious eye, what he thought officious interference in the affairs of his family. I observed, too, that he believed, when the influence that he supposed I had over the mind of Lord Delamere was removed, he should be able to bring him back to his engagements with Miss Otley, which had, I found, been hurried on with the utmost precipitation. The ladies, who had at first overwhelmed me with civilities, now appeared so angry, that notwithstanding Lord Delamere’s intreaties that I would stay with him till he could determine how to act, I immediately returned to London; and from thence, after passing a week with Adelina, whom I had only seen for a few hours since my return from Ireland, I set out for St. Alpin.”

“But Lord Delamere, Sir?” said Emmeline, inarticulately.

“Alas! Madam,” dejectedly continued Godolphin, “I mean not to entertain you on what relates to myself; but to hasten to that which I farther have to say of the fortunate Delamere! I waited a few days at Southampton for a wind; and then landing at Havre, proceeded to St. Germain’s, where Mrs. Stafford’s last letters had informed Adelina she was settled. I knew, too, that you were gone with my brother and Lady Westhaven to St. Alpin. Mrs. Stafford had only the day before forwarded to you

Lord Montreville's letter, which, by one from his Lordship to herself, she knew contained the promise you had given Lord Delamere. She said, that this renunciation would give you no pain. She made me hope that your heart was not irrevocably his. Ah! why did I suffer such illusions to lead me on to this conviction! But pray forgive me, lovely Miss Mowbray! I am still talking of myself. From St. Germain's I made as much haste as possible to Benançon. I rode post; and, just as I got off my horse at the hotel, was accosted by a French servant, whom I knew belonged to Lord Delamere.

"The man expressed great joy at seeing me, and besought me to go with him to his master, who, he said, had, through fatigue and the heat of the weather, been seized with a fever, and was unable to proceed to St. Alpin, whither he was going.

"I was extremely concerned at his journey; and, I hope, not so selfish as to be unmoved by his illness. I found, indeed, his fever very high, but greatly irritated and increased by his impatience. As soon as he saw me, he told me that he was hurrying to St. Alpin, in hopes of obtaining your pardon; that he had broke off his engagement with Miss Otley, and never would return to England till he carried you thither as his wife.

"I am now well enough to go on, indeed, 'Godolphin,' added he, 'and if I can but see her!——'

"I was by no means of opinion that he was in a condition to travel. His fever increased; after I left him in the evening, he grew delirious; and Millefleur, terrified, came to call me to him. I sat up with him for the rest of the night; and being accustomed to attend invariably to the illness of men on ship-board, I thought I might venture, from my experience, to direct a change in the method which

the physician he had sent for pursued. In a few hours he grew better, and the delirium left him; but he was then convinced that he was too weak to proceed on his journey.

“He knew I was coming hither, and he intreated me to hasten my departure. ‘Go, my good friend,’ said he—‘send Augusta to me. She will bring the generous, the forgiving angel, whom my rash folly has dared to injure! She will behold my penitence; and, if her pardon can be obtained, it will restore me to life; but if I cannot see them—I I linger many days longer in suspense, my illness must be fatal!’

“As I really did not think him in great danger, and saw every proper care was now taken of him, I determined to come on; not only because I wished to save Lady Westhaven the pain of hearing of his illness by any other means, but because—”

He was proceeding, when a deep and convulsive sigh from Emmeline made him look in her face, from which he had hitherto kept his eyes (unable to bear the varying expressions it had shewn of what he thought her concern for Delamere). He now beheld her quite pale, motionless, and to all appearance lifeless. Her sense of what she owed to the generosity of Godolphin; her concern for Delamere; and the dread of those contending passions which she foresaw would embitter her future life, added to the sleepless night and fatiguing day she had passed, had totally overcome her. Godolphin flew for assistance. The servants were by this time up, and ran to her. Among the first of them was Le Limosin, who expressed infinite anxiety and concern for her, and assiduously exerted himself in carrying her into the house; where she soon recovered, begged Godolphin’s pardon for the trouble she had given,

and was going to her own room, led by Madelon, when Bellozane suddenly appeared, and offered his assistance, which Emmeline faintly declining, moved on.

Godolphin, who could not bear to leave her in such a state, walked slowly by her, tho' she had refused his arm. The expression of his countenance, while his eyes were eagery fixed on her face, would have informed any one less interested than Bellozane, of what passed in his heart; and the Chevalier surveyed him with looks of angry observation, which did not escape Emmeline, ill as she was. On arriving, therefore, at the foot of the staircase, she besought, in English, Godolphin to leave her, which he instantly did. She then told the Chevalier that she would by no means trouble him to attend her farther; and he, satisfied that no preference was shewn to his cousin, at least in this instance, bowed, and returned with him into the room where they usually assembled in a morning, and where they found Lord Westhaven.

CH A P. VI.

HIS Lordship told them, that Lady Westhaven had been less alarmed at the account he had given her of Delamere than he had apprehended; and that she was preparing to begin their journey towards him immediately after breakfast.

"I must send," continued he, "Miss Mowbray to her; who is, I understand, already up and walking."

Bellozane then informed his Lordship of what he knew of Emmeline. But Godolphin was silent: he dared not trust himself with speaking much of her;

he dared not relate her illness, lest the cause of it should be inquired into. "Does Miss Mowbray live with my sister?" asked he.

"That I know not," replied Lord Westhaven. "Augusta will very reluctantly go without her. Yet her situation in regard to Lord Delamere is such." He ceased speaking; looked embarrassed; and, for some time after, the Chevalier quitting the room, before whose civility would not allow them to converse long in English, and to whom his Lordship thought he had no right to reveal the real situation of Emmeline while it yet remained unknown to others, he related to his brother the circumstances of the discovery that had been made of her birth, and of her consequent claim to the Mowbray estate.

Godolphin, who would, from the obscurest independence, have chosen her in preference to all other women, heard this account with pleasure, only supposing that independence might be grateful to her sensibility, and affluence favourable to the liberality of her spirit. But the satisfaction he derived from these reflections, was embittered and nearly destroyed, when he considered, that her acquiring so large a fortune would make her alliance eagerly sought by the very persons who had before scorned and rejected her; and that all the family would unite in persuading her to forgive Delamere, the more especially as this would be the only means to keep in it the Mowbray estate, and to preclude the necessity of refunding the income which had been received for so many years, and which now amounted to a great sum of money. When the pressing instances of all her own family, and particularly of Lady Westhaven, whom she so tenderly loved, were added to the affection he believed she had invariably felt for Delamere, he thought it impossible that her pride, how-

it might have been piqued by the desertion of her lover, could make any effort against a renewal of her engagement; and his own hopes, which he had never cherished till he was convinced Delamere had given her up, and which had been weakened by her apparent affection for him, were by this last event again so nearly annihilated, that, no longer conscious he retained any, he fancied himself condemned still to love, serve, and adore the object of his passion, without making any effort to secure its success, or being permitted to appear otherwise than as her friend. He was vexed that he had been unguardedly explicit, in telling her that he had ever indulged those hopes at all; since he now feared it would be the means of depriving her conversation and her manner, when they were together, of that charming frankness, of which, though it riveted his chains and increased his torments, he could not bear to be deprived. Melancholy and desponding, he continued long silent after Lord Westhaven ceased speaking. Suddenly, however, awakening from his reverie, he said, "Does your Lordship think Miss Mowbray *ought* to go to meet Lord Delamere?"

"Upon my word, I know not how to advise: my wife is miserable without her, and fancies the sight of her will immediately restore Delamere. On the other hand, I believe Emmeline herself will with reluctance take a step that will, perhaps, appear like forcing herself into the notice of a man from whom she has received an affront, which it is hardly in female nature to forgive."

They were now interrupted by Bellozane, who drew about the house in evident uneasiness and confusion. He did not yet know how Emmeline was to be disposed of: he saw that Lord Westhaven was himself uncertain of it; and he had been applying

for information to Le Limosin and Madelon, who had yet received no orders to prepare for her departure.

While Emmeline had created in the bosoms of others so much anxiety, she was herself tortured with the cruellest uncertainty. Unable to resolve how she ought to act, she had yet determined on nothing when Lady Westhaven sent for her, who, as soon as she entered the room, said—"My dear Emmeline, are you not preparing for our journey?"

"How can I, dearest Madam—how can I, without any propriety, go where Lord Delamere is? After the separation which has now so decidedly and irrevocably taken place between us, shall I intrude again on his Lordship's sight, and solicit a return of the regard with which I most sincerely wish he had borne to honour me?"

"You are piqued, my lovely friend; and I own with great reason. But Mr. Godolphin has undoubtedly told you that poor Frederic is truly penitent, that he has taken this journey merely to deprecate your just anger and to solicit his pardon. Will my Emmeline, generous and gentle as she is to others, be inexorable only to him? Besides, my sweet cousin, pray consider a moment, what else can you do? You certainly would not wish to stay here? Surely you would not travel alone to St. Germain's. And let me add my own hopes that you will not quit me now, when poor Frederic's illness, and my own precarious health, make your company not merely pleasant but necessary."

"That is indeed a consideration which must have great force with me. When Lady Westhaven commands, how shall I disobey, even though to obey be directly contrary to my judgment and my wishes."

"Commands, my dear friend," very gravely, and

with an air of chagrin, said her Ladyship, "are neither for me to give nor for you to receive. Certainly, if you are so determined against going with me, you must submit. But I did not indeed think that Emmeline, however the brother may have offended her, would thus have resented it to the sister."

"I should be a monster, Lady Westhaven," (hardly was she able to restrain her tears as she spoke,)—"was I a moment capable of forgetting all I owe you. But do you really think I *ought* again to put myself in the way of Lord Delamere—again to renew all the family contention which his very unfortunate partiality for me has already occasioned; and again to hazard being repulsed with contempt by the Marquis, and still more probably by the Marchioness of Montreville. My lot has hitherto been humble: I have learned to submit to it, if not without regret, at least with calmness and resignation; yet pardon me if I say, that however unhappy my fortune, there is still something due to myself; and if I again make myself liable to the humiliation of being *refused*, I shall feel that I am degraded in mind, as much as I have been in circumstances, and lost to that proper pride to which innocence and rectitude has in the lowest indigence a right, and which cannot be relinquished but with the loss of virtue."

The spirit which Emmeline thought herself obliged to exert, was immediately lost in softness and in sorrow, when she beheld Lady Westhaven in tears; who, sobbing, said—"Go then, Miss Mowbray!—Go, my dear Emmeline! for dear you must ever be to me; leave *me* to be unhappy, and poor Frederick to die."

"Hear me, my dear Madam!" answered she with quickness—"If to *you* I can be of the least use, I will hesitate no longer; but let it then be understood

that I go *with* you, and by no means *to* Lord Delamere."

"It shall be so understood—be assured, my love, it shall! You will not, then, leave me?—You will see my poor brother?"

"My best, my dearest friend," replied Emmeline, collecting all her fortitude, hear me without resentment explain to you at once the real situation of my heart in regard to Lord Delamere. I feel for him the truest concern; I feel it for him even to painful excess; and I have an affection for him, a sisterly affection for him, which I really believe is little inferior to your own. But I will not deceive you; nor, since I am to meet him, will I suffer him to entertain hopes that it is impossible for me to fulfil. To be considered as the friend, as the sister of Lord Delamere, is one of the first wishes my heart now forms—against ever being his wife, I am resolutely determined."

"Impossible!—Surely you cannot have made such a resolution?"

"I have indeed!—nor will any consideration on earth induce me from that determination to recede."

"And is it anger and resentment only have raised in your heart this decided enmity to my poor brother? Or is it, that any other——"

Emmeline, whose colourless cheeks were suffused with a deep blush at this speech, hastily interrupted it—

"Whatever, dear Lady Westhaven, are my motives for the decision, it is irrevocable; as Lord Delamere's sister, I shall be honoured, if I am allowed to consider myself.—As such, if my going with you to Besançon will give you a day's—an hour's satisfaction, I go."

"Get ready then, my love. But indeed, cruel

if such is your resolution, it were better to leave me here, than take you only to shew Lord Delamere all he has lost, while you deprive him of all hopes of regaining you. But I will yet flatter myself you do not mean all this.—‘At lovers’ perjuries say Jove laughs.’—And those of my fair cousin will be forgiven, should she break her angry vow to receive her poor penitent. Come, let us hasten to begin our journey to him; for tho’ that dear Godolphin, whom I shall love as long as I live,” (ah! thought Emmeline, and so shall I!) “assures me he does not think him in any danger, my heart will fade till I see him myself.”

Emmeline then left her, to put up her clothes, and prepare for a journey to which she was determined solely by the pressing instances of Lady Westhaven. To herself she foresaw only uneasiness and embarrassment; and even found a degree of cruelty in permitting Lord Delamere to feed, by her consenting to attend him, those hopes to which she now could never accede, unless by condemning herself to the most wretched of all lots—that of marrying one man while her love was another’s. The late narrative which she had heard from Godolphin, increased her affection for him, and took from her every wish to oppose its progress; and though she was thus compelled to see Delamere, she determined not to deceive him, but to tell him ingenuously that he had lost all that tenderness which her friendship and long acquaintance with him would have induced her to cherish, and not his own conduct destroyed it.

But it was hardly less necessary to own to him part of the truth, than to conceal the rest. Should she suspect that Godolphin was his rival, and a rival fondly favoured, she knew that his pride, his jealousy, and his resentment, would hurry him into excesses, mere

dreadful than any that had yet followed his impetuous love or his unbridled passions.

The apprehensions that he must, if they were long together, discover it, were more severely distressing than any she had yet felt; and she resolved both now and when they reached Befançon, to keep the strictest guard on her words and looks; and to prevent, if possible, her real sentiments being known to Delamere, to Lady Westhaven, and to Godolphin himself.

So painful and so difficult appeared the dissimulation necessary for that end; and so contrary did she feel it to her nature, that she was withheld only by her love to Lady Westhaven from flying to England with Mrs. Stafford; and should she be restored to her estate, she thought that the only chance she had of tranquillity would be to hide herself from Delamere, whom she at once pitied and dreaded, and from Godolphin, whom she tenderly loved, in the silence and seclusion of Mowbray Castle.

Her embarrassment and uneasiness were increased, when, on her joining Lord and Lady Westhaven, whose carriages and baggage were now ready, she found that the Chevalier de Bellozane had insisted on escorting them; an offer which they had no pretence to refuse. On her taking leave of the Baron, he very warmly and openly recommended his son to her favour; and Mrs. St. Alpin, who was very fond of her, repeated her wishes that she would listen to her nephew; and both with unfeigned concern saw their English visitors depart. Captain Godolphin had a place in his brother's chaise; Mademoiselle occupied that which on the former journey was filled by Bellozane, in the coach; the Chevalier now proceeded on horseback.

During the journey, Emmeline was low and de-

ected; from which she was sometimes roused by impatient inquiries and fearful apprehensions which darted into her mind, of what was to happen at the end of it. Every thing he observed, confirmed Godolphin in his persuasion that her heart was wholly Belamere's: her behaviour to himself was civil, but even studiously distant; while the unreserved and silent addresses of Bellozane, who made no mystery of his pretensions, she repulsed with yet more coldness and severity: and tho' towards Lord and Lady Westhaven the sweetness of her manners was yet reserved, she seemed overwhelmed with sadness, and her vivacity was quite lost.

As soon as they reached Befançon, Lord Westhaven directed the carriages to stop at another hotel, while he went with his brother to that where Lord Belamere was. At the door, they met Millefleur; who, overjoyed to see them, related, that since Mr. Godolphin left his master, the violence of his impatience had occasioned a severe relapse, in which, according to the orders Mr. Godolphin had given, the surgeons had bled and blistered him; that he was now again better, but very weak; yet so extremely ungovernable and self-willed, that the French people who attended him could do nothing with him; and that his English footman, and Millefleur himself, were forced to be constantly in his room, to prevent his leaving it, or committing some other excess that might again irritate the fever and bring on alarming symptoms. They hastened to him, and found not only that his fever still hung on him, tho' with less violence, but that he was also extremely emaciated; and that only his youth had supported him thro' so severe an illness, or could now enable him to struggle with its effects.

The moment they entered the room, he inquired

after his sister and Emmeline; and hearing the latter was actually come, he protested he would instantly go to her.

Lord Westhaven and Godolphin resolutely opposed so indiscreet a plan; the former, by his undeviating rectitude of mind and excellent sense, had acquired a greater ascendant over Delamere than any his family had before possessed; and to the latter he thought himself so much obliged, that he could not refuse to attend to him. He consented, therefore, at length to remain where he was; and Lord Westhaven hastened back to his wife, whom he led immediately to her brother.

She embraced him with many tears; and was at first greatly shocked at his altered countenance and reduced figure. But as Lord Westhaven and Godolphin both assured her there was no longer any danger if he would consent to be governed, she was soothed into hope of his speedy recovery and soon became tolerably composed.

As Lord Westhaven and Godolphin soon left them alone, he began to talk to his sister of Emmeline. He told her, that when he had been undeceived by Mr. Godolphin, and the scandalous artifices discovered which had raised in his mind such injurious suspicions, he had declared to Lord and Lady Montreville his resolution to proceed no further in the treaty which they had hurried on with Miss Otley, and had solicited their consent to his renewing and fulfilling that which he had before entered into with Miss Mowbray; but that his mother, with more anger and animosity than ever, had strongly opposed his wishes; and that his father had forbidden him, on pain of his everlasting displeasure, ever again to think of Emmeline.

After having for some time, he said, combated their inveterate prejudice, he had left them abruptly

and set out with his three servants for St. Alpin, where Godolphin informed him Emmeline was to be; when a fever, owing to heat and fatigue, seized and confined him where he now was.

"Ah, tell me, my sister, what hopes are there that Emmeline will pardon me? May I dare inquire whether she is yet to be moved in my favour?"

Lady Westhaven, who during their journey could perceive no symptoms that her resolution was likely to give way, dared not feed him with false hopes; yet unwilling to depress him by saying all she feared, she told him that Emmeline was greatly and with justice offended; but that all he could at present do, was to take care of his health. She intreated him to consider the consequence of another relapse, which might be brought on by his eagerness and emotion; and then conjuring him to keep all he knew of Lady Adelina a secret from Lord Westhaven (the necessity of which he already had heard from Godolphin), she left him and returned to Emmeline.

To avoid the importunity of Bellozane, and the melancholy looks of Godolphin, which affected her with the tenderest sorrow, she had retired to a bed-chamber, where she waited the return of Lady Westhaven with impatience.

Her solicitude for Delamere was very great; and her heart greatly lightened when she found that even her tender and apprehensive sister did not think him in any immediate danger, and believed that a few days would put him out of hazard even of a relapse.

She now again thought, that since Lady Westhaven had nothing to fear for his life, her presence would be less necessary; and her mind, the longer she thought of Mowbray Castle, adhering with more steadiness to her plan of flying thither, she consider-

ed how she might obtain in a few days Lady Westhaven's consent to the preliminary measure of quitting Besançon.

CH A P. VII.

WHILE the heiress of Mowbray Castle meditated how to escape thither from the embarrassed and uneasy situation in which she now was; and while she fancied that in retirement she might conceal, if she could not conquer, her affection for Godolphin (tho' in fact she only languished for an opportunity of thinking of him perpetually without observation), Lady Westhaven laid in wait for an occasion to try whether the ruined health and altered looks of her brother, would not move, in his favour her tender and sensible friend.

While Delamere kept his chamber, Emmeline carefully evaded an interview; but when, after three or four days, he was well enough to leave it, it was no longer possible for her to escape seeing him. However Godolphin thought himself obliged to bury in silence his unfortunate passion, he could not divest himself of that painful curiosity which urged him to observe the behaviour of Emmeline on their first meeting. Bellozane had discovered on what footing Lord Delamere had formerly been; and he dreaded a renewal of that preference she had given her lover, to which his proud heart could ill bear to submit, tho' he could himself make no progress in her favour. Though Lady Westhaven had intreated her to see Delamere alone, she had refused; assigning as a reason, that as he could never again be to her any other than a friend, nothing could possibly pass which her other friends might not hear. Delamere was obliged therefore to brook the hard condition

of seeing her as an indifferent person, or not seeing her at all. But though she was immovably determined against receiving him again as a lover, she had not been able to steel her heart against his melancholy appearance; his palid countenance, his emaciated form, extremely affected her. And when he approached her, bowed with a dejected air, and offered to take her hand—her haughtiness, her resentment forsook her—she trembling gave it, expressed in incoherent words her satisfaction at seeing him better, and betrayed so much emotion, that Godolphin, who with a beating heart narrowly observed her, saw, as he believed, undoubted proof of her love, and symptoms of her approaching forgiveness.

Delamere, who, whenever he was near her, ceased to remember that any other being existed; would, notwithstanding the presence of so many witnesses, have implored her pardon and her pity; but the moment he began to speak on that subject, she told him, with as much resolution as she could command, that the subject was to her so very disagreeable, as would oblige her to withdraw if he persisted in introducing it.

While his looks expressed how greatly he was hurt by her coldness, those of Godolphin testified equal dejection. For however she might repress the hopes of his rival by words of refusal and resentment, he thought her countenance gave more unequivocal intelligence of the real state of her heart. Bellozane, as proud, as little used to controul and disappointment, and with more personal vanity than Lord Delamere, beheld with anger and mortification the pity and regard which Emmeline shewed for her cousin; and ceasing to be jealous of Godolphin, he saw every thing to apprehend from the rank, the

fortune, the figure of Delamere—from family connection, which would engage her to listen to him—from ambition, which his title would gratify—from her tenderness to Lady Westhaven, and from the return of that affection which she had, as he supposed, once felt for Lord Delamere himself.

But the more invincible the obstacles which he saw rising appeared, the more satisfaction he thought would be in conquering them. And to yield up his pretensions, on the first appearance of a formidable rival, was contrary to his enterprising spirit and his ideas of that glory, which he equally coveted in the service of the fair and of the French King.

With these sentiments of each other, the restraint and mistrust of every party impeded general or cheerful conversation. Godolphin soon left the room, to commune with his own uneasy thoughts in a solitary walk. Lord Westhaven would then have taken on Bellozane, in order to give Lord Delamere an opportunity of being alone with his sister and Emmeline. But he was determined not to understand hints on that subject; and when his Lordship asked him to take an afternoon's walk, found means to refuse it. Afraid of leaving two such combustible spirits together, Lord Westhaven, to the great relief of Emmeline, staid with them till Delamere retired for the night.

But the behaviour of Bellozane to Emmeline, which was very particular, as if he wished it to be noticed, had extremely alarmed Delamere; and whenever they afterwards met, they surveyed each other with such haughty reserve, and their conversation bordered so nearly on hostility and defiance, that Emmeline, who expected every hour to see their animosity blaze out in a challenge, could support her uneasiness about it no longer; and sending

only to speak to Lord Westhaven on the beginning of the second week of their stay, she represented to him her fears, and intreated him to prevail on the Chevalier to leave them and return to St. Alpin.

"I have attempted it already," said he; "but with so little success, that if I press it any further I must quarrel with him myself. I know perfectly well that your fears have too much foundation; and that if we can neither separate or tranquillise these inquiet spirits, we shall have some disagreeable affair happen between them. I know nothing that can be done, but your accepting at once your penitent cousin."

"No, my Lord," answered she, with an air of chagrin, "that I will not do! I most ardently wish Lord Delamere well, and would do any thing to make him happy—except sacrificing my own happiness, and acting in opposition to my conscience."

"Why, my dear Emmeline, how is this? You had once, surely, an affection for Delamere; and his offence against you, however great, admits of considerable alleviation. Consider all the pains that were taken to disunite you, and the importunity he suffered from his family. Surely, when you are convinced of his repentance, you should restore him to your favour; and however you may be superior to considerations of fortune and rank, yet when they unite in a man otherwise unexceptionable, they should have some weight."

"They have none with me, upon my honour, my Lord. And since we have got upon this topic, I will be very explicit—I am determined on no account to marry Lord Delamere. But that I may give no room to charge me with caprice or coquetry (since your Lordship believes I once had so great a regard for him), or with that unforgiving temper

with which I see you are disposed to accuse me of it is my fixed intention, if I obtain, by your Lordship's generous interposition, the Mowbray estate to retire to Mowbray Castle, and never to marry at all.

Lord Westhaven, at the solemnity and gravity with which she pronounced these words, began to laugh so immoderately, and to treat her resolution with ridicule so pointed, that he first made her almost angry, and then obliged her to laugh too. At length, however, she prevailed on him again to listen to her apprehensions about Delamere and Bellozane.

"Do not, my Lord, rally me so cruelly; but for Heaven's sake, before it is too late, prevent any more meetings between these two rash and turbulent young men. Why should the Chevalier de Bellozane stay here?"

"Because it is his pleasure. I do assure you seriously, my dear Miss Mowbray, that I have almost every day since we came hither attempted to send my fiery cousin back to St. Alpin. But my anxiety has only piqued him; and he determines more resolutely to stay, because he sees my motive for wishing him gone. He is exactly the character which I have somewhere seen described by a French poet.—A young man who,

———"leger, impetueux,

"De soi meme rempli, jaloux, presomptueux,

"Bouillant dans ses passions; cedant a ses caprices;

"Pour un peu de valeur, se passoit de tous ses vices." *

"Yet among all his faults, poor Bellozane has some good qualities; and I am really sorry for this strange

* ———Volatile—impetuous—

Full of himself—jealous—presumptuous—

Fiery in his passions; yielding to every caprice;

And who believes some courage an apology for all his vices.

perseverance in an hopeless pursuit, because it prevents my asking him to England. I give you my honour, Emmeline," continued his Lordship in a more serious tone, "that I have repeatedly represented to him the improbability of his success; but he answers that you have never positively dismissed him by avowing your preference to another; that he knows your engagement with Lord Delamere is dissolved; and that he considers himself at liberty to pursue you till you have decidedly chosen, or even till you are actually married. Nay, I doubt whether your being married would make any difference in the attentions of this eccentric and presuming Frenchman, for I do not consider Bellozane as a Swiss."

"Well, but my dear Lord, if the Chevalier will persist in staying, I must determine to go. I see not that my remaining here will be attended with any good effects. It may possibly be the cause of infinite uneasiness to Lady Westhaven. Do, therefore, prevail upon her to let me go alone to St. Germain's. When I am gone, Lord Delamere will think more of setting well than of forcing me into a new engagement. He will then soon be able to travel; and the Chevalier de Bellozane will return quietly to the Baron."

"Why, to speak ingenuously, Emmeline, it *does* appear to me that it were on every account more proper for you to be in England. Thither I wish you could hasten, before it will be possible for Lord Delamere, or indeed for my wife, who must travel slowly, to get thither. I do not know whether your travelling with us will be strictly proper, on other accounts; but if it were, it would be rendered uneasy to you by the company of these two mad-headed boys; for Bellozane I am sure intends, if you accompany us, to go also."

"What objection is there then to my setting out im-

mediately for St. Germain's, with Le Limosin and Madelon, if Lady Westhaven would but consent to it?"

"I can easily convince her of the necessity of it; but I foresee another objection that has escaped you."

"What is that, my Lord?"

"That Bellozane will follow you."

"Surely he will not attempt it?"

"Indeed I apprehend he will. I have no manner of influence over him; and he is here connected with a set of military men, who are the likeliest people in the world to encourage such an enterprise—and if at last this Paris should carry off our fair Helen!"—

"Nay, but my Lord do not ridicule my distress."

"Well then, I will most seriously and gravely counsel you; and my advice is, that you set out as soon as you can get ready, and that my brother Godolphin escort you."

Emmeline was conscious that she too much wished such an escort; yet fearing that her preference of him would engage Godolphin in a quarrel with Bellozane or Lord Delamere, perhaps with both, she answered, while the deepest blush dyed her cheeks—

"No, my Lord, I cannot—I mean not—I should be sorry to give Captain Godolphin the trouble of such a journey—and I beg you not to think of it."

"I shall speak to him of it, however."

"I beg, my Lord—I intreat that you will not."

"Here he is—and we will discuss the matter with him now."

Godolphin at this moment entered the room; and Lord Westhaven relating plainly all Emmeline's fears, and her wishes to put an end to them by quitting Besançon, added the proposal he had made, that

Godolphin should take care of her till she had joined Mrs. Stafford.

Though Godolphin saw in her apprehensions for the safety of Delamere, only a conviction of her tender regard for him, and considered his own attachment as every way desperate; yet he could not refuse himself, when it was thus offered him, the pleasure of being with her—the exquisite, though painful delight of being useful to her. He therefore eagerly expressed the readiness, the happiness, with which he should undertake so precious a charge.

Emmeline, fearful of betraying her real sentiments, overacted the civil coldness with which she thought it necessary to refuse this offer. Godolphin, mortified and vexed at her manner as much as at her denial, ceased to press his services; and Lord Westhaven, who wondered what could be her objection, since of the honour and propriety of Godolphin's conduct he knew she could not doubt, seemed hurt at her rejection of his brother's friendly intention of waiting on her; and dropping the conversation, went away with Godolphin.

She saw that her conduct inevitably impressed on the mind of the latter a conviction of her returning regard for Delamere; and she feared that to Lord Westhaven it might appear to be the effect of vanity and coquetry.

“Perhaps he will think me,” said she, “so vain as to suppose that Godolphin has also designs, and that therefore I decline his attendance; and coquet enough to wish for the pursuit of these men, whom I only affect to shun, and for that reason prefer going alone, to accepting the protection of his brother. Yet as *I* know the sentiments of Godolphin, which it appears Lord Westhaven does not, surely I had better suffer his ill opinion of me, than encourage

Godolphin's hopes; which, till Delamere can be diverted from prosecuting his unwelcome address, will inevitably involve him in a dispute, and such a dispute as I cannot bear to think of."

Uncertain what to do, another day passed; and on the following morning, while she waited for Lady Westhaven, she was addressed by Godolphin, who calmly and gravely inquired if she would honour him with any commands for England?

"Are you going then, Sir, before my Lord and Lady?"

"I am going, Madam, immediately."

"By way of Paris?"

"Yes, Madam, to Havre; whence I shall get the quickest to Southampton, and to the Isle of Wight. I am uneasy at the entire solitude to which my absence condemns Adelina."

"You have heard no unfavourable news, I hope, of Lady Adelina or your little boy?"

"None. But I am impatient to return to them."

"As you are going immediately, Sir," said Emmeline (making an effort to conquer a pain she felt rising in her bosom), "I will not detain you by writing to Lady Adelina. Perhaps—as it is possible—as I hope—"

She stopped. Godolphin looked anxious to hear what was possible, what she hoped.

"As I shall so soon, so very soon be in England, perhaps we may meet," resumed she, speaking very quick—"possibly I may have the happiness of seeing her Ladyship and dear little William."

"To meet *you*," replied Godolphin, very solemnly, "Adelina shall leave her solitude; for certainly a journey to see her in it will hardly be undertaken by *Lady Delamere*."

He then in the same tone wished her health and happiness till he saw her again, and left her.

He was no sooner gone, than she felt disposed to follow him, and apologise for her having so coldly refused his offers of protection. Pride and timidity prevented her; but they could not stop her tears, which she was obliged to conceal by hurrying to her own room. Lady Westaven soon after sent for her to a late breakfast: she found Lord Delamere there; but heard that Godolphin was gone.

Soon after breakfast, Lady Westhaven and her brother (who could not yet obtain a clear intermission of the fever which hung about him, and who continued extremely weak), went out together for an airing; and Lord Westhaven, unusually grave, was left reading in the room with Emmeline.

He laid down his book.—“So,” said he, “William is flown away from us.”

It was a topic on which Emmeline did not care to trust her voice.

“I wish you could have determined to have gone with him.”

“I wish, my Lord, I could have reconciled it to my ideas with propriety; since certainly I should have been happy and safe in such an escort; and since, without any at all, I must in a day or two go.”

“I believe it will be best. Lord Delamere is no better; and Bellozane has no thought of leaving us entirely, though his military friends take up so much of his time that he is luckily less with Delamere. Lord Delamere has again, Miss Mowbray, been imploring me to apply to you. He wishes you only to hear him. He complains that you fly from him, and will not give him an opportunity of entering on his justification.”

"I am extremely concerned at Lord Delamere's unhappiness. But I must repeat that I require of his Lordship no justification; that I most sincerely forgive him, if he supposes he has injured me; but that as to any proposals, such as he once honoured me with, I am absolutely resolved never to listen to them; and I entreat him to believe that any future application on the subject must be entirely fruitless."

"Poor young man!" said Lord Westhaven. "However, you must consent to see him alone, and to tell him so yourself; for from me he will not believe you so very inflexible—so very cruel."

"I am inflexible, my Lord, but surely not cruel. The greatest cruelty of, which I could be guilty, either to Lord Delamere or myself, would be to accept his offers, feeling as I feel, and thinking as I think."

"I do not know how we shall get him to England, or what will be done with him when he is there."

"He will do well, my Lord. Doubt it not."

"Upon my honour I *do* doubt it! It is to me astonishing that a young man so volatile, so high-spirited as Delamere, should be capable of an attachment at once so violent and so steady."

"Steady!—Has your Lordship forgotten Miss Otley?"

"His wavering then was, you well know, owing to some evil impressions he had received of you; which, though he refuses to tell me the particulars, he assures me were conveyed and confirmed with so much art, that a more dispassionate and cooler lover would have believed them without inquiry. How then can you wonder at *his* petulant and eager spirit seizing on probable circumstances, which his jealousy

and apprehension immediately converted into conviction? As soon as he knew these suspicions were groundless, did he not fly to implore your pardon; and hasten, even at the hazard of his life, to find and appease you? Such is the present situation of his mind and of his health, that I very seriously assure you I doubt whether he will survive your total rejection."

Emmeline, unable to answer this speech gravely, without betraying the very great concern it gave her, assumed a levity she did not feel.

"Your Lordship," said she, "is disposed to think thus, from the warm and vehement manner in which Lord Delamere is accustomed to express himself. If he is really unhappy, I am very sorry; but I am persuaded time, and the more fortunate alliance which he is solicited to form, will effect a cure. Don't think me unfeeling if I answer your melancholy prophecy in the words of Rosalind—

'Men have died from time to time, and worms have eat them
'...but not for love.'

She then ran away, and losing all her forced spirits the moment she was alone, gave way to tears. She fancied they flowed entirely for the unhappiness of poor Delamere, and for her uncertain situation. But though the former uneasiness deeply affected her sensible heart, many of the tears she shed were because Godolphin was gone, and she knew not when she should again see him.

Godolphin, repining and wretched, pursued his way to Paris. He thought that Emmeline's coldness and reserve were meant to put an end to any hopes he might have entertained; and that her reconciliation and marriage with Lord Delamere must inevitably take place as soon as she had, by her dis-

simulated cruelty, punished him for his rashness and his errors. His daily observation confirmed him in this opinion: he saw, that in place of her candid and ingenuous manners, a studied conduct was adopted, which concealed her real sentiments—sentiments which he concluded to be all in favour of Delamere. And finding that he could not divest himself of his passion for her, he thought that it was a weakness, if not a crime, to indulge it in her presence, while it imposed on himself an insupportable torment; and that, by quitting her, he should at least conceal his hopeless attachment, and save himself the misery of seeing her actually married to Lord Delamere. He determined, therefore, to tear himself away; and to punish himself for the premature expectations with which he had begun his journey to St. Alpin, by shutting himself up at East Cliff (his house in the Isle of Wight), and refusing himself the sight of her, of whom it would be sufficient misery to think, when she had given herself to her favoured and fortunate lover.

Full of these reflections, Godolphin continued his road, intending to take the passage boat to Havre. But at the hotel he frequented at Paris, he met a gentleman of his acquaintance who was going the next day to Calais; and as he had his own post-chaise, and only his valet with him, he told Godolphin, that if he would take a place in his chaise, he would send his servant post. This offer Godolphin accepted; and altering his original design, went with his friend to Calais, to cross to England.

CHAP. VIII.

It was now impossible for Emmeline to avoid a conversation with Lord Delamere, which his sister urged her so earnestly to allow him. Bellozane was, by the French officers, with whom he principally lived, engaged out for two days; and Lord and Lady Westhaven easily found an opportunity to leave Emmeline with Delamere.

He was no sooner alone in her presence, than he threw himself on his knees before her—"Will you," said he, "ah! will you still refuse to hear and to forgive me? Have I offended beyond all hopes of pardon?"

"No, my Lord.—I do most readily and truly forgive every offence, whether real or imaginary, that you believe you have committed against me."

"You forgive me—But to what purpose?—Only to plunge me yet deeper into wretchedness. You forgive me—but you despise, you throw me from you for ever. Ah! rather continue to be angry, than distract me by a pardon so cold and careles!"

"If your Lordship will be calm—if you will rise, and hear me with temper, I will be very explicit with you; but while you yield to these extravagant transports, I cannot explain all I wish you to understand; and must indeed beg to be released from a conversation so painful to me, and to you so prejudicial."

Delamere rose and took a chair.

"I need not, Sir," said Emmeline, collecting all her courage, "recal to your memory the time so lately passed, when I engaged to become your's, if, at the expiration of a certain period, Lord and Lady

Montreville consented, and you still remained disposed to bestow on me the honour of your name."

"What am I to expect," cried Delamere, eagerly interrupting her—"Ah! what am I to expect from a preface so cold and cruel? You have indeed no occasion to recal to my memory those days when I was allowed to look forward to that happiness, which now, through the villainy of others, and my own madness and idiotism, I have lost. But, Madam, I must not, it cannot be so easily relinquished! By heaven, I will not give you up!—and if but for a moment I thought——"

"You seemed just now, Sir, disposed to hear me with patience. Since, however, you cannot even for a few minutes forbear these starts of passion, I really am unequal to the task of staying with you."

She would then have hastened away; but Delamere forcibly detaining her, again protested he would be calm, and again she went on.

"At that time, I will own to you, that without any prepossession, almost without a wish either to accept or decline the very high honour you offered me, I was content to engage myself to be your wife; because you said such an engagement would make *you* happy, and because I then knew not that it would render *me* otherwise."

"Was you even then thus indifferent? Had I no place in your heart, Madam, when you would have given me your hand?"

"Yes, Sir—you had then the place I now willingly restore to you. I esteemed you; I looked upon you with a sisterly affection; and had I married you, it would have been rather to have made you happy, than because I had any wish to form other ties than those by which our relationship and early acquaintance had connected us."

“ Ah! my angelic Emmeline! it will still make me happy! Let the reasons which then influenced you, again plead for me; and forget, O! forget all that passed since my headlong folly urged me to insult and forsake you!”

“ Alas! my Lord, that is not in my power! You have cancelled the engagements that subsisted between us; and, as I understand, have actually formed others more indissoluble, with a lady of high rank and of immense fortune—one whose alliance is anxiously courted by your family as mine is despised. Can your Lordship again fly from your promises? Can you quit at pleasure the affluent and high-born heiress, as you quitted the deserted and solitary orphan?”

“ Cursed, cursed cruelty!” exclaimed Delamere, speaking through his shut teeth—“ But go on, Madam! I deserve your severity, and must bear your reproaches! Yet surely you know, that but for the machinations of those execrable Crofts’, I should never have acted as I did—you know, that however destitute of fortune chance had made you, I preferred you to all those who might have brought me wealth!”

“ I acknowledge your generosity, Sir, and on that head meant not to reproach. I merely intended to represent to you what you seem to have forgotten—that were I disposed to restore you the hand you so lately renounced, you could not take it; since Miss Otley will certainly not relinquish the claim you have given her to your regard.”

“ You are misinformed.—I am under no engagement to Miss Otley.—I am not, by heaven! by all that is sacred!”

“ Were not all preparations for your marriage in great forwardness, Sir, when you left England? and must not your consent have been previously ob-

tained before Lord Montreville would have made them? However, to put an end end to all uncertainty, I must tell you, my Lord, with a sincerity which will probably be displeasing to you, that my affections——”

“Are no longer in your own power!” cried he, hastily interrupting her—“Speak, Madam—is it not so?”

“I did not say that, Sir. I was going to assure you, that I now find it impossible to command them—impossible to feel for you that preference, without which I should think myself extremely culpable were I to give you my hand.”

“I understand you, Madam! You give that preference to another. The Chevalier de Bellozane has succeeded to your affections. He has doubtless made good use of the opportunities he has had to conciliate your favour; but before he carries his good fortune farther, he must discuss with me the right by which he pretends to it.”

“Whether he has or has not a right to pretend to my regard, Sir,” said Emmeline, with great spirit, “this causeless jealousy, so immediately after you have been convinced of the fallacy of your supposition in regard to another person, convinces me, that had I unfortunately given you an exclusive claim to my friendship and affection, my whole life would have been embittered by suspicion, jealousy, and caprice. Recollect, my Lord, that I have said nothing of the Chevalier de Bellozane, nor have you the least reason to believe I have for him those sentiments you are pleased to impute to me.”

“But can I doubt it!” exclaimed Delamere, rising, and walking about in an agony—“Can I doubt it, when I have heard you disclaim me for ever!—when

you have told me your affections are now no longer in your power!"

"No, Sir; my meaning was, what I now repeat—that as my near relation, as my friend, as the brother of Lady Westhaven, I shall ever esteem and regard you; but that I cannot command now in your favour those sentiments which should induce me to accept of you as my husband. What is past cannot be recalled; and though I am most truly concerned to see you unhappy, my determination is fixed, and I must abide by it."

"Death and hell!" cried the agonized Delamere

"Is it all over then! You utterly disclaim me, and hardly think it worth while to conceal from me for whose sake I am disclaimed!"

Emmeline was terrified to find that he still persisted in imputing her estrangement from him to her partiality for Bellozane; foreseeing that he would immediately fly to him, and that all she apprehended must follow.

"I beg, I intreat, Lord Delamere, that you will understand that I give no preference to M. de Bellozane, I will not only assure you of that, but I disclaim all intention of marriage whatever! Suffer me, my Lord, to intreat that you will endeavour to calm your mind and regain your health. Reflect on the cruel uncertainty in which you have left the Marquis and the Marchioness; reflect on the uneasy situation in which you keep Lord and Lady Westhaven, and on the great injury you do yourself; and resolutely attempt, in the certainty of succeeding, to divest yourself of a fatal partiality, which has hitherto produced only misery to you and to your family!"

"Oh! most certainly, most certainly!" cried Delamere, almost choaked with passion—"I shall un-

doubtedly make all these wise reflections; and after having gone through a proper course of them, shall possibly, with great composure, see you in the arms of that presumptuous coxcomb—that vain, supercilious Frenchman!—that detested Bellozane!—No, Madam! no! you may certainly give yourself to him, but assure yourself I live not to see it!”

He flew out of the room at these words, though she attempted to stop and to appease him. Her heart bled at the wounds she had yet thought it necessary to inflict; and she was at once grieved and terrified at his menacing and abrupt departure. She immediately went herself after Lord Westhaven, to intreat him to keep Bellozane and Delamere apart. His Lordship was much disturbed at what had passed, which Emmeline faithfully related to him: Bellozane was still out of town; and Lord Westhaven, who now apprehended that on Delamere's meeting him he would immediately insult him, said he would consider what could be done to prevent their seeing each other till Delamere became more reasonable. On inquiry, he found that the Chevalier was certainly engaged with his companions till the next day. He therefore came back to Emmeline about an hour after he had left her, and told her that he thought it best for her to set out that afternoon on her way to St. Germain's.

“ You will by this means make it difficult for Bellozane to overtake you, if he should attempt it; and when he sees you have actually fled from Delamere, he will be little disposed to quarrel with him, and will perhaps go home. As to Delamere, his sister and I must manage him as well as we can; which will be the easier, as he is, within this half hour, gone to bed in a violent excess of fever. Indeed, in the perturbation of mind he now suffers,

there is no probability of his speedy amendment ; for as fast as he regains strength, his violent passions throw his frame again into disorder.—But perhaps, when he knows you are actually in England, he may try to acquire, by keeping himself quiet, that share of health which alone can enable him to follow you.”

Emmeline, eagerly embracing this advice, which she found had the concurrence of Lady Westhaven, prepared instantly for her departure ; and embracing tenderly her two excellent friends, who hoped soon to follow her, and who had desired her to come to them to reside as soon as they were settled in London, where they had no house at present, she got into a chaise, with Madelon, and attended by Le Limosin, who was proudly elated at being thus “ *l’homme de confiance* ” * to Mademoiselle Mowbray, she left Befançon ; her heart deeply impressed with a sense of Delamere’s sufferings, and with an earnest wish for the restoration of his peace.

Though Godolphin had been gone four days, and went post, so that she knew he must be at Paris long before her, she could not, as she proceeded on her journey, help fancying that some accident might have stopped him, and that she might overtake him. She knew not whether she hoped or feared such an encounter. But the disappointed air with which she left every post-house where she had occasion to stop for horses, plainly evinced that she rather desired than dreaded it. She felt all the absurdity and ridicule of expecting to see him ; yet still she looked out after him ; and he was the object she sought when she cast her eyes round her at the several stages.

Without overtaking him, or being herself over-

* Confidential servant.

taken by Bellozane, she arrived in safety and in the usual time to Paris, and immediately went on to St. Germain's; Le-Limofin being so well acquainted with travelling, that she had no trouble nor alarm during her journey.

When she got to St. Germain's, she was received with transport by Mrs. Stafford and her family. She found her about to depart, in two days, for England, where there was a prospect of settling her husband's affairs; and she had undertaken to go alone over, in hopes of adjusting them for his speedy return; while he had agreed to remain with the children till he heard the success of her endeavours. Great was the satisfaction of Mrs. Stafford to find that Emmeline would accompany her to England; with yet more pleasure did she peruse those documents which convinced her that her fair friend went to claim, with an absolute certainty of success, her large paternal fortune.

Lord Westhaven had given her a long letter to the Marquis of Montreville, to whom he desired she would immediately address herself; and he had also written to an eminent lawyer, his friend, into whose hands he directed her immediately to put the papers that related to her birth, and by no means to trust them with any other person.

With money, also, Lord Westhaven had amply furnished her; and she proposed taking lodgings in London, till she could settle her affairs with Lord Montreville; and then to go to Mowbray Castle.

On the second day after her reaching St. Germain's, she began her journey to Calais with Mrs. Stafford, attended by Le-Limofin and Madelon. When they arrived there, they heard that a passage boat would sail about nine o'clock in the evening; but on sending Le-Limofin to speak to the master, they

learned that there were already more cabin passengers than there was room to accommodate, and that therefore two ladies might find it inconvenient.

As the evening, however, was calm, and the wind favourable, and as the two fair travellers were impatient to be in England, they determined to go on board. It was near ten o'clock before the vessel got under way; and before two they were assured they should be at Dover. They therefore hesitated not to pass that time in chairs on the deck, wrapped in their clokes; and would have preferred doing so, to the heat and closeness of the cabin, had there been room for them in it.

By eleven o'clock every thing insensibly grew quiet on board. The passengers were gone to their beds, the vessel moved calmly, and with very little wind, over a gently swelling sea; and the silence was only broken by the waves rising against its side, or by the steersman, who now and then spoke to another sailor, that slowly traversed the deck with measured pace.

The night was dark; a declining moon only broke through the heavy clouds of the horizon with a feeble and distant light. There was a solemnity in the scene at once melancholy and pleasing. Mrs. Stafford and Emmeline both felt it. They were silent; and each lost in her own reflections; nor did they attend to a slight interruption of the stillness that reigned on board, made by a passenger who came from below, muffled in a great coat. He spoke in a low voice to the man at the helm, and then sat down on the gunwale, with his back towards the ladies; after which all was again quiet.

In a few minutes a deep sigh was uttered by this passenger; and then, after a short pause, the two

friends were astonished to hear, in a voice, low but extremely expressive, these lines, addressed to Night :

SONNET.

I love thee, mournful sober-suited Night,
When the faint Moon, yet lingering in her wane
And veil'd in clouds, with pale uncertain light
Hangs o'er the waters of the restless main.

In deep depression sunk, th' enfeebled mind
Will to the deaf, cold elements complain,
And tell th' embosom'd grief, however vain,
To sullen surges and the viewless wind.

Though no repose on thy dark breast I find,
I still enjoy thee---cheerless as thou art ;
For in thy quiet gloom, th' exhausted heart
Is calm, though wretched ; hopeless, yet resign'd.
While, to the winds and waves, its sorrows given,
May reach---though lost on earth---the ear of heaven !

" Surely," said Mrs. Stafford in a whisper, " is a voice I know."

" Surely," repeated the heart of Emmeline, for she could not speak, " it is the voice of Godolphin !"

" Do you," resumed Mrs. Stafford---" do you not recollect the voice?"

" Yes," replied Emmeline. " I think---I believe---I rather fancy it is---Mr. Godolphin."

" Shall I speak to him?" asked Mrs. Stafford. " or are you disposed to hear more poetry? He has no notion who are his auditors."

" As you please," said Emmeline.

Again the person sighed, and repeated with more warmth---

" And reach---though lost on earth---the ear of heaven !"

" Yes---if *she* is happy, they will indeed be heard !"

? that cruel *if—if* she is happy! and can I bear doubt it, yet leave her to the experiment!"

There now remained no doubt but that the stranger was Godolphin; and Emmeline as little hesitated to believe herself the subject of his thoughts and of his muse.

"Why do *you* not speak to him, Emmeline?" said Mrs. Stafford archly.

"I cannot, indeed."

"I must speak then, myself;" and raising her voice, she said—"Mr. Godolphin, is it not?"

"Who is so good as to recollect me?" cried he, rising and looking round him. It was very dark; but he could just distinguish that two ladies were there.

Mrs. Stafford gave him her hand, saying—"have you then forgotten your friends?"

He snatched her hand, and carried it to his lips.

"There is another hand for you," said she, pointing to Emmeline—"but you must be at the trouble of taking it."

"That I shall be most delighted to do. But who is it? Surely it cannot be Miss Mowbray, that allows me such happiness?"

"Have you, in one little week," said the faltering Emmeline, "occasion to ask that question?"

"Not now I hear that voice," answered Godolphin in the most animated tone—"Not when I hold this lovely hand. But whence comes it that I find you, Madam, here? or how does it happen that you have left my brother and sister, and the happy Delamere?" He seemed to have recollected, after his first transport at meeting her, that he was thus warmly addressing *her* who was probably only going to England to prepare for her union with his rival.

"Do not be so unreasonable," said Mrs. Stafford.

"as to expect Miss Mowbray should answer all the questions. But find a seat; and let us hear from you an account of yourself. You have also to make your peace with me for not seeing me in your way."

Godolphin threw himself on the deck at the feet.

"I find a seat here," said he, "which I should prefer to a throne. As to an account of myself, it is soon given. I met a friend, whose company induced me to come to Calais, rather than travel through Normandy; and the haste he was in made it impossible for me to stop him. Miss Mowbray had refused to give me any commission for you; and I had nothing to say to you that would have given you any pleasure. I was, therefore, unwilling to trouble you merely with a passing inquiry."

"But whence comes it that you sail only to-night if your friend was so much hurried?"

"He went four days ago; but I—I was kept—was detained at Calais."

Emmeline felt a strange curiosity to know what could have detained him; but dared not ask such a question.

They then talked of Lord and Lady Westhaven.

"Lord Delamere is, I conclude, much better," said Godolphin.

"When I took leave of Lord and Lady Westhaven," coldly answered Emmeline, "I did not think him much better than when we first saw him. His servant said he was almost as ill as when you, Sir, with friendship so uncommon, attended him."

"Call it not uncommon, Madam!—It was an office I would have performed, not only for an Englishman in another country, but I hope for any human being in any country, who had needed it. Should I then allow you to suppose there was any

at merit in my rendering a slight service to the mother of Lady Westhaven; and who is besides to one to whom I owe obligations so infinite." The stress he laid on these words left Emmeline in doubt of his meaning. She was, however, vexed and half angry that he persisted in believing her entirely attached to Delamere; and, for the first time she had ventured to think steadily on the subject, meditated how to undeceive him. Yet when she reflected on the character of Delamere; and remembered that his father would now claim an authority to controul her actions—that one would think himself at liberty to call any man to an account who addressed her, and the other to refuse his consent to any other marriage than that which would be now advantageous to the family—she saw only inquietude to herself, and hazard to the life so dear to her, should she suffer the passion of Godolphin openly to be avowed.

"Is it not remarkable," said Mrs. Stafford, "that you should voluntarily have conducted us to France, and by chance escort us home?"

"Yes," answered Godolphin.—"And a chance so fortunate for me I should think portended some good, was I sanguine, and had I any faith in omens."

"Are you going immediately to London?"

"Immediately."

"And from thence to East Cliff?"

"I believe I shall be obliged to stay in town a week or ten days.—But my continuance there shall be longer, if you or Miss Mowbray will employ me."

The night now grew cold; and the dew fell so heavily, that Mrs. Stafford expressed her apprehensions that Emmeline would find some ill effects from it, and advised her to go down.

"Oh! no," said Godolphin, with uncommon

anxiety in his manner---“do not go down. There are so many passengers in the cabin, and it is so close that you will find it extremely disagreeable. It will not be half an hour before we see the lights of Dover; and we shall presently be on shore.”

Emmeline, who really apprehended little from cold, acquiesced; and they continued to converse on general topics till they landed.

Godolphin saw them on shore immediately, and attended them to the inn. He then told them he must go back to see after the baggage, and left them hastily. They ordered a slight refreshment; and when it was brought in, Emmeline said---“Shall we not wait for Mr. Godolphin?”

“The Gentleman is come in, Madam,” said the waiter, “with another lady, and is assisting her up stairs. Would you please I should call him?”

Emmeline felt, without knowing the nature of the sensation, involuntary curiosity and involuntary uneasiness.

“No, do not call him,” said Mrs. Stafford---“suppose he will be here immediately. But send the French servant to us.”

Le Limosin attending, she gave him some requisite orders, and then again inquired for Captain Godolphin.

Le Limosin answered, that he was gone to assist a lady to her room, who had been very ill during the passage.

“Of which nation is she, Le Limosin?”

“I am ignorant of that, Madam, as I have not heard her speak. *Monsieur Le Capitaine* is very sorry for her, and has attended her the whole way, only the little time he was upon deck.”

“Is she a young lady?” inquired Mrs. Stafford.

“Yes, very young and pretty.”

The curiosity of Mrs. Stafford was now, in spite of herself, awakened. And the long stay Godolphin gave to Emmeline such acute uneasiness, as she had never felt before. It is extraordinary surely, that she to herself, that he should be thus anxious about an acquaintance made in a packet boat.

She grew more and more disturbed at his absence; and was hardly able to conceal her vexation from Mrs. Stafford, while she was ashamed of discovering it even to herself. In about ten minutes, which had appeared to her above an hour, Godolphin came in; apologised, without accounting for his stay; and while they made altogether a slight repast, inquired how they intended to proceed to London, and at what time.

On hearing that they thought of setting out about noon, in a chaise, he proposed their taking a post coach; "and then," added he, "you may suffer me to occupy the fourth place." To this Mrs. Stafford willingly agreed; and Emmeline, glad to find that at least he did not intend waiting on his packet acquaintance to London, retired with somewhat less uneasiness than she had felt on her first hearing that he had brought such an acquaintance on shore.

After a few hours sleep, the fair travellers arose to continue their journey. They heard that Mr. Godolphin had long left his room, and was at breakfast with the lady whom he had been so careful of the preceding morning. At this intelligence Emmeline felt all her anxiety revive; and when he came into the room where they were to speak to him, hardly could she command herself to answer him without betraying her emotion.

"Miss Mowbray is fatigued with her voyage," said he, tenderly approaching her---"The night air, I am afraid, has affected her health?"

"No, Sir;" coldly and faintly answered Emmeline.

"How is the young lady you was so good as to assist on shore, Sir?" said Mrs. Stafford. "I understand she was ill."

Godolphin blushed; and replied, with some little embarrassment, "she is better, Madam, I thank you."

"So," thought Emmeline, "he makes then no mystery of having an interest in this lady."

"Are you acquainted with her?" inquired Mrs. Stafford.

"Yes."

Politeness would not admit of another question; yet it was impossible to help wishing to ask it. Godolphin, however, turned the discourse, and soon afterwards went out. Emmeline felt ready to cry, yet knew not for what, and dreaded to ask herself whether she had not admitted into her heart the tormenting passion of jealousy.

"Why should I be displeased," said she. "Why should I be unhappy? Mr. Godolphin believes me attached to Delamere, and has ceased to think of me; wherefore should I lament that he thinks of another? or what right have I to inquire into his actions? what right have I to blame them?"

The post coach was now ready. Emmeline, attended by Madelon, Mrs. Stafford, and Godolphin, got into it, and a lively and animated conversation was carried on between the two latter. Emmeline, in the approaching interview with her uncle, and in the wretchedness of Delamere, which she never ceased to lament, had employment enough for her thoughts; but in spite of herself, they flew perpetually from those subjects to the acquaintance which Captain Godolphin had brought with him from Calais.

CHAP. IX.

WHEN they arrived at Canterbury, the ladies were shewn into a parlour, where Godolphin did not join them for near half an hour. Emmeline had accounted for her lowness of spirits by her dread of meeting her uncle on such terms as they were likely to meet; but Mrs. Stafford knew the human heart too well, to be ignorant that there was another and a concealed source of that melancholy which overwhelmed her. It was in vain she had attempted to dissemble. It was, to her friend, evident, that her compassion, her good wishes, were Delamere's; but that her heart was wholly Godolphin's, and was now pierced with the poignant thorns of new-born jealousy and anxious mistrust.

While they waited together the return of Godolphin, Mrs. Stafford said—"I fancy that post chaise that passed us about half an hour ago, contained Mr. Godolphin's *acquaintance*."

"Did it? Why do you think so?"

"Because he looked after it so earnestly; and there seemed to be only a young woman in it."

"I did not not observe it indeed," replied Emmeline, with the appearance of carelessness.

"I should like to see her nearer," continued Mrs. Stafford, with some archness—"By the glimpse I had of her, she appeared to be very handsome."

"Do you think she is a French woman?" inquired Emmeline, still affecting great indifference.

"No, she appeared to be English. But if you please I will inquire of him?"

"I beg you will not," in an half angry tone, answered Emmeline—"I am sure it is very immaterial."

At this moment Godolphin entered; and with looks of uneasiness apologised for his long stay. "I have an awkward embarrassment," said he, "on my hands—a poor young woman, who is wholly a stranger to this country, and whom I have undertaken to conduct to London; but she is so ill, that I am afraid she is unfit to go on—Yet how to leave her here, I know not."

"Pray, Sir," said Emmeline, "do not let us be any restraint to you. If your presence is necessary to the lady, you had surely better continue with her than put her to any inconvenience to go on."

Godolphin, who was at once pleased and pained by the quickness with which she spoke, said—"I will tell you, my dear Miss Mowbray, very ingeniously, that if I were quite sure the character of this unhappy young woman is such as may entitle her to your's and Mrs. Stafford's protection, I should without scruple have asked it. *I know,*" continued he, looking distressed, "how compassionate and good you both are; but I ought not therefore to hazard improperly taxing such generosity and sensibility."

"Who is this young person, Sir?" asked Mrs. Stafford.

"If it will not tire you, I will tell you. On my arrival at Calais this day se'ennight, I found all the packet boats on the other side, and was obliged to wait with my friend Cleveland a whole day. As I was sauntering about the streets after dinner, I passed by an Englishman, whose face I thought I recollected. The man looked confused, and took off his hat; and I then perfectly remembered him to have been one of the best sailors I had on board in the West Indies, where he received a dangerous wound in the arm.

"I stopped, and asked him by what accident he came to Calais, and why his appearance was no better; for his honest hard features seemed pinched with want, his dress was shabby, his person meagre, and his look dejected.

" 'I am ashamed to tell you, Captain,' said he, 'how I came hither; but in short, because I could not live at home. You know I got prize-money when I served under your honour. Mayhap I might have managed it better; but howsoever 'tis gone, and there's an end on't. So as we are all turned adrift in the world, some of my shipmates advised me to try a little matter of smuggling with them, and come over here. I have lived among these Frenchmen now these two months, and can, to be sure, just live; but rot 'em, if I could get any thing to do at home, I wouldn't stay another hour, for I hates 'em all, as your honour very well knows. A lucky voyage or two will put some money mayhap in my way with this smuggling trade; and then I reckons to cross over home once for all, and so go down to Liverpool to my friends, if any on um be alive yet.'

"I reprov'd my acquaintance severely for his proceeding, and told him, that to enable him to go to his friends, I would supply him with money to buy him clothes, which I found he principally wanted; being ashamed to appear among his relations so ill equipped, after having received a considerable sum in prize-money.

"The poor fellow appeared to be very grateful, and assured me, that to prove his sincerity he would embark in the same packet boat. 'But, Lord, Captain,' added he, 'I ben't the only Englishman who stays in this rascally country agin their will---your honour remembers Lieutenant Stornaway, on board your honour's ship?'

“Aye, to be fure I do.”

“Well; he, poor lad, is got into prifon here for debt, and there I reckon he’ll die; for nobody there ever gets into one of their confounded jails in the country, ever gets out again.”

“As I perfectly remembered Stornaway, a gallant and spirited young Scotsman, I was much hurt by this account, and asked if I could be admitted to fee him. I found it attended with infinite difficulty, and that I must apply to fo many different perfons before I could be allowed to fee my unfortunate countryman, that the packet boat of the next day must fail without me. Cleveland, therefore, departed; and I, with long attendance on the Commandant and other officers, was at length introduced into the prifon. I will not fhock you with a description of it, nor with the condition in which I found the poor young man; who feemed to me likely to efcape by death, from the damp and miserable dungeons where he lay, without neceffary food, without air, and without hope of relief. He related to me his forrowful and fimple tale. He was brought up to the fea; had no friends able to affift him; and on being difcharged, after the peace, had gone, with what money he received, and on half pay, to France, in hopes of being able to live at lefs expenfe than in England, and to learn, at the fame time, a language fo neceffary in his profeflion.

“And for fome time,” faid he, “I did pretty well till going with one of my countrymen to fee a relation of his, who was (tho’ born of Scots parents) brought up as a pensioner in a convent, and a Catholic, I was no longer my own mafter; and though I knew that it was almoft impoffible for me to fupport a wife, I yet rafhly married, and have made one

of the loveliest young creatures in the world a beggar.

“ ‘She was totally destitute of fortune; and was afraid her friends, who were but distant relations, and people of rank in Scotland, would insist on her taking the veil, as the most certain and easiest means of providing for her. She had a decided aversion to a monastic life; and poor as I was (for I did not attempt to deceive her), hesitated not to quit her consent with me, which it was easy enough to do by the management of her relation, with whom she was allowed to go out. We set out, therefore, together for England. I had about twenty louis in my pocket, which would have carried us thither comfortably: but calamity overtook us by the way. We travelled in stages and in diligences, as we found cheapest; in one of which I imagine my poor girl caught the infection of the small-pox, with which she fell ill at Amiens. I attended her with all the agonizing fear of a wretch who sees his only earthly good on the point of being torn from him for ever; and very, very ill she was for many days and nights. Yet her lovely face was spared; and in a month I saw her quite out of danger, but still too weak to travel. As I spared nothing that would contribute to her ease or her recovery, my money was dreadfully diminished, and I had barely enough left to carry me alone to England. But as our credit was yet good, I purposed on our living on it till her strength was somewhat re-established; and that I would then go to England, get a supply of money, and return to pay my debts and fetch my wife.

“ ‘This was the only expedient,’ said poor Stornaway, ‘that I could think of, and perhaps was the very worst I could have adopted; since by this means

we insensibly got into debt, and to creditors the most inexorable.

“ ‘ At the end of three weeks, my wife was tolerably well. I divided with her the money I had left and went off in the night to Calais, flattering myself I should return to her within a fortnight. But so vigilant were those to whom I owed money, and so active the *maréchaussées*, that I was pursued, and thrown, without hesitation and without appeal, into this prison, where my little remaining money, being all exhausted in fees, to save me from even worse treatment, I have now lain near six weeks in the situation in which you see me. As to myself,’ continued the poor young man, ‘ my life has been a life of hardship, and I have learned to hold it as nothing; but when I reflect on what must have been the condition of my Isabel, I own to you, dear Sir, that my fortitude forsakes me, and the blackest despair takes possession of my soul.’ ”

“ I had but little occasion to deliberate,” said Godolphin, continuing his narrative—“ I had but little occasion to deliberate. I inquired into the debt. It was a trifle. I blushed to think, that while Englishmen were daily passing through the place in pursuit of pleasure, a gentleman, an officer of their nation, languished for such a sum in the horrors of a confinement so dreadful. The debt was easily discharged; and I took the unhappy Stornaway to my lodgings, from whence he was eagerly flying to Amiens, when I was called aside by one of the *maréchaussées*, who desired to speak to me.

“ ‘ Sir,’ said the man, ‘ you have been generous to me, and I will hazard telling you a secret. Orders are coming to stop your friend, whom you have released from prison, for stealing a pensioner out of a

convent. Get him off to England immediately, or he will be taken, and perhaps confined for life.'

"I hastened Stornaway instantly into a boat, and sent him after a packet which had just sailed, and which I saw him overtake. He conjured me, in an agony of despair, to inquire for his wife, without whom he said he could not live, and that rather than attempt it, he would return and perish in prison. I promised all he desired; and as soon as I was sure he was safe, I set out post for Amiens, where I found the poor young woman in a situation to which no words can do justice. She had parted with almost every thing for her support; and was overwhelmed by the weight of misfortunes, which, young and inexperienced as she was, she had neither the means to soften nor the fortitude to bear. I brought her away to Calais, and embarked with her yesterday, having only staid long enough to furnish her with clothes, and to recruit her enfeebled frame after her journey. But sea-sickness, added to her former ill state of health, has reduced her to a condition of deplorable weakness. She speaks so little English, that she is unable to travel alone; and I was in hopes that by her chaise keeping up with the coach, I might have assisted her on the road; but she is now so extremely ill, that I am afraid she must remain here."

During the first part of this short account, Emmeline, charmed more than ever with Godolphin, and ashamed of having for a moment entertained a suspicion to the disadvantage of such a man, sat silent; but at the conclusion of it, her eyes overflowed with tears; she felt something that told her she ought to apologise to him for the error she had been guilty of—though of that error he knew nothing; and impelled by an involuntary impulse, she held out her hand to him.—Dear, generous, noble-minded Go-

dolphin! was uttered by her heart, but her lips only echoed the last word.

"Godolphin!" said she, "let us go to this poor young creature—let us see her ourselves."

"Certainly we will," cried Mrs. Stafford; "and indeed, Sir, you ought to have told us before, that we might sooner have offered all the assistance in our power."

"I was afraid," answered he. "I knew not whether I might not be deceived in the character of Mrs. Stornaway; and dared not intrude upon you, lest it should be found that the object merited not your good offices."

"But she is in distress!" said Emmeline—she is a stranger!—and shall we hesitate?"

Godolphin, who found in the tenderness of her address to him, and in the approbation her eyes expressed, a reward as sweet as that which the consciousness of doing good afforded from his own heart; kissed the hand she had given him, in silence, and then went to inquire if the poor young woman could see the ladies. She expressed her joy at being so favoured, and Mrs. Stafford and Emmeline were introduced.

The compassion they expressed, and the assurances they gave her that she would meet her husband in London, and that she should stay with them till she did, calmed and composed her; and as her illness was merely owing to fatigue and anxiety, they believed a few hours rest, now her mind was easier, would restore her. Though they were impatient to get to London, they yet hesitated not to remain at Canterbury all night, on the account of this poor stranger. Godolphin, on hearing their determination, warmly thanked them; the heart of Emmeline was at once eased of its inquietude, and impressed with a deeper sense than ever of Godolphin's worth: she gave way,

most for the first time, to her tenderness and esteem, without attempting to check or conceal her sentiments; while Mrs. Stafford, who ardently wished to see her in possession of her estate and married to Godolphin, rejoiced in observing her to be less reserved; and Godolphin himself, hardly believing the happiness he possessed real, forgot all his fears of her attachment to Lord Delamere, and dared again enter in the hopes he had discarded at Besançon—as he thought, for ever.

The next day, Mrs. Stornaway was so much recovered, that they proceeded in their journey, taking her into the coach with them, and directing Madelon to travel in the chaise, accompanied by her father. They arrived early in town; and Godolphin, leaving them at an hotel, went in search of lodgings. He soon found apartments to accommodate them in Bond-street; and thither they immediately went; Mrs. Stafford taking upon herself the protection of the poor forlorn stranger till Godolphin could find her husband, on whose behalf he immediately intended to apply for a birth on board some ship in commission. He had given him a direction to his banker, and bid him there leave an address where he might be found in London. The next day he brought the transported Stornaway to his wife; and the gratitude these poor young people expressed to their benefactor, convinced the fair friends that they had deserved his kindness, and that there was no deception in the story the Lieutenant had told them of his wife. Godolphin took a lodging for them in Oxford-street; and gave them money for their support till he could get the young man employed, which his interest and indefatigable friendship soon accomplished.

In the mean time he saw Emmeline every day, and every day he rose in her esteem. Yet still the

hesitated to discover to him all she thought of him, and at times was so reserved and guarded, that Godolphin knew not what to believe. He knew she was above the paltry artifice of coquetry; yet she fearfully avoided being alone with him, and never allowed him an opportunity of asking whether he had any thing to hope from time and assiduity.

"Is he not one of the best creatures in the world?" said Mrs. Stafford, after he left the room, on the second day of their arrival, to go out in the service of the Stornaway's.

"Yes."

"Yes! and is that all the praise you allow to such a man? Is he not a perfect character?"

"As perfect, I suppose, as any of them are."

"Ah! Emmeline, you are a little hypocrite. It is impossible you can be insensible of the merit of Godolphin; and I wonder you are not in more haste to convince him that you think of him as he deserves."

"What would you have me do?"

"Marry him."

"Before I am sure he desires it?" smilingly asked Emmeline.

"You cannot doubt that, though you so anxiously repress every attempt he makes to explain himself. Shall I tell you what he has said to me? Shall I tell you what motive carried him to St. Alpin?"

"No—I had rather not hear any thing about it."

"And why not?"

"Because it is better, for some time, if not forever, that Godolphin should be ignorant of those favourable thoughts I may have had of him—better that I should cease to entertain them."

"Why so, pray?"

"Because I dread the mortified pride and furious

jealousy of Lord Delamere on one hand ; and on the other the authority of my uncle, who, till I am of age, will probably neither restore my fortune nor consent to my carrying it out of his family."

"For those very reasons you should immediately marry Godolphin. When you are actually married, Delamere will reconcile himself to the loss of you. To an inevitable evil, even his haughty and self-willed spirit must submit. And should Lord Montreville give you any trouble about your fortune, who can so easily, so properly oblige him to do you justice, as a man of spirit, of honour, of understanding, who will have a right to insist upon it?"

It was impossible to deny so evident a truth. Yet still Emmeline apprehended the consequence of Delamere's rage and disappointment ; and thought that there would be an indelicacy and an impropriety in withdrawing herself from the protection of her own family almost as soon as she could claim it, and that her uncle might make such a step a pretence for new contention and longer wrath. The result, therefore, of all her deliberations, ended in a determination neither to engage herself nor to marry till she was of age ; and till then, not even to encourage any lover whatever. By that time, she hoped that Lord Delamere, wearied by an hopeless passion, and convinced of her fixed indifference, would engage in some more successful pursuit. She knew that by that time all affairs between her and Lord Montreville must be adjusted. If the affection of Godolphin was, as she hoped, fixed, and founded on his esteem for her character, he would not love her less at the end of that period, when she would have the power of giving him her estate unencumbered with difficulties and unembarrassed by law suits ; and should, she hoped, escape

the misery of seeing Delamere's anguish and despair, on which she could not bear to reflect.

She ingenuously explained to Mrs. Stafford her reasons for refusing to receive Godolphin's proposals; in which her friend, though she allowed them to be plausible, by no means acquiesced; still insisting upon it, that the kindest thing she could do towards Lord Delamere, as well as the properest with regard to the settlement of her estate, was immediately to accept Godolphin. But Emmeline was not to be convinced; and all she could obtain from Mrs. Stafford was an extorted promise, reluctantly given, that she would not give any advice or encouragement to Godolphin immediately to press his suit. Emmeline, though convinced she was right, yet doubted whether she had fortitude enough to persist in the conduct she wished to adopt; if exposed at once to the solicitations of a woman of whose understanding she had an high opinion, and to the ardent supplications of the man she loved.

The day after her arrival in London, she had sent to Berkley-square, and was informed that Lord Montreville and his family were in Norfolk.

Thither therefore she wrote, and inclosed the letter she had brought from Lord Westhaven. Her own was couched in the most modest and dutiful terms, and that of Lord Westhaven was equally mild and reasonable. But they gave only disquiet and concern to the ambitious and avaricious bosom of Lord Montreville. Though already tortured by Delamere's absence and illness, and uncertain whether the object of his long solicitude would live to reap the advantage of his accumulated fortunes, he could not think but with pain and reluctance of giving up so large a portion of his annual income: still more unwilling did he feel to refund the produce of the estates

for so long a period ; and in the immediate emotion of his vexation at his receiving Lord Westhaven's first letter, he had sent for Sir Richard Crofts, who, having at the time of Mr. Mowbray's death been entrusted with all the papers and deeds which belonged to him, was the most likely to know whether any were among them that bore testimony to the marriage of Mr. Mowbray and Miss Stavordale.

The fact was, that a very little time before he died, his steward, Williamson, had received the memorandum of which Emmeline had found a copy ; and, on the death of his master, had carried it to Sir Richard Crofts ; Lord Montreville being then in the north of England. Sir Richard eagerly inquired whether there were any other papers to the like purport. Williamson replied, he believed not ; and very thoughtlessly left it in his hands. When, a few days afterwards, he called to know in whose name the business of the Mowbray estate was to be carried on, Sir Richard (then acting as an attorney, and only entering into life) told him that every thing was to be considered as the property of Lord Montreville ; because there were many doubts about the marriage of Mr. Mowbray, and great reason to think that the paper in question was written merely with a view to pique and perplex his brother, with whom he was then at variance ; but that Lord Montreville would inquire into the business, and certainly do justice to any claims the infant might have on the estate.

Soon after, Williamson applied again to have the paper restored ; but Crofts answered, that he should keep it, by order of Lord Montreville, though it was of no use ; his Lordship having obtained undoubted information that his brother was never married.

Sir Richard had reflected on the great advantage that would accrue to his patron from the possession of

this estate; to which, besides its annual income, several boroughs belonged. He thought it was very probable that the little girl, then only a few weeks old, and without a mother or any other than mercenary attendants, might die in her infancy: if she did not, that Lord Montreville might easily provide for her, and that it would be doing his friend a great service, and be highly advantageous to himself, should he conceal the legal claim of the child, even unknown to her uncle, and put him in immediate possession of his paternal estate.

Having again strictly questioned Williamson, repressed his curiosity by law jargon, and frightened him by threats of his Lordship's displeasure if he made any effort to prove the legitimacy of Emmeline; he very tranquilly destroyed the paper, and Lord Montreville never knew that such a paper had existed.

Williamson, timid, and ignorant of every thing beyond his immediate business, returned in great doubt and uneasiness to Mowbray Castle. When he received the child and the two caskets, he had questioned the Frenchman who brought her, and heard an absolute confirmation of the marriage of his master. He then examined the caskets, and found the certificates. But without money or friends, he knew not how to prosecute the claim of the orphan against the power and affluence of Lord Montreville; and after frequent consultations with Mrs. Carey, they agreed that the safest way would be carefully to secure those papers till Emmeline was old enough to find friends; for should they attempt previously to procure justice for her, they might probably lose the papers which proved her birth, as they had already done that which Williamson had delivered to Crofts. As long as Williamson lived, he carefully locked up these caskets.

His sudden death prevented him from taking any steps to establish the claim of his orphan mistress; and that of Mrs. Carey two years afterwards, involved the whole affair in obscurity, which made Sir Richard quite easy as to any future discovery.

But as the aggressor never forgives, Sir Richard had conceived against Emmeline the most unmanly and malignant hatred, and had invariably opposed every tendency which he had observed in Lord Montreville to befriend and assist her, for no other reason but that he had already irreparably injured her.

He hoped, that as he had at length divided her from Lord Delamere, and driven her abroad, she would there marry a foreigner, and be farther removed than ever from the family, and from any chance of recovering the property of which he had deprived her: instead of which, she had, in consequence of going thither, met the very man in whose power it was to prove the marriage of her mother; and, in Lord Westhaven, had found a protector too intelligent and too steady to be discouraged by evasion or chicanery—too powerful and too affluent to be thrown out of the pursuit, either by the enmity it might raise or the expense it might demand.

Nothing could exceed the chagrin of Sir Richard, when Lord Montreville put into his hands the first letter he had on this subject from Lord Westhaven. Accustomed, however, to command his countenance, he said, without any apparent emotion, that as no papers in confirmation of the fact alleged had ever existed among those delivered to him on the death of Mr. Mowbray, it was probably some forgery that had imposed on Lord Westhaven.

"I see not how that can be," answered Lord Montreville. "It is not likely that Emmeline Mowbray

could forge such papers, or should even conceive such an idea."

"True, my Lord. But your Lordship forgets and overlooks, and passes by the long abode, and continuance, and residence she has made with the Staffords. Mrs Stafford is, to my certain knowledge and conviction, artful, and designing, and intriguing a woman, my Lord, who affects, and pretends, and presumes to understand, and be competent, and equal to business, and affairs, and concerns, with which women should never interfere, or meddle, or interest themselves. It is clearly, and evidently, and certainly to the interest, and advantage, and benefit of this woman, that Miss Mowbray, over whom she has great influence, and power, and authority, should be established, and fixed, and settled in affluence, rather than remain, and abide, and continue where nature, and justice, and reason have placed her."

"I own, Sir Richard, I cannot see the thing in this light. However, to do nothing rashly, let us consider how to proceed."

Sir Richard then advised him by no means to answer Lord Westhaven's letter, but to wait till he saw his Lordship; as in cases so momentous, it was, he said, always wrong to give any thing in black and white. In a few days afterwards he heard out of Norfolk (for he had come up from thence to consult with Sir Richard Crofts), that Lord Delamere was ill at Bensançon. His precipitate departure had before given him the most poignant concern; and now his fears for his life completed the distress of this unfortunate father. On receiving, however, the second letter from Lord Westhaven inclosed with that of Emmeline, his apprehensions for the life of his son were removed, and left his mind at liberty to recur again to the impending loss of four thousand five

hundred a-year, with the unpleasant accompaniment of being obliged to refund above sixty thousand pounds. Again Sir Richard Crofts was sent for, and again he tried to quiet the apprehensions of Lord Montreville. But his attempt to persuade him that the whole might be a deception originating with the Staffords, obtained not a moment's attention. He knew Stafford himself was weak, ignorant, and insolent, and would neither have had sagacity to think of or courage to execute such a design; and that Mrs. Stafford should imagine and perform it, seemed equally improbable. He was perfectly aware that Lord Westhaven had a thorough acquaintance with business, and was of all men on earth the most unlikely to enter warmly into such an affair (against the interest too of the family into which he had married), unless he was very sure of having very good grounds for his interference.

But though Sir Richard could not prevail on him to disbelieve the whole of the story, he saw that his lordship thought with great reluctance of the necessity he should be under of relinquishing the whole of the fortune. He now therefore recommended it to him to remain quiet, at least till Lord Westhaven came to England; to send an answer to Miss Mowbray that meant nothing; and to gain time for farther inquiries. These inquiries he himself undertook; and leaving Lord Montreville in a political fit of the gout, he returned from Audley Hall to London, and bent all his thoughts to the accomplishment of his design; which was, to get the original papers out of the hands of Emmeline, and to bribe Le Limosin to go back to France.

While these things were passing in England, Lord Delamere (whose rage and indignation at Emmeline's departure the authority of Lord Westhaven could

hardly restrain) had learned from his brother-in-law the real circumstances of the birth of his cousin, and he heard them with the greatest satisfaction. He now thought it certain that his father would press his marriage as eagerly as he had before opposed it, and that so great an obstacle being removed, and Emmeline wholly in the power of his family, she would be easily brought to forgive him, and to comply with the united wishes of all her relations.

In this hope, and being assured by Lord Westhaven that Bellozane was actually returned into Switzerland without any design of following Emmeline (who had been induced, he said, to leave Besançon purely to avoid him), he consented to attempt attaining a greater command over his temper, on which the re-establishment of his health depended; and after about ten days, was able to travel. Lord and Lady Westhaven, therefore, at the end of that time slowly began with him their journey to England.

C H A P. X.

EMMELINE had now been almost a week in London; and Mrs. Stafford, with the assistance of Godolphin, had succeeded so much better than she expected, in the arrangement of some of those affairs in which she apprehended the most difficulty, that very little remained for her to do before she should be enabled to return to France (where her husband was to sign some papers to secure his safety); and that little depended on James Crofts, who seemed to be making artificial delay, and trying to give her all the trouble and perplexity in his power.

He had, however, another motive than merely to harass and distress her. His father had employed

to deal with Le Limosin, well knowing that there was nothing so base and degrading that he would not undertake where his interest was in question; and Sir Richard had promised him a considerable addition to his fortune, if he had address enough to present so capital a sum as Emmeline claimed from being deducted from that of the family to whom his mother was allied; and from whence he had expectations, which could not but suffer from such a diminution of its wealth and interest.

The tediousness, therefore, that the Crofts' created, promised still to detain Emmeline in London; and her uncle's letter, which coldly, and hardly with civility, deferred any conference on her affairs till the arrival of Lord Westhaven, convinced her that from his tenderness she had nothing—from his justice, little to hope.

Godolphin was very anxious to be allowed personally to apply to him on the claim of his niece. But his Emmeline positively refused. She would not even allow Mr. Newton, the lawyer to whom Lord Westhaven had recommended her, and in whose hands her papers were safely deposited, to write officially to Lord Montreville; but determined to wait quietly the return of Lord Westhaven himself, on whom she knew neither the anger of her uncle, nor the artifices of Sir Richard, would make any impression; while his Lordship's interference could not be imputed to such motives as might possibly be sought to influence Godolphin; nor would it give the appearance of proceeding undutifully and harshly against Lord Montreville, which appearances she might be liable to, should she hastily institute a suit against him.

She grew, however, very uneasy at the determined attendance of Godolphin, whose presence she knew

was so necessary to poor Lady Adelina. She saw that he was anxious about his sister, yet could not determine to tear himself from *her*; and to insist upon his returning to Lady Adelina, would be to assume a right, to which, on the footing they were she declined pretending. She failed not, however every day to represent to him the long solitude in which Lady Adelina had been left, and to read him parts of her letters which breathed only sorrow and depression. Whenever this happened, Godolphin heard her with concern, and promised to set out the next day; but still something was to be done for the service of Emmeline, and still he could not bear to resign the delight he had now so long enjoyed of seeing her ever day, and of indulging those hopes she had tacitly allowed him to entertain.

Mrs. Stafford, notwithstanding her promise to Emmeline, had not been able to forbear discovering to him part of the truth. Yet when he reflected on the advantages Delamere had over him in fortune, rank, in the influence his family connection and his former engagement might give him, he trembled lest if he should be himself absent when Lord Delamere arrived, her tender and timid spirit would yield to the sorrow of her lover and the authority of her family, and that almost in despite of herself, he might lose her for ever. While he yet lingered, and continued to promise that he would go to the Isle of Wight, the eight first days of their stay in town glided away. Early in the morning of the ninth, Godolphin entered the room where Mrs. Stafford and Emmeline were at breakfast.

"I must now indeed," said he, "lose no time in going to Adelina. I am to-day informed that Mr. Trelawny is dead."

"Shall we then see Lady Adelina in town?" en-

erly asked Emmeline, who could not affect any concern at the death of such a man.

"I apprehend not," replied Godolphin. "Whatever business there may be to settle with the Bankers, I am sure will be more proper for me than for you. To them I must now go, at Putney; and only come to inform you, Madam," addressing himself to Mrs. Stafford, "of the reason of my sudden absence."

"Shall you return again to London, Sir, before you proceed into Hampshire?"

"Not unless you or Miss Mowbray will allow me to suppose, that to either of you my return may be in any way serviceable."

Mrs. Stafford assured him she had nothing to trouble him upon which required such immediate attention. Emmeline then attempted to make an answer of the same kind. But though she had for some days wished him to go, she could not see him on the point of departing without being sensible of the anguish his absence would occasion her; and instead of speaking distinctly her thanks, she only murmured something, and was so near bursting into tears, that fearing to expose herself, she was hurrying out of the room.

"No message—no letter—not one kind word," said he, gently detaining her, "to poor Adeline? Nothing to your little *protégé*?"

"My—love to them both, Sir?"

"And will you not write to my sister?"

"By the post," said Emmeline, struggling to get from him to conceal her emotion.

He then kissed her hand, and suffered her to go.

While the explanation Mrs. Stafford gave of her real feelings, elated him to rapture, in which he departed, protesting that nothing should prevent his return, to follow the good fortune which he now be-

lieved might be his, as soon as he could adjust his sister's business with her husband's relations.

Mrs. Stafford recommended it to him to bring Lady Adelina to London with him, as the affection Emmeline had for her would inevitably give her great influence. Godolphin, in answer to this advice, only shook his head; and Mrs. Stafford remained uncertain of his intentions to follow it.

A few days now elapsed without any extraordinary occurrence. Emmeline thought less of the impending restoration of her fortune (for of its restoration Mr. Newton assured her he had no doubt), than of him with whom she hoped to share it. She impatiently longed to hear from Lady Adelina that she was with her: and sometimes her mind dwelt with painful solicitude on Lady Westhaven and Delamere, for whose health and safety she was truly anxious, and of whom she had received no account since her arrival in London.

As she was performing the promise she had made to Godolphin of writing to Lady Adelina by an early post, Le Limosin announced Mr. James Crofts; who immediately entered the room with his usual jerking and familiar walk. Emmeline, who, incapable as she was of hating any body, yet felt towards him a disgust almost amounting to hatred, received him with the coldest reserve, and Mrs. Stafford with no more civility than was requisite to prevent his alleging her rudeness and impatience as reasons for not settling the business on which she concluded he came.

He began with general conversation; and when Mrs. Stafford, impatient to have done with him, introduced that which went more immediately to the adjustment of the affair she wished to settle, he told her, that being extremely unwilling to discuss a matter of business with a *lady*, and apprehensive of giving

ference to one for whom he and his dear Mrs. Crofts had so sincere a regard, he had determined to leave the concerns yet between them to his attorney; a man of strict honour and probity, to whom he would give her a direction, and to whom it would be better for *her* attorney to apply, than that they should themselves enter on a topic whereon it was probable they might differ.

Mrs. Stafford, vexed at his dissimulation and finesse, again pressed him to come to a conclusion without the interference of lawyers. But he again repeated the set speech he had formed on the occasion; and then addressing himself to Emmeline, asked smilingly, and affecting an interest in her welfare, whether the information he had received was true?"

"What information, Sir?"

"That Miss Mowbray has the most authentic claim to the estate of her late father."

"It is by no means an established claim, Sir; and such as you must excuse me if I decline talking of."

"I am told you have papers that put it out of dispute. If you would favour me with a sight of them, perhaps I could give you some insight into the proceedings you should commence; and I am sure my friendship and regard would make any service I could do you a real satisfaction to myself."

"I thank you, Sir, for your professions. The papers in question are in the hands of Mr. Newton of Lincoln's Inn. If he will allow you to see them, I have no objection."

"You intend then," said James Crofts, unable entirely to conceal his chagrin—"you intend to begin a suit with my Lord Montreville?"

"By no means, Sir. I am persuaded there will

be no necessity for it. But as you have just referred Mrs. Stafford to a lawyer, I must beg leave to say, that if *you* have any questions to ask, you must apply to mine."

James Crofts, quite disconcerted notwithstanding his presumptuous assurance, was not ready with an answer; and Emmeline, who doubted not that he was sent by his father to gain what intelligence he could, was so provoked, that not conceiving herself obliged to preserve the appearance of civility to a man she despised, she left him in possession of the room, from whence Mrs. Stafford had a few moments before departed. He therefore was obliged to withdraw; having found his attempt to shake the integrity of Le Limosin as fruitless as that he had made to get sight of the papers.

He had not long been gone, when a servant brought to Emmeline the following note:—

"I have heard you are in town with Mrs. Stafford, and beg leave to wait on you. Do not, *ma douce amie*, refuse to grant me this favour. Besides the happiness of seeing you and your friend, I have another very particular reason for soliciting you to grant such an indulgence to

GEORGE FITZ-EDWARD

"I write this from a neighbouring coffee-house, where I expect your answer."

Emmeline immediately carried this billet to Mrs. Stafford; who told her there was no reason why she should refuse the request it contained. She therefore wrote a card of compliment to Colonel Fitz-Edward, signifying that she should be glad to see him.

In a few moments Fitz-Edward appeared; and Emmeline, though aware of his arrival, could not re-

give him without confusion and emotion. Nor could he without pity behold his altered countenance and manner, so different from what they were when she first saw the gay and gallant Fitz-Edward at Mowbray Castle. He began by expressing, with great appearance of sincerity, his joy at seeing her; inquired after Lord Delamere, and mentioned his astonishment at what he had heard—that Delamere had so repeatedly inquired after him, and signified such a wish to see him, yet had never written to him to explain his business.

Emmeline, who knew well on what he had so earnestly desired to meet him, blushed, but did not think it necessary to clear up a subject which Godolphin's explanation to Delamere had rendered no longer alarming.

"You know, perhaps," said Fitz-Edward, "that Mr. Trelawny is dead?"

"I do."

"And your fair unhappy friend?—May I now—(or is it still a crime)—inquire after her?"

"She is, I believe, well," answered Emmeline, "and remains at the house of her brother."

"Tell me, Miss Mowbray—will she after a proper time refuse, do you think, her consent to see me? will *you*, my lovely friend, undertake to plead for me? will you and Mrs. Stafford, who know with what solicitude I sought her, with what anguish I deplored her loss, intercede on my behalf?—you, who know how fondly my heart has been devoted to her from the moment of our fatal parting?"

"I can undertake nothing of this kind, Sir. The fate of Lady Adelina depends, I apprehend, on her brothers. To them I think you should apply."

"And why not to herself? Is she not now at liberty? And when destiny has at length broken the cruel chains with which she was loaded, will she vo-

luntarily bind herself with others hardly more supportable? If she refers me to her brothers, I must despair:—the cold hearted Lord Westhaven, and the inflexible and rigid Godolphin, will make it a mistaken point of honour to divide us for ever!”

“You cannot suppose, Sir, that *I* shall undertake to influence Lady Adelina to measures disapproved by her family. I know not that Lord Westhaven is cold and unfeeling as you describe him: on the contrary, I believe he unites one of the best heads and warmest hearts. If your request is proper, you certainly risk nothing by referring it to him.”

Of Godolphin she spoke not; fearful of betraying to the penetrating and observing Fitz-Edward how little he answered in her idea the character of unfeeling and severe.

“I know not what to do,” said Fitz-Edward. “Should I address myself to her brothers without success, I am undone; since I well know that from their decision there will be no appeal. I cannot live without her, Emmeline—indeed I cannot; and in the hope only of what has lately happened, have I dragged on till now a reluctant existence. Once, and but once, I dared write to her. But her brother returned the letter. She suffered him cruelly to return it, in a cover in which he informed me, that the peace and honour of Lady Adelina Trelawny made it necessary for her to forget that such a man existed as Colonel Fitz-Edward.” Godolphin, continued he—“Godolphin may carry this too far; he may oblige me to remind him that there is more than one way in which his inexorable punctilio may be satisfied.”

“Certainly,” cried Emmeline, in great agitation, which she vainly struggled to conceal, “there is no method more likely to convince Lady Adelina of your tenderness for her, than that you hint at; and if you

should be fortunate enough to destroy a brother to whom she owes every thing, your triumph will be complete."

"Prevent then the necessity of my applying to Godolphin, by speaking to Lady Adelina in my favour. Ask her whether she can divest herself of all regard for me? ask her whether she can condemn me to eternal regret and despair?"

"I cannot indeed. I am not likely to see her; and if I were, this is a subject on which nothing shall induce me to influence her."

Mrs. Stafford, who had been detained in another room by a person who came to her upon business, now joined them; and Fitz-Edward, without hesitation, repeated to her what he had been saying to Emeline.

"I do not think indeed, Colonel, that Miss Mowbray can interfere; and I am of her opinion, that as soon as such proposals as you intend to make are proper, you should address them to her brothers."

"Mr. Godolphin, Madam, treats me in a way which only my tenderness, my love for his sister, induces me to bear. I have met him accidentally, and he passes rudely by me. I sent a gentleman to him to desire an amicable interview. He answered, that as we could not meet as friends, he must be excused from seeing me at all. Had I been as rash, as cruel as he seems to be, I should then have noticed, in the way it demanded, such a message: but conscious that I had already injured him, I bore with his petulance and his asperity. I love Godolphin," continued he—"from our boyish days I have loved and respected him. I know the nobleness of his nature, and I can make great allowances for the impatience of injured honour. But will he not carry it too far,

if, now that his sister is released from her detested marriage, he still persists in dividing us?"

"You are not sure," said Mrs. Stafford, "that he will do so. Have patience at least till the time is elapsed when you may try the experiment. In the interim, I will consider what ought to be done."

"My very excellent, very amiable friend!" exclaimed Fitz-Edward warmly—"how much do I owe you already! Ah! add yet to those obligations the restoration of Adelina, and I shall be indebted to you for more than life. As to you, my sweet marble-hearted Emmeline, I heartily pray that all your coldness, both towards me and poor Delamere, may be revenged by your feeling, on behalf of him, all the pain you have inflicted."

Alas! thought Emmeline, your wicked wish is already accomplished, though not in favour of poor Delamere.

Fitz-Edward then obtained permission to wait on them again; though Mrs. Stafford very candidly told him, that after Captain Godolphin came to town, she begged he would forbear coming in when he heard of his being there.

"We will try," said she, "to conciliate matters between you, so that ye may meet in peace; and till then, pray forbear to meet at all."

Fitz-Edward, flattering himself that Mrs. Stafford would interest herself for him, and that Emmeline, however reserved, would be rather his friend than his enemy, departed in rather better spirits; and left the fair friends to debate on the means of preventing what was very likely to happen—a difference of the most alarming kind between him and Godolphin, should the latter persist in refusing him permission to address, at a proper season, Lady Adelina.

The long delays that seemed likely to arise before

her own business would be adjusted with Lord Montreville; the fiery and impatient spirits with which it appeared to be her lot to contend; the vexation to which she saw Mrs. Stafford subjected, by the sordid and cruel conduct of the Crofts' towards her; and lastly, her increasing disquietude about Godolphin, whom she feared to encourage, yet was equally unwilling and unable to repulse; oppressed her spirits, and made her stay in London very disagreeable to her. She had never before been in it for more than a night or two; and at this time of the year (it was the beginning of October), the melancholy deserted houses in the fashionable streets, and the languor that appeared in the countenances of those who were obliged to be in town, offered no amusement or variety to compensate for the loss of the pure air she had been accustomed to breathe, or for the beautiful and interesting landscapes which she remembered to have enjoyed in autumn at Mowbray Castle; where she so much languished to be, that she sometimes thought, if her uncle would resign it and the estate immediately around, to her, she could be content to leave him in possession of the rest of that fortune he coveted with so much avidity.

CHAP. XI.

A FEW days longer passed, and Emmeline yet heard nothing of the return of Lord and Lady Westhaven; a circumstance at which she grew extremely uneasy: not only as it gave her reason to fear for the health of Lord Delamere, for whom she was very anxious; but for that of Lady Westhaven, whom she so tenderly loved.

She observed too, with concern, that under pre-

tence of waiting for the arrival of his son and his son-in-law, Lord Montreville delayed all advances towards a settlement; and that Mrs. Stafford, wearied by the duplicity and chicanery of the Crofts', and miserable in being detained so long from her children, grew quite disheartened, and was prevented only by her affection for Emmeline from returning to France, and abandoning all hopes of an accommodation, which every day seemed more difficult and more distant.

The arrival of Lord Westhaven was on her account particularly desirable, as he had promised Emmeline to make a point of assisting her; and on his assurances she knew it was safe to rely, since they were neither made to give himself an air of importance, nor meant to quiet the trouble of present importunity, by holding out the prospect of future advantage never thought of more.

Nothing, however, could be done to hasten this important arrival; and the fair friends, though uneasy and impatient, were obliged to submit. But from the restlessness of daily suspense, they were roused by two letters; which brought in its place only poignant concern. That to Mrs. Stafford was from her husband; who, though he had neither relish for her conversation nor respect for her virtues, was yet dissatisfied without her; and even while she was wholly occupied in serving him, tormented her with murmurs and suspicions. He scrupled not to hint, "that as she was with her beloved Miss Mowbray, she forgot her duty to her family; and that as she had been now gone near a month, he thought it quite long enough, not only to have done the business she undertook, but to have enjoyed as much pleasure as was in her situation reasonable. He therefore expected her to return to France, and supposed

that she had settled every thing to facilitate his coming back to England."—The unreasonable expectations, and ungrateful suspicions, which this letter contained, overwhelmed her with mortification. To return without having finished the business on which she came, would be to expose herself to insult and reproach; yet to stay longer, without a probability of succeeding by her stay, would only occasion an aggravation of his ill humour, and probably a worse reception when she rejoined him.

The letter to Emmeline was from Lady Adelina, and ran thus:—

“ *East Cliff, Oct. 16.*

“ Godolphin, my Emmeline, is at length returned to your unhappy friend, who has passed many, many melancholy days since he left her. My dear brother appears not only in better health, but in better spirits than when he went from hence. Ought I then to repine? when I see him, and when he tells me that you are well; and that affluence, and with it, I hope, happiness will be your’s? The very name of happiness and of Adelina should not come in the same page! Ah! never must they any where meet again. Pardon me for thus recurring to myself: but the mournful topic will intrude! Unhappy Trelawny! he had not quite completed his twenty-fifth year. Though I never either loved or esteemed him, and though to my early and hasty marriage I owe all the misery of my life, his death had something shocking in it. My weak spirits, which have of late been unusually deranged, are sadly affected by it. Yet surely in regard to *him* I have little to reproach myself. Did he not abandon me to my destiny? did he not plunge headlong into follies from which he resented even an effort to save him? Alas! unless I

could have given him that understanding which nature had denied him, my solicitude must ever have been vain ! It is some alleviation, too, to my concern, to reflect, that as much of his honour as depended on me, has not, by the breath of public fame, been sullied. And I try to persuade myself, that since his life was useful to nobody, and had long been, from intemperance, burthensome to himself, I should not suffer his death to dwell so heavily upon me. Yet in spite of every effort to shake off the melancholy which devours me, it increases upon me ; and to you I may say, for you will hear and pity me, that there exists not at this moment so complete a wretch as your Adelina !

“ To my brother William, all gentle and generous as he is, I cannot complain. It were ingratitude to let him see how little all his tenderness avails towards reconciling me to myself ; towards healing the wounds of my depressed spirit, and quieting the murmurs of this feeble heart. Yet methinks, to have a friend, in whose compassionate bosom I might pour out its weakness and its sorrows, would mitigate the extreme severity of those sufferings which are now more than I can bear.

“ Where have I on earth such a friend but in my Emmeline ? And will she refuse to come to me ? Ah ! wherefore should she refuse it ? I shall be alone ; for Godolphin is obliged to go immediately to London to settle all the business I shall now ever have with the family of Trelawny, and put it on such a footing as may preclude the necessity of my ever meeting any of them hereafter. He tells me that your affairs advance nothing till Lord Westhaven’s return ; and that our dear Mrs. Stafford talks of being obliged to go back to her family. If she must do so, you will not stay in London alone ; and where is your company

so fondly desired, where can you have such an opportunity of exercising your generous goodness, as in coming hither? Our little boy—do you not long to embrace him? Ah! lovely as he is, why dare I not indulge all the pleasure and all the pride I might feel in seeing him; and wherefore must anguish so keen mingle with tenderness so delicious!

“Ah! my friend, come to me, I intreat, I implore you! The reasons why I cannot see London, are of late multiplied rather than removed, and I can only have the happiness of embracing you here. Hesitate not to oblige me then; for I every hour wish more and more ardently to see you. When I awake from my imperfect slumbers, your presence is the first desire of my heart: I figure you to myself as I wander forth on my solitary walks. And when I do sleep, the image of my angelic friend, consolatory and gentle, makes me some amends for visions less pleasant, that disturb it.

“Ah! let me not see you in dreams alone; for above all I want you—‘when I am alone with poor Adeline.’ Come, O come; and if it be possible—save me—from myself!

“A. T.”

The melancholy tenor of this letter greatly affected Emmeline. She wished almost as eagerly as her friend to be with her. But how could she determine to become an inmate at the house of Godolphin, even though he was himself to be absent from it? She communicated, however, Lady Adeline's request to Mrs. Stafford, who could see no objection to any plan which might promote the interest of Godolphin. She represented, therefore, to Emmeline, how very disagreeable it would be to her to be left alone in town, when she should herself be obliged

to leave her, as must now soon happen; that there was, in fact, no very proper asylum for her but the house of her uncle, which he seemed not at all disposed to offer her; but that to Lady Adelina's proposal there could be no reasonable objection, especially as Godolphin was not to be there.

Emmeline yet hesitated; till another letter from Stafford, more harsh and unreasonable than the first, obliged her friend to fix on the following Thursday for her departure; the absurd impatience of her husband thus defeating its own purpose; and Emmeline, partly influenced by her persuasions, and yet more by her own wishes, determined at length to fix the same time for beginning her journey to the Isle of Wight.

There was yet two days to intervene; and Mrs. Stafford was obliged to employ the first of them in the city, among lawyers and creditors of her husband. From scenes so irksome she readily allowed Miss Mowbray to excuse herself; who, therefore, remained at home, and was engaged in looking over some poems she had purchased, when she heard a rap at the door, and the voice of Godolphin on the stairs, inquiring of Le Limosin for Mrs. Stafford. Le Limosin told him that she was from home, but that Mademoiselle Mowbray was in the dining-room. He sent up to know if he might be admitted. Emmeline had no pretence for refusing him, and received him with a mixture of confusion and pleasure, which she ineffectually attempted to hide under the ordinary forms of civility.

The eyes of Godolphin were animated by the delight of beholding her. But when she inquired after Lady Adelina, as she almost immediately did, they assumed a more melancholy expression.

"Adelina is far from being well," said he. "Has she not written to you?"

"She has."

"And has she not preferred a request to you?"

"Yes."

"What answer do you mean to give it? Will you refuse once more to bless and relieve, by your presence, my unhappy sister?"

"I do not know," said Emmeline, deeply blushing, "that I ought (especially without the concurrence of my uncle) to consent; yet to contribute to the satisfaction of Lady Adelina—to give *her* any degree of happiness—what is there I can refuse?"

"Adorable, angelic goodness!" eagerly cried Godolphin. "Best, as well as loveliest of human creatures! You go then?"

"I intended beginning my journey on Thursday."

"And you will allow me to see you safe thither?"

"There can surely be no occasion to give you that trouble, Sir," said Emmeline apprehensively; "nor ought you to think of it, since Lady Adelina's affairs certainly require your attendance in London."

"They do; but not so immediately as to prevent my attending you to East Cliff. If you will suffer me to do that, I promise instantly to return."

"No. I go only attended by my servants, or go not at all."

Godolphin was mortified to find her so determined. And easily discouraged from those hopes which he had indulged, rather from the flattering prospects offered to him by Mrs. Stafford than presumption founded on his own remarks, he now again felt all his apprehensions renewed of her latent affection for Delamere. The acute anguish to which those ideas exposed him, and their frequent return, determined him now to attempt knowing at once, whether he had or had not that place in Emmeline's heart, which

Mrs. Stafford had assured him he had long possessed.

Sitting down near her, therefore, he said gravely—
 “As I may not, Miss Mowbray, soon have again the happiness I now enjoy, will you allow me to address you on a subject which you must long have known to be nearest my heart; but on which you have so anxiously avoided every explanation I have attempted, that I fear intruding too much on your complaisance if I enter upon it?”

Emmeline found she could not avoid hearing him; and sat silent, her heart violently beating. Godolphin went on—

“From the first moment I beheld you, my heart was your’s. I attempted, indeed, at the beginning of our acquaintance—ah! how vainly attempted!—to conquer a passion which I believed was rendered hopeless by your prior engagement. While I supposed you the promised wife of Lord Delamere, I concealed, as well as I was able, my sufferings, and never offended you with an hint of their severity. Had you married him, I think I could have carried them in silence to the grave. Those ties, however, Lord Delamere himself broke; and I then thought myself at liberty to solicit your favour. It was for that purpose I took the road to St. Alpin, when the unhappy Delamere stopped me at Besançon.

When I afterwards related to you his illness; the sorrow, the lively and generous sorrow you expressed for *him*, and the cold and reserved manner in which you received *me*, made me still believe, that though he had relinquished your hand, he yet possessed your heart. I saw it with anguish, and continued silent. All that passed at Besançon confirmed me in this opinion. I determined to tear myself away, and again conceal in solitude a passion, which, while I felt it to

be incurable, I feared was hopeless. Accident, however, detaining me at Calais, again threw me in your way; and I heard, that far from having renewed your engagement with Lord Delamere, you had left him to avoid his eager importunity. Dare I add—that *then*, my pity for him was lost in the hopes I presumed to form for myself; and studiously as you have avoided giving me an opportunity of speaking to you, I have yet ventured to flatter myself that you beheld not with anger or scorn, my ardent, my fond attachment.”

From the beginning of this speech to its conclusion, the increasing confusion of Emmeline deprived her of all power of answering it. With deepened blushes, and averted eyes, she at first sought refuge in affecting to be intent on the netting she drew from her work-box; but having spoiled a whole row, her trembling hand could no longer go on with it; and as totally her tongue refused to utter the answer, which, by the pause he made, she concluded Godolphin expected. After a moment, however, he went on.

“I have by no means encouraged visions so delightful, without a severe alloy of fear and mistrust. Frequently, your coldness, your unkindness, gives me again to despondence; and every lovely prospect I had suffered my imagination to draw, is lost in clouds and darkness. Yet I am convinced you do not *intend* to torture me; and that from Miss Mowbray I may expect that candour, that explicit conduct, of which common minds are incapable. Tell me then, dearest and loveliest Emmeline, may I venture to hope that tender bosom is not wholly insensible? Will you hear me with patience, and even with pity?”

What, Sir, can I say?” falteringly asked Emme-

line. "I am in a great measure dependant, at least for some time, on Lord Montreville; and till I am of age, have determined to hear nothing on the subject on which you are pleased to address me."

"Admitting it to be so, answered Godolphin, "give me but an hope to live upon till then!"

"I will not deny, Sir," said Emmeline still more faintly, "I will not deny that my esteem for your character—my—my"

"Oh! speak!" exclaimed Godolphin eagerly—"speak, and tell me that——"

At this moment Le Limosin hastily came into the room, and said—"Mademoiselle, le Chevalier de Bellozane demande permission de vous parler*."

Godolphin, vexed at the interruption, and embarrassed at the arrival of the Chevalier, said hastily—"You will not see him?"

"How can I refuse him?" answered she; "perhaps he comes with some intelligence of your brother—of my dear Lady Westhaven."

By this time the Chevalier was in the room. Emmeline received him with anxious and confused looks, arising entirely from her apprehensions about Lady Westhaven and Lord Delamere; but the vanity of Bellozane saw it only a struggle between her real sentiments and her affection of concealment. She almost instantly, however, inquired after her friends.

"I left them," said Bellozane, "almost as soon as you did, and went (because I wanted money and my father wanted to see me) back to St. Alpin, where I staid almost a fortnight; and having obtained a necessary recruit of cash, I set off for Paris; where (my leave of absence being to expire in another month) I was forced to make interest to obtain a

* The Chevalier is below.

longer permission, in order to throw myself, lovely Miss Mowbray, at your feet, and to pass the winter in the delights of London, which they tell me I shall like better than Paris."

Emmeline, disgusted at his presumption and volatility, inquired if he knew nothing since of Lord and Lady Westhaven.

"Oh, yes," said he, "I saw them all at Paris, and asked them if they had any commands to you? But I could get nothing from my good cousin but sage advice, and from Lady Westhaven only cold looks and half sentences; and as to poor Delamere, I knew he was too much afraid of my success to be in a better temper with me than the other two; so we had but little conversation."

"But they are well, Sir?"

"No; Delamere has been detained all this time by illness, at different places. He was better when I saw him; but Lady Westhaven was herself ill, and my cousin was, in looks, the most rueful of the three."

But, Sir, when may they be expected in England?"

"That I cannot tell. The last time I saw Lord Westhaven was above a week before I left Paris; and then he said he knew not when his wife would be well enough to begin their journey, but he hoped within a fortnight."

"Good God!" thought Emmeline, "what can have prevented his writing to me all this time?"

Godolphin, after the first compliments passed with the Chevalier, had been quite silent. He now, however, asked some questions about his brother; by which he found, that in consequence of endeavouring to discourage Bellozane's voyage to England, Lord Westhaven had offended him, and that a coldness

had taken place between them. Bellozane had ceased to consider Godolphin as a rival, when he beheld Lord Delamere in that light; and was now rather pleased to meet him, knowing that his introduction into good company would greatly be promoted by means of such a relation.

"Do you know," said the Chevalier, addressing himself to Emmeline, "that I have had some trouble, my fair friend, to find you?"

"And how," inquired Godolphin, "did you accomplish it?"

"Why, my Lord Westhaven, to whom I applied at Paris, protested that he did not know; so remembering the name of le Marquis de Montreville, I wrote to him to know where I might wait on Mademoiselle Mowbray. Monseigneur le Marquis being at his country house, did not immediately answer my letter. At length I had a card from him, which he had the complaisance to send by a gentleman, un Monsieur Croff, who invited me to his house, and introduced me to Milady Croff, his wife, who is daughter to Milor Montreville. *Mon Dieu! que cette femme la, est vive, aimable; qu'elle a l'air du monde, et de la bonne compagnie* *."

"You think Lady Frances Crofts, then, handsomer than her sister?" asked Godolphin.

"*Mais non—elle n'est pas peut-etre si belle—mais elle a cependant un certain air. Enfin—je la trouve charmante* †."

Godolphin then continuing to question him, found that the Crofts' had invited Bellozane with an inten-

* How lively and agreeable she is---how much she has the air of a woman of fashion and of the world.

† Not so handsome, perhaps---but there is a something---in short, I think her charming.

tion of getting from him the purpose of his journey, and what his business was with Emmeline; and finding that it was his gallantry only brought him over, and that he knew nothing of the late Mr. Mowbray's affairs, had no longer made any attempt to oppose his seeing her.

Godolphin, though he believed Emmeline not only indifferent but averse to him, was yet much disquieted at finding she was likely again to be exposed to his importunities. He trembled lest, if he discovered her intentions of going to East Cliff, he should follow her thither; for which his relationship to Lady Adelina would furnish him with a pretence; and desirous of getting him away as soon as possible, he asked if he would dine with him at his lodgings.

Bellozane answered that he was already engaged to Mr. Crofts; and then turning to Emmeline, offered to take her hand; and inquired whether she had a softer heart than when she left Besançon?

Emmeline drew away her hand; and very gravely intreated him to say no more on a subject already so frequently discussed, and on which her sentiments must ever be the same. Bellozane gaily protested that he had been too long a soldier to be easily repulsed; that he would wait on her the next day, and doubted not but he should find her more favourably disposed. "*Je reviendrai demain vous offrir encore mon hommage. Adieu! nymphe belle et cruelle, La chaine que je porte fera toute ma gloire* *." He then snatched her hand, which in spite of her efforts he kissed, and with his usual gaiety went away, accompanied by Godolphin.

Hardly had Emmeline time to recollect her dissi-

* I shall come again to-morrow to offer my homage. Adieu! fair, cruel nymph! I place my glory in wearing your chains.

pated spirits after the warm and serious address of Godolphin, and to feel vexation and disgust at the presumptuous forwardness of Bellozane, from which she apprehended much future trouble, before a note was brought from Mrs. Safford, to inform her, that after waiting some hours at the house of the attorney she employed, the people who were to meet her had disappointed her, and that there was no prospect of her getting her business done till a late hour in the evening; she therefore desired Emmeline to dine without her, and not to expect her till ten or eleven at night.

As it was now between four and five, she ordered up her dinner, and was sitting down to it alone, when Godolphin again entered the room. Vexation was marked in his countenance: he seemed hurried; and having apologised for again interrupting her, though he did not account for his return, he sat down.

"Surely," cried Emmeline, alarmed, "you have heard nothing unpleasant from France?"

"Nothing, upon my honour," answered he. "The account the Chevalier gives, is indeed far from satisfactory, yet I am persuaded there is nothing particularly amiss, or we should have heard."

"It is that consideration only which has made me tolerably easy. Yet it is strange, I have no letter from Lady Westhaven. Will you dine with me?" added Emmeline. It was indeed hardly possible to avoid asking him, as Le Limosin at that moment brought up the dinner.

"Where is Mrs. Stafford?" said he.

"Detained in the city."

"And you dine alone, and will allow me the happiness of dining with you?"

"Certainly," replied Emmeline, blushing, "if you will favour me with your company."

Godolphin then placed himself at the end of the table; and in the pleasure of being with her, thus unmarked by others, and considering her invitation as an assurance that his declaration of the morning was favourably received, he forgot the chagrin which hung upon him at his first entrance, and thought only of the means by which he might perpetuate the happiness he now possessed.

Emmeline tried to shake off, in common conversation, her extreme embarrassment. But when dinner was over, and Le Limosin left the room, in whose presence she felt a sort of protection, she foresaw that she must again hear Godolphin, and that it would be almost impossible to evade answering him.

She now repented of having asked him to dine with her; then blamed herself for the reserve and coldness with which she had almost always treated a man, who, deserving all her affections, had so long possessed them.

But the idea of poor Delamere—of his sadness, his despair, arose before her, and was succeeded by yet more frightful images of the consequences that might follow his frantic passions. And impressed at once with pity and terror, she again resolved to keep, if it were possible, the true state of her heart from the knowledge of Godolphin.

"I have seldom seen one of my relations with so little pleasure," said he, after the servant had withdrawn, "as I to-day met my volatile cousin de Belozane. I hoped he would have persecuted you no farther with a passion to which I think you are not disposed to listen."

"I certainly never intend it."

"Pardon me then, dearest Miss Mowbray, if I fo-

icit leave to renew the conversation his abrupt entrance broke off. You had the goodness to say you had some esteem for my character—Ah! tell me, if on that esteem I may presume to build those hopes which alone can give value to the rest of my life?”

Emmeline, who saw he expected an answer, attempted to speak; but the half formed words died away on her lips. It was not thus she was used to receive the addresses of Delamere: her heart then left her reason and her resolution at liberty, but now the violence of its sensations deprived her of all power of uttering sentiments foreign to it, or concealing those it really felt.

Godolphin drew from this charming confusion a favourable omen.—“You hear me not with anger, lovely Emmeline!” cried he—“You allow me, then, to hope?”

“I can only repeat, Sir,” said Emmeline, in a voice hardly audible, “that until I am of age, I have resolved to hear nothing on this subject.”

“And why not? Are you not now nearly as independent as you will be then?”

“Alas!” said Emmeline, “I am indeed!—for my uncle concerns not himself about me; and it is doubtful whether he will do me even the justice to acknowledge me.”

“He must, he shall!” replied Godolphin warmly—“Ah! entrust me with your interest; let me, in the character of the fortunate man whom you allow to hope for your favour—let me apply to him for justice.”

“That any one should make such an application, except Lord Westhaven, is what I greatly wish to avoid. I shall most reluctantly appeal to the interference of friends; and still more to that of law. The last is, you know, very uncertain. And instead

of the heiress to the estate of my father, as I have lately been taught to believe myself, I may be found still to be the poor destitute orphan, so long dependant on the bounty of my uncle."

"And as such," cried Godolphin, greatly animated, "you will be dearer to me than my existence! Yes! Emmeline; whether you are mistress of thousands, or friendless, portionless, and deserted, your power over this heart is equally absolute—equally fixed! Ah! suffer not any consideration that relates to the uncertainty of your situation, to delay a moment the permission you must, you will give me, to avow my long and ardent passion."

"It must not be, Mr. Godolphin!" (and tears filled her eyes as she spoke) "Indeed it must not be! It is not now *possible*, at least it is very *improper*, for me to listen to you. Ah! do not then press it. I have indeed already suffered you to say too much on such a topic."

Godolphin then renewed his warm intreaties that he might be permitted openly to profess himself her lover: but she still evaded giving way to them, by declaring, that till she was of age she would not marry. "Had I no other objections," continued she, "the singularity of my circumstances is alone sufficient to determine me. I cannot think of accepting the honour you offer me, while my very *name* is in some degree doubtful; it would, I own, mortify me to take any advantage of your generosity; and should I fail of obtaining from Lord Montreville that to which I am now believed to have a claim, his Lordship, irritated at the attempt, will probably withdraw what he has hitherto allowed me—scanty support, and occasional protection."

"Find protection with your lover, with your husband!" exclaimed he—"And may that happy hus-

band, that adoring lover, be Godolphin! May Adeline forget her own calamities in contemplating the felicity of her brother; and may her beauteous, her benevolent friend, become her sister indeed, as she has long been the sister of her heart."

"You will oblige me, Sir," said Emmeline, feeling, that notwithstanding all her attempts to conceal it, the truth trembled in her eyes and faltered in her accents—"you will oblige me if you say no more of this."

"I will obey you, if you will only tell me I may hope."

"How can I say so, Sir, when so long a time must intervene before I shall think of fixing myself for life."

"Yet surely you know, the generous, the candid Miss Mowbray knows, whether her devoted Godolphin is agreeable to her, or whether, if every obstacle which exists in her timid imagination were removed, he would be judged wholly unworthy of pretending to the honour of her hand?"

"Certainly not unworthy," tremblingly said Emmeline."

"Let me then, thus encouraged, go farther—and ask if I have a place in your esteem?"

"Do not ask me—indeed I cannot tell—Nay I beg, I intreat," added she, trying to disengage her hands from him, that you will desist—do not force me to leave you."

"Ah! talk not, think not of leaving me; think rather of confirming those fortunate presages I draw from this lovely timidity. I cannot go till I know your thoughts of me—till I know what place I hold in that soft bosom."

"I think of you as an excellent brother; as a generous and disinterested friend; for such I have found

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you; as a man of great good sense, of noble principles, of exalted honour!"

"As one then," said Godolphin, vehemently interrupting her, "not unworthy of being entrusted with your happiness; who may hope to be honoured with a deposit so inestimable, as the confidence and tenderness of that gentle and generous heart?"

"I do indeed think very highly of you.—I cannot, if I would, deny it."

"And you allow me, then, to go instantly to Lord Montreville?"

"Oh! no! no!—surely nothing I have said implied such a consent."

Godolphin, however, was still pressing; and at length brought her to confess, with blushes, and even with tears, her early and long partiality for him, and her resolution either to be his, or die unmarried. She found, indeed, all attempts to dissimulation vain: the reserve she had forced herself to assume, gave way to her natural frankness; and having once been induced to make such an acknowledgment of the state of her heart, she determined to have no longer any secrets concealed from him who was its master.

She therefore candidly told him how great was her compassion for Lord Delamere, and how severe her apprehensions of his rage, resentment, and despair.

He allowed the force of the first; but as to the other, he would not suppose it a reason for her delaying her marriage.

"Poor Delamere," said he, "is of a temper which opposition and difficulty render more eager and more obstinate. Yet when you are for ever out of his reach; as the obstacle will become invincible, he must yield to necessity. While you remain single, he will still hope. The greatest kindness, therefore, that you can do him, will be to convince him that he

has nothing to expect from you; and put an end at once to the uncertainty which tortures him."

"To drive him to despair? Ah! I know so well the dreadful force of his passions, and the excesses he is capable of committing when under their influence, that I dare not, I positively will not, risk it. I love Delamere as my brother; I love him for the resemblance he is said to bear to my father. I pity him for the errors which the natural impetuosity of his temper, inflamed by the unbounded indulgence of his mother, continually leads him into; and the misfortunes these causes are so frequently inflicting on him: and should his fatal inclination for me, be the means of bringing on himself and on his family yet other miseries, I should never forgive myself, or him by whose means they were incurred."

"From me, at least, you have nothing of that sort to apprehend: I truly pity Delamere; I feel what it must be to have relinquished the woman he loves; and to find her lost to his hopes, while his passion is unabated. Be assured, my compassion for him will induce me rather to soothe his unhappiness, than to insult him with an ostentatious display of my enviable fortune. Yet if you suffer me to believe my attachment not disagreeable to you, how shall I wholly conceal it? how appear as not *daring* to avow that, which is the glory and happiness of my life? and by your being supposed disengaged and indifferent, see you exposed to the importunities of an infinite number of suitors, who, however inconsequential they may be to *you*, will torment *me*. I do not know that I have much of jealousy in my nature; yet I cannot tell how I shall bear to see Delamere presuming again on your former friendship for him.---Even the volatile and thoughtless Bellozane has the power to make

me uneasy, when I see him so persuaded of his own merit, and so confident of success."

"While you assert that you are but little disposed to jealousy, you are persuading me that you are extremely prone to it. You know Bellozane can never have the smallest interest in my heart. But as to Delamere, I am decided against inflaming his irritable passions, by encouraging an avowed rival, though I will do all I can, by other means, to discourage him. The only condition on which I will continue to see you is, that you appear no otherwise interested about me, than as the favoured friend of your sister, your brother, and Lady Westhaven. Press me, therefore, no further on the subject, and let us now part."

"Tell me, first, whether your journey remains fixed for Thursday?—whether you still hold your generous resolution of going to Adelina?"

"I do. But I must insist on going alone."

"And if Bellozane should inquire whither you are going? You see nothing prevents his following you; and to follow you to East Cliff, he will, you know, have sufficient excuse. Emmeline, I cannot bear it!—there is a presumption in his manner, which offends and shocks me; and which, however you may dislike it, it may not always be in your power to repress!"

"Surely he need not know that I am going thither."

It was now, therefore, agreed between them, that if Bellozane called upon her the next day, as he said he intended, she should be denied to him; and that early on the following morning, which was Thursday, she should set out for East Cliff, attended by Madelon and Le Limosin.

This arrangement was hardly made when Mrs.

Stafford returned, weary and exhausted, from the unpleasant party with which she had passed the day.

With Emmeline's permission (who left the room that she might not hear it), Godolphin related to Mrs. Stafford the conversation they had held. It was the only information which had any power to raise her depressed spirits; and as soon as Emmeline rejoined them, she added her intreaties to those of Godolphin. They urged her to conquer immediately all those scruples which divided her from him to whom she had given her heart; and to put herself into such protection as must at once obviate all the difficulties she apprehended. But Emmeline still adhered to her resolution of remaining single, if not till she was of age, at least till her affairs with her uncle were adjusted, and till she saw the unhappy Delamere restored to health and tranquillity. But notwithstanding this delay, Godolphin, assured of possessing her affection, left her with an heart which was even oppressed with the excess of its own happiness.

C H A P. XII.

EMMELINE seemed to be happier since she had confessed to Godolphin his influence over her mind, and since she had made him in some measure the director of her actions. She hoped that she might conceal her partiality till she had nothing to fear from Delamere; at present she was sure he had no suspicion that Godolphin was his rival; and she flattered herself, that on his return to England, the conviction of her coldness would by degrees wear him from his attachment, and that he would learn to consider her only as his sister.

These pleasing hopes, however, were insufficient

to balance the concern she felt for Mrs. Stafford, who, having long struggled against her calamities, now seemed on the point of sinking under their pressure, and of determining to attend, in despondent resignation, the end of her unmerited sufferings.

Emmeline attempted to re-animate her, by repeating all the promises of Lord Westhaven, on whose word she had the most perfect reliance. She assured her, that the moment her own affairs were settled, her first care should be the re-establishment of those of her beloved friend. For some time the oppressed spirits of Mrs. Stafford would only allow her to answer with her tears these generous assurances. At length she said—

“ It is to you, my Emmeline, I could perhaps learn to be indebted without being humbled ; for you have an heart which receives while it confers an obligation. But think what it is for one, born with a right to affluence and educated in its expectation, with feelings keen from nature, and made yet keener by refinement, to be compelled, as I have been, to solicit favours, pecuniary favours, from persons who have no feeling at all—from the shifting, paltry-spirited James Crofts, forbearance from the claim of debts ; from the callous-hearted and selfish politician, his father, pity and assistance ; from Rochely, who has no ideas but of getting or saving money, to ask the loan of it ! and to bear with humility a rude refusal. I have endured the brutal unkindness of hardened avarice, the dirty chicane of law, exercised by the most contemptible of beings ; I have been forced to attempt softening the tradesman and the mechanic, and to suffer every degree of humiliation, which the insolence of sudden prosperity, or the insensible coolness of the determined money-dealer, could inflict. Actual poverty, I think, I could have better borne ;

' I should have found, in some place of my soul,
' A drop of patience !'

But ineffectual attempts to ward it off by such degradation I can no longer submit to. While Mr Stafford, for whom I have encountered it all, is not only unaffected by the poignant mortifications which torture me ; but receives my efforts to serve him, in successful, only as a duty—if unsuccessful, he considers my failure as a fault ; and loads me with reproach, with invective, with contempt!—others have in their husbands, protectors and friends ; mine, not only throws me on the burthen of affairs which he has himself embroiled, but adds to their weight by cruelty and oppression. Such complicated and incurable misery must overwhelm me, and then—what will become of my children ?”

Penetrated with pity and sorrow, Emmeline listened, in tears, to this strong, but too faithful picture of the situation of her unfortunate friend ; and with difficulty said, in a voice of the tenderest pity—

“ Yet a little patience, and surely things will mend. It cannot be very long, before I shall either be in high affluence or reduced to my former dependance ; perhaps to actual indigence. Of these events, I hope the former is the most probable : but be it as it may, you and your children will be equally dear to me.—If I am rich, my house, my fortune shall be your’s— if I am poor, I will live with you, and we will work together. But for such resources as the pencil or the needle may afford us, we shall, I think, have no occasion. You, my dear friend, will continue to exert yourself for your children ; Lord Westhaven is greatly interested for you ; and all will yet be well.”

“ I am afraid not,” replied Mrs. Stafford. “ Among the various misfortunes of life, there are some that admit of no cure ; some, which even the tender and

generous friendship of my Emmeline can but palliate. Of that nature, I fear, are many of mine. My past life has been almost all bitterness; God only knows what the remainder of it may be, but

‘Shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.’

“Ah! give not up your mind to these gloomy thoughts,” said Emmeline. “Setting aside all hopes I have of being able, without the assistance of any one, to clear those prospects, I have a firm dependance on Lord Westhaven, and am sure I shall yet see you happy.”

“Never, I believe, in this world!” dejectedly answered Mrs. Stafford. “But why should I distress you, my best Emmeline, with a repetition of my hopeless sorrows; why cannot I now refrain, as I have hitherto done, from taxing with my complaints your lively sensibility?” She then began to talk of their journey for the next day, for which every thing was now ready. It would have been very agreeable to Emmeline, could Mrs. Stafford have gone by Southampton, and have accompanied her for a few days to East Cliff; but she said, that besides her suffering so much at sea, which made the long passage to France very dreadful to her, she had already, in a letter to her husband, fixed to go by Calais; and as he might either send or come to meet her on that road, he might be offended if she took the other: besides these reasons, she had yet another in the chance the Calais road afforded of meeting Lord and Lady Westhaven. The two last arguments were unanswerable: Emmeline relinquished the project of their going together; and they passed the rest of the day in the last preparations for their separate journeys. In the course of it, Bel-lozane called twice, but was not admitted. Godolphin was allowed to sup with them; and early the

next morning came again to see them set out. They parted on all sides with tears and reluctance—Emmeline, with Madelon in the chaise with her, and Le Limosin on horseback, took the road to Southampton; and Mrs. Stafford pursued her melancholy journey to Dover.

Emmeline arrived at Southampton late the same evening, where she slept; and the next morning landed on the Isle of Wight.

It was a clear and mild day, towards the end of October; and she walked, attended by her servants, to East Cliff. As she approached the door of Godolphin's house, her heart beat quick; a thousand tender recollections arose that related to its beloved master, and some mournful apprehensions for the fate of its present lovely and unhappy inhabitant.

The maid who had so long waited on Lady Adelina opened the door, and expressed the utmost delight at seeing Emmeline. "Ah! dearest Madam!" said she, "how good is it in you to come to my lady! Now, I hope, both her health and her spirits will be better. But the joy of knowing you are here, will overcome her, unless I inform her of it with caution; for though she rather expected you, I know it will be extreme."

Barret then ran to execute this welcome commission, and in a few moments Lady Adelina, supported by her, walked into the room, holding in her hand little William, and fell, almost insensible, into the arms of her friend.

The expression of her countenance, faded as it was, where a gleam of exquisite pleasure seemed to lighten up the soft features which had long sunk under the blighted hand of sorrow; her weeds, forming so striking a contrast to the fairness of her transparent skin; and the lovely child, now about fourteen

months old, which hung on her arm; made her altogether appear to Emmeline the most interesting, the most affecting figure, she had ever seen. Neither of them could speak. Lady Adelina murmured something, as she fondly pressed Emmeline to her heart; but it was not till its oppression was relieved by tears, that she could distinctly thank her for coming. Emmeline, with equal marks of tenderness, embraced the mother and caressed the son, whose infantine beauty would have charmed her had he been the child of a stranger. After a little, they grew more composed; and Emmeline, while Lady Adelina, in the most melting accents, spoke of her brother William, and inquired tenderly after her elder brother and his wife, had time to contemplate her lovely but pallid face; from which the faint glow of transient pleasure, the animated vivacity of momentary rapture, was gone; and a languor so great seemed to hang over her, such pensive and settled melancholy had taken possession of her features, that Emmeline could hardly divest herself of the idea of immediate danger; and fancied that she was come thither only to see the beauteous mourner sink into the grave. She trembled to think on the consequence which, in such a state of health, might arise from the conflict she would probably have to undergo in regard to Fitz-Edward. Emmeline herself dared not name him to Godolphin in their long conference. It was a subject, on which (however slightly touched) he had always expressed such painful sensibility, that she could not resolve to enter upon it with him. Yet she foresaw, that on Lord Westhaven's arrival, either a general explanation must take place, or that his Lordship would accept for his sister the offer of Fitz-Edward, to which there would be in his eyes (while he yet remained ignorant of their former un-

fortunate acquaintance), no possible objection. She supposed that Lord and Lady Clancarryl, equally ignorant of that error (which had been partly owing to their own confidence in Fitz-Edward), would press Lady Adelina to except him; and that Godolphin must either consent to forgive, and receive him as his brother, or give such reasons for opposing his alliance with Lady Adelina, as would probably destroy the peace of his family and the fragile existence of his sister. Sometimes, she thought that his inflexible honour would yield, and induce him to bury the past in oblivion. But then she recollected all the indignation he had but lately expressed against Fitz-Edward, and doubted, with fearful apprehension, the event.

The first day passed without that mutual and unreserved confidence being absolutely established, which the lovely friends longed to repose in each other. Lady Adelina languished to inquire after, to talk of Fitz-Edward, yet dared not trust herself with his name; and Emmeline, though well assured that the knowledge of those terms which she was now on with Godolphin would give infinite pleasure to his sister, yet had not courage to reveal that truth which her conscious heart secretly enjoyed. Affected with her friend's depression, and unwilling to keep her up late, she complained of fatigue soon in the evening, and retired to her own room. She there dismissed Madelon, and bade her, as soon as Mrs. Barret came from her lady's apartment, let her know that she desired to speak to her.

She wished to inquire of this faithful servant her opinion of her lady's health. And as soon as she came to her, expressed her fears about it in terms equally anxious and tender.

"Ah! Madam," said Barret, "all you observe as

to my lady is but too just; and what I go through about her (especially when the Captain is not here), I am sure no tongue can tell. Sometimes, Ma'am, when I have left her of a night, and she tells me she is going to bed, I hear her walk about the room talking; then she goes to the bed (for I have looked through the key-hole) where Master Godolphin sleeps, and looks at him, and bursts into tears and laments herself over him, and again begins to walk about the room, and speaks as it were to herself; and at other times, she will open the window, and leaning her head on her two hands, sit and look at the clouds and the stars; and sighs so deeply, and so often, that it makes my heart quite ache to hear her. The child was very ill once with a tooth fever, while the Captain was gone to France; and then indeed I thought my poor lady would have been quite, quite gone in her head again; for she talked *so* wildly of what she would do if he died, and said such things, as almost frightened me to death. We sent to Wimehester for a physician; and before he could come, for you know, Ma'am, what a long way 'tis to send, she grew so impatient, and had terrified herself into such agonies, that when the doctor did come, he said she was in a great deal the most danger of the two. Thank God, Master Godolphin soon got well; but it was a long time before my lady was quite herself again; and since that, Ma'am, she will hardly suffer Master out of her sight at all; but makes either his own maid or me sit in the room to attend upon him while she reads or writes. When she walks out, she generally orders one of us to take him with her; and only goes out alone after he is in bed of a night. Then, indeed, she stays out long enough; and tho' you see, Ma'am, how sadly she looks, she never seems

to care at all about her own health, but does things that really would kill a strong person."

"What then does she do?" inquired Emmeline.

"Why, Ma'am, quite late sometimes of a night, when every body else is asleep, she will go away by herself, perhaps to that wood you see there, or down to the sea shore; and she orders me to let nobody follow her. Quite of cold nights this Autumn, when the wind blew, and the sea made a noise so loud and dismal, she has staid there whole hours by herself; only I ventured to disobey her so far as to see that no harm came to her. But three or four times, Ma'am, she remained so long, that I concluded she must catch her death. At last I bethought me of getting one of the maids to go and tell her Master was awake; and I have got her to come in by that means out of the wind and the cold. Then, Ma'am, she seems to take pleasure in nothing but sorrow and melancholy. The books she reads are so sad, that sometimes, when her own eyes are tired, and she makes me read them to her, I get quite horrible thoughts in my head. But my lady, instead of trying, as I do, to shake them off, will go directly to her music, and play such mournful tunes, that it really quite overcomes me, as I am at work in another room. At other times she goes and writes verses about her own unhappiness. How is it possible, Ma'am, that with such ways of passing her time, my lady, always so delicate as she was in health, should be well: for my part, I only wonder she is not quite dead."

"But how do you know, Barret, that your lady employs herself in writing verses about her own unhappiness?"

"Dear, Ma'am, I have found them about every where. When the Captain is absent, my lady is in-

different where she leaves them. Sometimes four or five sheets lay open on the table in her little dressing-room, and sometimes upon her music."

Emmeline was too certain that such were the occupations of her poor friend. During the short time they had been together, Lady Adelina had shewn her some work; and as she took it out of her drawer, she drew out some papers with it.

"I do but little work," said she. "I find even embroidery does not serve to call off my thoughts sufficiently from myself. I read a good deal in books of mere amusement, for of serious application I am incapable; and here is another specimen of my method of employing myself, which perhaps you will not think a remedy for melancholy thoughts."

She put a written paper into Emmeline's hand, who was about to open it; but Lady Adelina added, with a pensive smile, "Do not read it now; rather keep it till you are alone."

This paper Emmeline took out to peruse as soon as she had dismissed Barret. Her heart bled as she ran over this testimony of the anguish and despondence which preyed on the heart of Lady Adelina. It was an

ODE TO DESPAIR.

Thou spectre of terrific mien,
Lord of the hopeless heart and hollow eye,
In whose fierce train each form is seen
That drives sick Reason to insanity!
I woo thee with unusual prayer,
"Grim visaged, comfortless Despair!"
Approach; in me a willing victim find,
Who seeks thine iron sway—and calls thee kind!

Ah! hide for ever from my sight
The faithless flatterer Hope—whose pencil, gay,

Pourtrays some vision of delight,
 Then bids the fairy tablet fade away ;
 While in dire contrast, to mine eyes
 Thy phantoms, yet more hideous, rise,
 And Memory draws, from Pleasure's wither'd flower,
 Corrosives for the heart—of fatal power !

I bid the traitor Love, adieu !
 Who to this fond, believing bosom came,
 A guest insidious and untrue,
 With Pity's soothing voice—in Friendship's name ;
 The wounds *he* gave, nor Time shall cure,
 Nor Reason teach me to endure.
 And to that breast mild Patience pleads in vain,
 Which feels the curse—of meriting its pain.

Yet not to me, tremendous power !
 Thy worst of spirit-wounding pangs impart,
 With which, in dark conviction's hour,
 Thou strik'st the guilty unrepentant heart !
 But of Illusion long the sport,
 That dreary, tranquil gloom I court,
 Where my past errors I may still deplore,
 And dream of long-lost happiness no more !

To thee I give this tortured breast,
 Where Hope arises but to foster pain ;
 Ah ! lull its agonies to rest !
 Ah ! let me never be deceiv'd again !
 But callous, in thy deep repose
 Behold in long array, the woes
 Of the dread future, calm and undismay'd,
 Till I may claim the hope---that shall not fade !

The feelings of a mind which could dictate such an address, appeared to Emmeline so greatly to be lamented, and so unlikely to be relieved, that the tender and painful compassion she had ever been sensible of for her unhappy friend, was, if possible, augmented. Full of ideas almost as mournful as those by which they had been inspired, she went to bed, but not to tranquil sleep. Her spirits, worn by her journey, and oppressed by her concern for Lady Ade-

lina, were yet busy; and instead of the uneasy images which had pursued her while she waked, they presented to her others yet more terrifying. She beheld, in her dreams, Godolphin wildly seeking vengeance of Fitz-Edward for the death of his sister. Then, instead of Fitz-Edward, Lord Delamere appeared to be the object of his wrath, and mutual fury seemed to animate them against the lives of each other. To them, her uncle, in all the phrenzy of grief and despair, succeeded; overwhelmed her with reproaches for the loss of his only son, and tore her violently away from Godolphin, who in vain pursued her.

These horrid visions returned so often, dressed in new forms of terror, that Emmeline, having long resisted the impression they made upon her, could at length bear them no longer; but shaking off all disposition to indulge sleep on such terms, she arose from her bed, and wrapping herself up in her night-gown, went to the window. The dawn did not yet appear; but she sat down by the window, of which she had opened the shutter to watch its welcome approach.

The morning, for it was between three and four, was mild; the declining stars were obscured by no cloud, and served to shew dimly the objects in the garden beneath her. She softly opened the sash; listened to the low, hollow murmur of the sea; and surveyed the lawn and the hill behind it, which, by the faint and uncertain light, she just could discern. All breathed a certain solemn and melancholy stillness, calculated to inspire horror. Emmeline's blood ran cold; yet innocence like her's really fears nothing, if free from the prejudices of superstition. She endeavoured to conquer the disagreeable sensations she felt, and to shake off the effects of her dreams; but the silence, and the gloominess of the scene, assisted but

little her efforts, and she cast an eye of solicitude towards the eastern horizon, and wished for the return of the sun.

In this disposition of mind, she was at once amazed and alarmed, by seeing the figure of a man, tall and thin, wrapped in a long horseman's coat, as if on purpose to disguise him, force himself out from between the shrubs which bounded one part of the lawn. He looked not towards the windows; but with folded arms, and his hat over his eyes, was poring on the ground, while with slow steps he crossed the lawn, and came immediately under the windows of the house.

When she first perceived him, she had started back from that where she sat; but though greatly surprised, she could not forbear watching him: on longer observing his figure, she fancied it was that of a gentleman; and by his slow walk and manner he did not appear to have any design to attack the house. Her presence of mind never forsook her unless where her heart was greatly affected; and she had now courage enough to determine that she would still continue for some moments to observe him, and would not alarm the servants till she saw reason to believe he had ill intentions. She sat therefore quite still; and saw, that instead of making any attempt to enter the house, he traversed the whole side of it next the lawn, with a measured and solemn pace, several times; then stopped a moment, again went to the end, and slowly returned; and having continued to do so near an hour, he crossed the grass, and disappeared among the shrubs from whence he had issued.

Had not Emmeline been very sure, that she not only heard his footsteps distinctly as he passed over a gravel walk in his way, but even heard him breathe hard and short, as if agitated or fatigued, she would

almost have persuaded herself that it was a phantom raised by her disordered spirits. The longer she reflected on it, the more incomprehensible it seemed, that a man should, at such an hour, make such an excursion, apparently to so little purpose. That it was with a dishonest design there seemed no likelihood, as he made no effort to force his way into the house, which he might easily have done; and had he come on a clandestine visit to any of the servants, he would probably have had some signal by which his confederates would have been informed of his approach. But he seemed rather fearful of disturbing the sleeping inhabitants; his step was slow and light; and on perceiving the first rays of the morning, he "started like a guilty thing," and swiftly stepped away to his concealment.

Emmeline continued some time at the window after his disappearance, believing he might return. But it soon grew quite light: the gardener appeared at his work; and she was then convinced that he would for that time come no more.

So extraordinary a circumstance, however, dwelt on her mind; nor could she entirely divest herself of alarm. A strange and confused idea that this visitor might be some one not unknown to her, crossed her mind. His height answered almost equally to that of Bellozane, Godolphin, and Fitz-Edward. The latter, indeed, was rather the tallest, and to him she thought the figure bore the greatest resemblance. Yet he had taken leave of her ten days before she left London, and told her he was going down to Mr. Percival's, in Berkshire; where, as he was very anxious to hear of Lady Adelina, he had desired Mrs. Stafford to write to him (who had done so, and had received an answer of thanks, dated from thence, before the departure of Emmeline from London). That

Fitz-Edward, therefore, should be the person, seemed improbable ; yet it was hardly less so that a night ruf-
 fian should be on foot so long, without any attempt to
 execute mischief, or even the appearance of examining
 how it might be perpetrated. After long consideration,
 she determined, that lest the first conjecture should be
 true, she would speak to nobody of the stranger she
 had seen ; but would watch another night, before
 she either terrified Lady Adelina with the apprehen-
 sion of robbers, or gave rise to conjectures in her and
 the servants of yet more disquieting tendency. Hav-
 ing taken this resolution, and argued herself out of all
 those fears for her personal safety which might have
 enfeebled a less rational mind, she met Lady Adelina
 at breakfast with her usual ease, and almost with her
 usual cheerfulness : but she was pale, and her eyes
 very heavy : Lady Adelina remarked it with concern ;
 but Emmeline, making light of it, imputed it entire-
 ly to the fatigue of her journey ; and when their
 breakfast was finished, proposed to walk. To this
 her friend assented ; and while she went to give some
 orders, and to fetch the crape veil in which she usu-
 ally wrapped herself (for even her dress partook some-
 thing of the mournful cast of her mind), Emmeline,
 already equipped, went into the lawn, and saw plain-
 ly where the stranger had made his way through the
 thick shrubs, and where the flexible branches of a young
 larch were twisted away, a laurel broken, and that
 some deciduous trees behind them had lost all their
 lower leaves ; which, having sustained the first frosts,
 fell on the slightest violence. She marked the place
 with her eye ; and determined to observe whether, if
 he came again, it was from thence.

Emmeline now desired that Madelon might come
 with them to wait on little William, rather than his
 own maid ; as she understood English so ill, that she

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would be no interruption to their discourse. They then walked arm in arm together towards the sea; and there Lady Adelina, who now enjoyed the opportunity she had so long languished for, opened to her sympathizing friend the sorrows of an heart, struggling vainly with a passion she condemned, and sinking under ineffectual efforts to vindicate her honour and eradicate her love.

She knew not that Fitz-Edward had ever written to her. Godolphin, well acquainted with his hand, had kept the letter from her. She knew not that he had applied to Emmeline: and though she had torn herself from him, and had vowed never again to write to him, to name him, to hear from him, she involuntarily felt disposed to accuse him of neglect, of ingratitude, of cruelty, for having never attempted to write to her or see her; and added the poignant anguish of jealousy to the dreary horrors of despair. That Fitz-Edward was for ever lost to her, she seemed to be convinced; yet that he should forget her, or attach himself to another, seemed a torment so entirely insupportable, that when her mind dwelt upon it, as it perpetually did, her reason was inadequate to the pain it inflicted; and when she touched on that subject, Emmeline too evidently saw symptoms of that derangement of intellect to which she had once before been a melancholy witness.

With a mind thus unsettled, and a heart thus oppressed, the consequences of touching on the application of Fitz-Edward to herself, might, as Emmeline believed, have the most alarming effect on Lady Adelina. And she dared not therefore name it, unless she had the concurrence of Godolphin. She only attempted to soothe and tranquillize her mind, without giving her those assurances of his undiminished attachment, which, she thought, might in the

event only increase her anguish, if her brother remained inflexible. On the other hand, she forbore to remonstrate with her on the necessity there might be to forget him; being too well convinced, that the arguments which were to enforce that doctrine would be useless, and perhaps appear cruel, to a heart so deeply wounded as was that of the luckless lovely Adelina.

But in pouring her sorrows into the bosom of her friend, she appeared to find consolation. The tenderness of Emmeline was a balm to her wounded mind, and growing more composed, she began to discourse on the singular discovery Emmeline had made, and to enter with some interest into the affairs depending between her and the Marquis of Montreville, and by questions, aided by the natural frankness of Emmeline, at length became acquainted with the happy prospects, which, though distant, opened to Godolphin.

This was the only information that seemed to have the power of suspending for a moment the weight of those afflictions which Lady Adelina suffered. "My brother then," cried she—"my dear Godolphin, will be happy! and you, my most amiable friend, will constitute, while you share his felicity. Ah! fortunate, thrice fortunate for ye both, was the hour of your meeting; for heaven and nature surely designed you for each other! Fortunate, too, were those circumstances which divided my Emmeline from Delamere, before indissoluble bonds enchained you for ever. Had it been otherwise; had your guardian angel slumbered as *mine did*; you too, all lovely and deserving as you are, would have been condemned to the bitterest of all lots, and might have discovered all the excellence and worth of Godolphin, when your duty and your honour allowed you no eyes but

for Delamère. *Your destiny is more happy—yet not happier than you deserve.* Oh! may it quickly be fixed unalterably; and very, very long, may it endure! So shall your Adelina, for the little while she drags on a reluctant existence, have something on which to lean for the alleviation of her sorrows; and when she shall interrupt your felicity no longer by the sight of cureless calamity, she will, in full confidence, entrust the sole tie she has on earth, the dear and innocent victim of her fatal weakness, to the compassionate bosoms of Godolphin and his Emmeline!”

The tremulous voice and singular manner in which Lady Adelina uttered these words, made Emmeline tremble. She now tried to divert the attention of her poor friend, from dwelling too earnestly either on her own wretchedness or the promised felicity of her brother: but, as if exhausted by the mingled emotions of pain and pleasure, she soon afterwards fell into a deep silence, scarce attending to what was said; and after a long pause, she suddenly called to Madelon, in whose arms her little boy had fallen asleep, and looking at him earnestly a moment, took him from the maid, and carried him towards the house. Emmeline, more and more convinced of her partial intellectual derangement, followed her, dreading lest she should see it increase, without the power of applying any remedy. Before Lady Adelina reached the gate, which opened from the cliffs to the lawn, she was fatigued by her lovely burthen, and forced to stop. Emmeline would then have taken him; but she said “No!” and sitting down on the ground, held him in her lap, till Barret, who had seen her from a window, came out and took him from her; to which, as to a thing usual, she consented, and then walked calmly home with Emmeline, who, extremely dis-

composed by the wildness of her manner, was fearful of again introducing any interesting topic, lest she should again touch those fine chords which were untuned in the mind of her unhappy friend; and which seemed occasionally to vibrate with an acuteness that threatened the ruin of the whole fabric. Barret, who afterwards came to assist her in dressing, told her that within the last six weeks her lady had often been subject to long fits of absence, sometimes of tears which generally ended in her snatching the child eagerly to her, kissing him with the wildest fondness, and that after having kept him with her some time, and wept extremely, she usually became rational and composed for the rest of the day.

C H A P. XIII.

WHEN Emmeline met Lady Adelina at dinner she had the satisfaction to find her quite tranquil and easy. As the afternoon proved uncommonly fine, and Emmeline was never weary of contemplating the scenery which surrounded them, she willingly consented to Lady Adelina's proposal of another ramble; that she might see some beautiful cliffs, a little farther from the house than she had yet been. There she was pleased to find, that her fair friend seemed to call off her mind from its usual painful occupations, to admire the charms, which on one side a very lovely country, and on the other an extensive sea view, offered to their sight.

"You cannot imagine, my Emmeline," said she, "how exquisitely beautiful the prospect is from the point of these rocks where we stand, in the midst of summer; now the sun, more distant, gives it a less glowing and rich lustre, and reflects not his warm

ays on the sea, and on the white cliffs that hang
 over it. Here it was, that indulging that melancholy
 for which I have too much reason, I made, while
 my brother was absent last summer, some lines, which,
 if it was pleasant to repeat one's own poetry, I would
 read to you, as descriptive at once of the scene, and
 the state of mind in which I surveyed it."

Emmeline now earnestly pressing her to gratify the
 curiosity she had thus raised, at length prevailed up-
 on her to repeat the following

SONNET.

Far on the sands, the low, retiring tide,
 In distant murmurs hardly seems to flow;
 And o'er the world of waters, blue and wide,
 The sighing summer wind forgets to blow.

As sinks the day-star in the rosy west,
 The silent wave with rich reflection glows;
 Alas! can tranquil nature give *me* rest,
 Or scenes of beauty soothe me to repose?

Can the soft lustre of the sleeping main,
 Yon radiant heaven, or all creation's charms,
 "Erase the written troubles of the brain,"
 Which Memory tortures, and which Guilt alarms?
 Or bid a bosom transient quiet prove,
 That bleeds with vain remorse, and unextinguish'd love!

The "season and the scene" were brought by this
 description full on the mind of Emmeline; yet she
 almost immediately repented having pressed Adelina
 to repeat to her what seemed to have led her again into
 her usual tract of sad reflection. She fell, as usual,
 into one of her reveries, and, as they walked home-
 wards, said very little. The rest of the evening, how-
 ever, passed in a sort of mournful tranquillity—Adelina

seemed to feel increasing pleasure as she gazed on her friend; and remembering all her goodness, reflected on the happiness of her brother. But this satisfaction was not of that kind which seeks to express itself in words; and Emmeline, sensible of great anxiety for her and Godolphin (who would, she knew, be cruelly hurt by the relapse which he feared threatened his sister), and busied in no pleasant conjecture about the person whom she had seen in the lawn, was in no spirits for conversation. Nor did her thoughts when they wandered to other objects from those immediately before her, bring home much to appease her anxiety. That nothing had yet been heard of Lord and Lady Westhaven, was extremely disquieting. She knew not that the Marquis of Montreville had received a letter for her under cover to him, and that having sent it to Mr. Crofts in another, in order to be forwarded to her, the letter had exercised his political talents; and supposing it related to her claims on Lord Montreville, and probably contained instructions for pursuing them, and that therefore his Lordship would be but little concerned if it never reached the place of its destination, he had very composedly put it into the fire; and undertook, should it be inquired after, to account for its failure, without suffering the name of Lord Montreville to be called in question.

The Marquis, though his conscience had been so long under the direction of Sir Richard Crofts that it ought to have acquired insensibility as callous as his own, yet found it sometimes a very troublesome companion; and it often spoke to him so severely on the subject of his niece, that he was more than once on the point of writing to her, to say he was ready to make her the retribution to which his heart told him she had the clearest pretensions, and which his fears

whispered that a court of justice would certainly render her.

These qualms and these fears, would inevitably have produced a restoration of the Mowbray estate to its owner, had they not been counteracted by the influence of the Marchioness of Montreville and Sir Richard Crofts. The Marchioness, now in declining health, felt all the inefficacy of riches, and all the fallacy of ambition; yet could she not determine to relinquish one, or to own that the other had but little power to confer happiness. That Emmeline Mowbray, whom she had despised and rejected, should suddenly become heiress to a large fortune, and that of that fortune her own children should be deprived; that Lord Westhaven should be the instrument to assist her in this hateful transition, and should interfere for this obscure orphan, against the interest of the illustrious family into which he had married; stung her to the soul, and irritated the natural asperity of her temper, already soured by the repeated defection of Delamere, and her own continual ill health, till it was grown insupportable to others, and injurious to herself; since it aggravated all her complaints, and put it out of the power of medicine to relieve her.

Rather than increase these maladies by opposition, his Lordship was content to yield to delay. And while her haughtiness and violence withheld him on one hand from settling with his niece, Sir Richard assailed him on the other with cool and plausible arguments; and together they obliged him to have recourse to such expedients as gained time, without his having much hope that he could finally detain the property of his late brother from his daughter, who seemed likely to establish her right to its possession.

At once to indulge his avarice and quiet his con-

science, he would willingly have consented to pay her a considerable portion, and to leave her right to the whole undecided; but of such an accommodation there seemed no probability, unless he could win over Lord Westhaven to his interest. He thought, however, that there could be little doubt of his re-uniting the Mowbray estate with his own, by promoting the marriage between Emmeline and Lord Delamere, which he had hitherto so strenuously opposed. But this, he knew, must be the last resort; not only because he was ashamed so immediately to avow a change of opinion in regard to Emmeline, which could have happened only from her change of circumstances, but because the dislike which Lady Montreville had originally conceived towards her, now amounted to the most determined and inveterate hatred.

Bent on conversing fully with Lord Westhaven before he took any measures whatever, either to detain or to restore the estate, the Marquis was desirous of seeing him immediately on his arrival in England, and to precede any conversation he might hold with Emmeline. For this reason, he kept back all information that related to his son-in-law's return; and though he knew that the indisposition of Lord Delamere and his sister had kept Lord Westhaven at Paris almost three weeks, and that they were travelling only twenty miles a-day, from thence to Calais, he had with-held even this intelligence from the anxious Emmeline.

Lady Frances Crofts, never feeling any great disposition to filial piety, and having lost, in the giddy career of dissipation, the little sensibility she ever possessed, was soon tired of attending on her mother at Audley Hall. The fretful impatience or irksome lassitude, which devoured a mind without resources, and weary of itself, in the melancholy gloom of a sick

chamber, soon disgusted and fatigued her; she therefore left Audley Hall in October, and after staying ten days or a fortnight in Burlington-street, where she made an acquaintance with Bellozane, she went to pass the months that yet intervened before it was fashionable to appear in London, at a villa near Richmond; which she had taken in the summer, and fitted up with every ornament luxury could invent, or money purchase. She retired not thither, however, to court the Sylvan deities. A set of friends of both sexes attended her. Bellozane was very handsome, very lively, very much a man of fashion.—Lady Frances, who thought him no bad addition to her train, invited him also. Bellozane became the life of the party; and was soon so much at his ease in the family, and so great a favourite with her Ladyship, that only her high rank exempted her from those censures, which, in a less elevated condition, would have fallen on her, from the grave and sagacious personages who are so good as to take upon them the regulation of the world.

Crofts, detained by his office in London, heard more than gave him any pleasure. But like a wise and cautious husband, he forbore to complain. Besides the fear of his wife, which was no inconsiderable motive to silence, he had the additional fear of the martial and fierce-looking French soldier before his eyes; who talked, in very bad English, of such encounters and exploits, as made the cold-blooded politician shudder.

When, on Friday evenings, after the business of his office was over, he went down to Richmond, he now always found there this foreign Adonis; and beheld him with mingled hatred and horror, while he congealed both under the appearance of cringing and servile complaisance. And when Lady Frances

compared the narrow-spirited and mean-looking Crofts, with the handsome, animated, gallant Bellozane, the poor husband felt all the disadvantages of the comparison, and as certainly suffered for it.—Scorning to dissimulate with a man whom she thought infinitely too fortunate in being allied to her on any terms, and superior to the censures of a world, the greater part of whom she considered as beings of another species from the daughter of the Marquis of Montreville, her Ladyship grew every day fonder of the Chevalier, and less solicitous to conceal her partiality. She found, too, her vanity and inordinate self-love gratified, in believing that this elegant foreigner did justice to her superior attractions, and had been won by them from that inclination for Emmeline which had brought him to England. A conquest snatched from her, whom she had always considered at once with envy and contempt, was doubly delightful; and Bellozane, with all the volatility of his adopted country, saw nothing disloyal or improper in returning the kind attentions of Lady Frances, *en attendant* the arrival of Emmeline, with whom he was a good deal piqued for her having left London so abruptly, without informing him whither she was gone. He still preferred her to every other person; but he was not therefore insensible to the kindness, or blind to the charms of Lady Frances, who was really very handsome; and who, with a great portion of the beauty inherited by the Mowbray family, possessed the Juno-like air as well as the high spirit of her mother. In aid of these natural advantages, every refinement of art was exhausted; and by those who preferred its dazzling effects to the interesting and graceful simplicity of unadorned beauty, Lady Frances, dressed for the opera, might have been esteemed more charming, than Emmeline in her modest

mullin night-gown, or than the pensive Madona, which, in her widow's dress, was represented by Lady Adelina.

These two friends, after having passed a calm afternoon together, retired early to their respective apartments. Emmeline, who had a repeating watch, given her by Lord Westhaven, wound it up carefully; and having bolted her chamber-door, lay down for a few hours; being pretty sure that the anxiety she felt would awaken her before the return of that on which the stranger had appeared the preceding night. Fatigue and long watching closed her eyes; but her slumber was imperfect; and suddenly awaking at some fancied noise, she pressed her repeater, and found it was half past three o'clock.

This was about the time on which the man had appeared the former night; and though she felt some fear, she had yet more curiosity to know whether he came again. She arose softly, therefore, and went to the window, which she did not venture to open. But she had no occasion to look towards the shrubbery to watch the coming of the stranger; he was already traversing the length of the house, dressed as before; and with his arms folded, and his head bent towards the ground, he slowly moved in the same pensive attitude.

Emmeline, though now impressed with deeper astonishment, summoned resolution narrowly to observe his air and figure. Had not his hat concealed his face, the obscurity would not have allowed her to examine his features. But though the great coat he wore considerably altered the outline of his person, she still thought she discerned the form of Fitz-Edward. His height and his walk confirmed this idea; and the longer she observed him, the more she was persuaded it was Fitz-Edward himself. This con-

viction was not unaccompanied by terror. She wished to speak to him, and to represent the indiscretion, the madness of his thus risking the reputation of Lady Adelina, and his own life or that of one of her brothers; while the very idea of Godolphin's resentment and danger filled her mind with the most alarming apprehensions. She determined then to open the window and speak to him: yet if it should not be Fitz-Edward? At length she had collected the courage necessary; and knowing that tho' the whole family was yet fast asleep, she could easily rouse them, if the person to whom she spoke should not be known to her, and gave her any reason for alarm, she was on the point of lifting up the sash, when the stranger put an end to her deliberations, by hastily walking away to his former covert among the shrubs; and she saw him no more.

Emmeline, wearied alike with watchfulness and uneasiness, now went to bed; having at length determined to keep Barret (on whose silence and discretion she could rely) with her the next night; and when the Colonel appeared (for the Colonel she was sure it was), to send her to him, or at least make her witness to what she should herself say to him from the window. The anxiety of her mind made her very low on the early part of the next day; and Lady Adelina was still more so. They dined, however, early; and as the evening was clear, and they had not been out in the morning, Lady Adelina proposed their taking a short walk to the top of the hill behind the house, which commanded a glorious view that Emmeline had not seen; but as it was cold, they agreed to leave little William at home. The grounds of Godolphin behind the house, consisted only of a small paddock, divided from the kitchen garden by a dwarf wall; and the copse, which partly clothed

the hill, and through which a foot-path went to a village about two miles beyond it. The woody ground ceasing about half way up, opened to a down which commanded the view. They stood admiring it a few moments; and then Emmeline, who could not for an instant help reflecting on what she had seen for two nights, felt something like alarm at being so far from the house. She complained therefore that it was cold; and the evening (at this season very short) was already shutting in.

The wind blew chill and hollow among the half-stripped trees, as they passed through the wood; and the dead leaves rustled in the blast. 'Twas such a night as Ossian might describe. Emmeline recollected the visionary beings with which his poems abound, and involuntarily she shuddered. At the gate that opened into the lawn, Lady Adelina stopped as if she was tired. She was talking of something Godolphin had done; and Emmeline, who on that subject was never weary of hearing her, turned round, and they both leaned for a moment against the gate, looking up the wood walk from which they had just descended. The veil of Lady Adelina was over her face; but Emmeline, less wrapped up, suddenly saw the figure which had before visited the garden, descending in exactly the same posture, down the path-way, which was rather steep. He seemed unknowingly to follow it, without looking up; and was soon so near them, that Emmeline, losing at once her presence of mind, clasped her hands, and exclaimed—"Good God! who is this?"

"What?" said Lady Adelina, looking towards him.

By this time he was within six paces of the gate; and sprung forward at the very moment that she knew him, and fell senseless on the ground.

Emmeline, unable to save her, was in a situation but little better. Fitz-Edward, for it was really himself, knelt down by her, and lifted her up. But she was without any appearance of life; and he, who had no intention of rushing thus abruptly into her presence, was too much agitated to be able to speak.

"Ah! why should you do this, Sir?" said Emmeline in a tremulous voice. "What can I do with her?" added she. Merciful heaven, what can be done? How *could* you be so cruel, so inconsiderate?"

"Don't talk to me," said he—"don't reproach me! I am not able to bear it! I suffer too much already! Have you no salts? Have you nothing to give her?"

Emmeline now, with trembling hands, searched her pockets for a bottle of salts which she sometimes carried. She luckily had it; and, in another pocket, some Hungary water, with which she bathed the temples of her friend, who still lay apparently dead.

She remained some moments in that situation; and Emmeline had time to reflect, which she did with the utmost perturbation, on what would be the consequence of this interview when she recovered her recollection. She dreaded lest the sight of Fitz-Edward should totally unsettle her reason; she dreaded lest Godolphin should know he had clandestinely been there; and she concluded it were better to persuade him to leave them before the senses of Lady Adelina returned.

"How fearfully long she continues in this fainting fit," cried she, "and yet do I dread seeing her recover from it."

"You dread it!—and why dread it?"

"Indeed I do. When her recollection returns, it may yet be worse; you know not how nearly gone

her intellects have at times been, and the least emotion may render her for ever a lunatic."

"It is the cruelty of her brother," sternly replied Fitz-Edward, "that has driven her to this. His rigid conduct has overwhelmed her spirits and broken her heart. But *now*, since we *have* met, we part not till I hear from herself whether she prefers driving me to desperation, or quitting, in the character I can now offer her, the cold and barbarous Godolphin."

"Do not, ah! pray do not attempt to speak to her now. Let me try to get her home; and when she is better able to see you, indeed I will send to you."

"Can you then suppose I will leave her? But perhaps she is already gone! She seems to be dead—quite dead and cold!"

Nothing but terror now lent Emmeline strength to continue chafing her temples and her hands. In another moment or two the blood began to circulate; and soon after, with a deep sigh, Lady Adelina opened her eyes.

"For pity's sake," said Emmeline in a low voice—"for pity's sake do not speak to her." Then addressing herself to her, she said—"Lady Adelina, are you better?"

"Yes."

"Do you think I can assist you home?"

"She shall not be hurried," said Fitz-Edward.

"Ah! save me! save me!" exclaimed she, faintly shrieking—"save me!" and clasping her arms round Emmeline, she attempted to rise.

"Am I then grown so hateful to you," said Fitz-Edward, as he assisted and supported her—"that for one poor moment you will not allow me to ap-

proach you. Will no penitence, no sufferings obtain your pity?"

"Take me away, Emmeline!" cried she, in a hurried manner—"ah! take me quick away! Godolphin will come, he will come indeed.—Let us go home—go home before he finds us here!"

"It is as I said!" exclaimed Fitz-Edward: her brother has terrified her into madness. But——"

Emmeline, now making an effort to escape falling into a condition as deplorable as was her friend's, said, with some firmness—"Mr. Fitz-Edward, I must intreat you to say nothing about her brother. It is a topic of all others least likely to restore her."

Adelina still clung to her; and putting away Fitz-Edward with her hand, laid her head on the shoulder of Emmeline, who said—"I fancy you can walk. Shall we go towards home?"

Lady Adelina, without speaking, and still motioning with her hand for Fitz-Edward to leave her, moved on. But so enfeebled was she, that in the very attempt she had again nearly fallen; Emmeline being infinitely too much frightened to lend her much assistance.

"She cannot walk," cried Fitz-Edward, "yet will not let me support her. Will *you*, Miss Mowbray, accept my arm; perhaps it may enable you to guide better the faltering steps of your friend."

Emmeline thought that at all events it was better to get her into the house; and therefore taking, in silence, the arm that Fitz-Edward offered her, she proceeded across the lawn. Lady Adelina appeared to exert herself. She quickened her pace a little; and they were soon at a small gate, which opened in a wire fence near the house to keep the cattle immediately from the windows. Here Emmeline deter-

mined to make another effort on Fitz-Edward, to persuade him to leave them.

"Now," said she, "we shall do very well. Had you not better quit us?"

He seemed disposed to obey; when Mrs. Barret, who had seen them from the door, where she had been watching the return of her lady, advanced hastily towards them, and said to Emmeline—"Dear Ma'am, I am so glad you and my lady are come in! The Captain is quite frightened at your being out so late."

"The Captain!" exclaimed Emmeline.

"Yes, Ma'am, the Captain has been come in about two minutes; he is but just seeing Master Godolphin, and then was coming out to meet you."

"Take hold of your lady, Barret," cried Emmeline. Barret ran forward. But Lady Adelina (whom the terror of her brother's return at such a moment had again entirely overcome) was already lifeless in the arms of Fitz-Edward; and Emmeline, whose first idea was to go in and prevent Godolphin from coming out to meet them, could get no farther than the door; where, breathless and almost senseless, she was only prevented from falling by leaning against one of the pillars.

"Your lady is in a fainting fit, Mrs. Barret," said Fitz-Edward; "pray assist her."

The woman at once knew his voice, and saw the situation of her lady; and terrified both by the one and the other, screamed aloud. Godolphin, caressing his nephew in the parlour, heard not the shriek; but a footman who was crossing the hall ran out; and flying by Emmeline, ran to the group beyond her; where, as Mrs. Barret still wildly called for help for Lady Adelina, he proposed to Fitz-Edward

to carry her ladyship into the house, which they together immediately did.

This was what Emmeline most dreaded. But there was no time for remonstrance. As they passed her at the door, she put her hand upon Fitz-Edward's arm, and cried—"Oh! stop! for God's sake, stop!"

"Why stop?" said he. "No! nothing shall now detain me; I am determined, and *must* go on!" She saw, indeed, that Godolphin's being in the house only made him more obstinately bent to enter it.

The door of the parlour now opened; and Godolphin saw, with astonishment inexpressible, his sister, to all appearance dead, in the arms of Fitz-Edward; and Emmeline, as pale, and almost as lifeless, following her; who silently, and with fixed eyes, sat down near the door.

"What can be the meaning of this?" exclaimed Godolphin. Miss Mowbray!—my Emmeline!—my Adelina!"

The child, with whom Godolphin had been at play, reached out his little arms to Lady Adelina, whom they had placed on a sofa. Godolphin sat him down upon it; and not knowing where to fix his own attention, he looked wildly, first at his sister, and then at Emmeline; while Fitz-Edward, totally regardless of him, knelt by the side of Lady Adelina, and surveyed her and the little boy with an expression impossible to be described.

"For mercy's sake tell me," said Godolphin, as he took the cold and trembling hands of Emmeline in his—"for mercy's sake tell me what all this means? Is my sister, my poor Adelina dead?"

"I hope not!"

"You are yourself almost terrified to death. Your hands tremble. Tell me, I conjure you tell me, what

you have met with, and to what is owing the extraordinary appearance of Mr. Fitz-Edward here?"

"That, or any further inquiry Mr. Godolphin has to make which may relate to me," said Fitz-Edward sternly, "I shall be ready at any other time to answer; but now it appears more necessary to attend to this dear injured creature!"

"Injured, Sir!" cried Godolphin, turning angrily towards him—"Do you come hither to tell me your crimes, or to triumph in their consequence?"

"Oh! for the love of heaven!" said Emmeline, with all the strength she could collect, "let this proceed no farther. Consider," added she, lowering her voice, "the servants are in the room. Reflect on the consequence of what you say."

"Let every body but Barret go out," said Godolphin aloud.

The child, whose usual hour of going to rest was already past, had crept up to his mother, heedless of the people who surrounded her, and had dropped asleep on her bosom.

"Should I take Master, Sir?" inquired the nursery maid of Godolphin.

"Leave him!" answered he, fiercely.

Excess of terror now operated to restore, in some measure, to Emmeline, the presence of mind it had deprived her of. She found it absolutely necessary to exert herself; and advancing towards Lady Adelina, by whose side Fitz-Edward still knelt, she took one of her hands—"I hope," said she to Barret, "your lady is coming to; she is less pale, and her pulse is returning. Colonel Fitz-Edward, would it not be better for you now to leave us?"

"I must first speak to Lady Adelina."

"Impossible! you cannot speak to her to-night."

"Nor can I leave her, Madam, unless she herself

dismisses me.—Leave her, thus weak and languid, to meet perhaps on my account reproach and unkindness!”

“Reproach and unkindness! Mr. Fitz-Edward,” said Godolphin, in a passionate tone—“Reproach and unkindness! Do me the favour to say from whom you apprehend she may receive such treatment?”

“From the cruel and unrelenting brother, who has persisted in wishing to divide us, even after heaven itself has removed the barrier between us.”

“Sir,” replied Godolphin, with a stern calmness—“in this house, and in Miss Mowbray’s presence, you may say any thing with impunity, and I may bear this language, even from the faithless destroyer of my sister.”

Fitz-Edward now starting from his knees, looked the defiance he was about to utter, when Lady Adelina drew a deep and loud sigh, and Barret exclaimed—“For God’s sake, Gentlemen, do not go on with these high words. My lady is coming to; but this sort of discourse will throw her again into her fits worse than ever. Pray let me intreat of you both to be pacified.”

“I insist upon it,” said Emmeline, “that you are calm, or it will not be in my power to stay. I must leave you, indeed I must, Mr. Godolphin! If you would not see *me* expire with terror, and entirely kill your sister, you must be cool.” She was indeed again deprived nearly of her breath and recollection, by the fear of their instantly flying to extremities.

Lady Adelina now opened her eyes, and looked round her. But there was wildness and horror in them; and she seemed rather to see the objects, than to have any idea of who were with her.

The child, however, was always present to her.

"My dear boy here?" cried she, faintly; "poor fellow, he is asleep!"

"Shall I take him from you, Ma'am?" asked her woman.

"Oh! no! I will put him to bed myself." She then again reposed her head as if fatigued, and sighed. "'Twas all," said she, "long foreseen. But destiny, they say, must be fulfilled, and fate will have its way. I wish I had not been the cause of his death, however."

"Of whose death, dear Madam?" said Barret. "Nobody is dead; nobody indeed."

"Did I not hear him groan, and see him die? Did not he tell me, I know not what, of my Lord Westhaven? I shall remember it all distinctly to-morrow!"

She now rested again, profoundly sighing; and Emmeline beckoning to Fitz-Edward and Godolphin, took them to the other end of the room, where the arm of the sofa she reclined on concealed them from her view. "Pray," said she, addressing herself to them both, "pray leave her." Then recollecting that she dared not trust them together, she added—"No, don't both go at once. But indeed it is absolutely necessary to have her kept quite quiet, and got to bed as soon as possible."

"I believe it is," answered Godolphin. "Poor Adeline! her dreadful malady is returned."

"It is indeed," said Emmeline. "I have seen it too evidently approaching for some days; and this last shock"—she stopped, and repented she had said so much.

"Mr. Fitz-Edward," cried Godolphin, "will you walk with me into another room?"

"Certainly."

"Oh! no! no!" exclaimed Emmeline with quickness.

"They were going out together; but taking an arm of each, she eagerly repeated—"Oh! no! no! not together!"

The imagination of Lady Adelina was now totally disordered. She had risen; and carrying the child in her arms, walked towards her brother, who, in traversing the apartment with uneasy steps, was by this time near the door; while Fitz-Edward was at the other end of the room, where Emmeline was trying to persuade him to quit the house.

Lady Adelina, supported by her maid, and trembling under the weight of the infant she clasped to her bosom, stepped along as quickly as her weakness would allow; and putting her hand on Godolphin's arm, she cried, in a slow and tremulous manner—"Stay, William! I have something to say to you before you go. Lord Westhaven, you know, is coming; and you have promised that he shall not kill me. I may however die; and I rather believe I shall; for since this last fight I am strangely ill. You and Emmeline will take care of my poor boy, will ye not? Had Fitz-Edward lived—nay do not look so angry, for now he cannot offend you—had poor Fitz-Edward lived, he would perhaps have taken him. But now, I must depend on Emmeline, who has promised to be good to him. They say she will have a great fortune too, and therefore I need not fear that you will find my child burthensome."

"Burthensome!" cried Godolphin. "Good God, Adelina!"

"Well! well! be not offended. Only, you know, when people come to have a family of their own, the child of another may be reckoned an incumbrance.

I know that now you love my William dearly; but then, you know, it will be another thing."

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed Godolphin, "what can have made her talk in this manner?"

"Reason in madness! said Fitz-Edward, advancing towards her. "Her son, however, shall be an incumbrance to nobody."

Emmeline now grasping his hand, implored him not to speak to her. Lady Adelina neither heard nor noticed him; but again addressing herself to her brother, said, with a mournful sigh—"And now, since I have told you what was upon my mind, I will go put my little boy to bed. Good night to you, dear William! You and Miss Mowbray will remember!—" She then walked out of the room, and calmly took the way to her own, attended by her maid.

Emmeline, not daring to leave together these two ardent spirits irritated against each other, remained, trembling, with them; hoping by her presence to prevent their animosity from blazing forth, and to prevail upon them to part. They both continued for some time to traverse the room in gloomy silence. At length Fitz-Edward stopped, and said—"At what hour to-morrow, Sir, may I have the honour of some conversation with you?"

"At whatever hour you please, Sir—the earlier, however, the more agreeable."

"At seven o'clock, Sir, I will be with you."

"If you please; at that hour I will be ready to receive your commands."

Fitz-Edward then took his hat, and bowing to Emmeline, wished her a good night, and left the room. Starting from her chair, she followed him into the hall, and shut the parlour door after her.

"Fitz-Edward," cried she, detaining him, and

speaking in a half whisper—"Fitz-Edward, hear me! Do you design to kill me?"

"To kill you?" replied he. "No surely."

"Then do not go till you have heard me."

"It is unpleasant to me to stay in Godolphin's house after what has just passed. But as you please."

She led him into a little breakfast room; and regardless of being without light, shut the door.

"Tell me," said she, "before I die with terror—tell me with what intention you come to-morrow?"

"Simply to have a positive answer from Mr. Godolphin, if he will, together with his brother, allow me, when the usual mourning is over, to address their sister with proposals of marriage; which in fact they have no right to prevent. And if Mr. Godolphin refuses——"

"What, if he refuses?"

"I shall take my son into my own care, and wait till Lady Adelina will herself exert that freedom which is now her's."

"Godolphin doats on the child. Nothing, I am persuaded, will induce him to part with it."

"Not part with it? He must, nay he *shall*!"

"Pray be calm—pray be quiet. Stay yet a few months—a few weeks."

"Not a day! Not an hour!"

"Good God! what *can* be done? Mischiefs will inevitably happen!"

"I am sorry," replied Fitz-Edward, "that you are thus made uneasy. But I cannot recede; and my life has not been pleasant enough lately to make me very solicitous about the event of my explanation with Mr. Godolphin. Conscious, however, that he has some reason to complain of me, I do not wish to increase it. I mean to keep *my* temper, *if I can*; but if he suffers *his* to pass the bounds which one gentle-

man must observe towards another, I shall not consider myself as the aggressor, or as answerable for the consequences."

"But why, oh! why would you come hither? Wherefore traverse the garden of a night, and suffer appearances to be so much against you, and what is yet worse, against Lady Adelina?"

"Who told you I have done so—Godolphin?"

"No. He was, you well know, absent. But I saw you myself; with terror I saw you, and meditated how to speak to you alone, when our unhappy meeting in the wood this evening put an end to all my contrivances."

"Yet I had no intention of terrifying you, or of abruptly rushing into the presence of Adelina. It is true, that for some nights past I have walked under the window where she and my child sleep: for I could not sleep; and it was a sort of melancholy enjoyment to me to be near the spot which held all I have dear on earth. As I pass at the ale-house where I lodge, as a person hiding in this island from the pursuit of creditors, my desire of concealment did not appear extraordinary. I have often lingered among the rocks and copses, and seen Adelina and my child with you. Last night I came out in the dusk, and was approaching, to conceal myself near the house, in hopes, that as you love walking late, and alone, I might have found an opportunity of speaking to you, and of concerting with *you* the means of introducing myself to *her* without too great an alarm.

"Would to heaven you had! But now, since all this has happened, consent to put off this meeting with Godolphin. Do not meet, at least, to-morrow! I intreat that you will not!"

"On all subjects but this," said he, as he opened the door—"on all subjects but this, Miss Mowbray

knows she may command me. But this is a point from which I cannot, without infamy, recede; and in which she must forgive me, if all my veneration and esteem for her goodness and tenderness does not induce me to desist."

He then went into the hall; and by the lamp which burnt there, opened himself the door into the garden and hastily walked away. While the trembling and harrassed Emmeline, finding him inflexible, went back to Godolphin, with very little hopes that she should, with him, have better success.

C H A P. XIV.

ON entering the room, Emmeline sat down without speaking.

"How is Adelina, my dearest Miss Mowbray?"

"I know not."

"You have not, then, been with her?"

"No."

"Were it not best to inquire after her?"

"Certainly. I will go immediately."

"But come to me again—I have much to say to you."

Emmeline then went up stairs. She found that the composing medicine, which Barret had been directed to keep always by her, had been liberally administered; and that her lady was got into bed, and was already asleep. Barret sat by her. Deep sighs and convulsive catchings marked the extreme agitation of her spirits after she was no longer conscious of it herself. With this account Emmeline returned, in great uneasiness, to Godolphin.

"I thank Heaven," said he, "that she is at least for some moments insensible of pain! Now, my Em-

Emeline, for surely I may be allowed to say *my* Emeline, sit down and try to compose yourself. I cannot bear to see you thus pale and trembling."

He led her to a seat, and placed himself by her; gazing with extreme concern on her face, pallid as it was, and expressive only of sorrow and anxiety.

"Whence is it," said she, after a pause of some moments, "that I see you here? Did I not come hither on the assurance you gave me that you would long be detained in or near London by the business of your sister?"

"I certainly did say so. But I could not then foresee what happened on the Sunday after you left London."

"Has, then, any thing happened?"

"The return of Lord and Lady Westhaven, with Lord Delamere."

"Are they all well?"

"Tolerably so. But my brother is very anxious to see Adelina; and expects *you* with little less solicitude. He could not think of giving Lady Westhaven the trouble of such a journey; nor could he now leave her without being unhappy. I therefore, at his pressing request, came myself to fetch you both to London."

"And do you mean that we should begin our journey to-morrow?"

"I *meant* it, certainly, till the events of this evening made me doubtful how far my sister herself may be in a situation to bear change of place and variety of objects; or being able, whether she may chuse to leave to me the direction of her actions."

"Ah! impute not to Lady Adelina the meeting with Fitz-Edward; it was entirely accidental; its suddenness overcame her, and threw her into the way in which you saw her."

“ And what has a man to answer for, who thus comes to insult his victim, and to rob her of the little tranquillity time may have restored to her ?”

“ Indeed I think you injure poor Fitz-Edward. Fondly attached to your sister, he has no other wish or hope than to be allowed to address her when the time of her mourning for Mr. Trelawny is expired. For this permission he intended to apply to you : but the severity with which you ever received his advances discouraged him ; and he then, in the hope of hearing that such an application would not be rendered ineffectual by her own refusal, and languishing to see his son, came hither ; not with any intention of forcing himself abruptly into the presence of Lady Adelina, but to see *me*, and induce me to intercede with her for an interview. Accident threw us in his way ; your sister fell senseless on the ground ; and when she did recover, endeavoured to avoid him : but she was too weak to walk home without other assistance than mine, and I was compelled to accept for her, that which Fitz-Edward offered. On hearing from Barret that you was returned, the terror which has ever pursued her, lest you and Fitz-Edward should meet as enemies, again overcame her, and occasioned the scene you must, with so much astonishment, have beheld.”

“ Has Adelina had any previous knowledge of the proposals Fitz-Edward intends to make ?”

“ None, I believe, in the world.

“ Do you know whether they have ever corresponded ?”

“ I am convinced they have not.”

“ There are objections in my mind, *insuperable* objections, to this alliance. These, however, I must talk over with the Colonel himself.”

“ Not *hostilely*, I hope. Surely you have too much

regard for the unhappy Adelina, to give way now to any resentment you may have conceived against him; or if *that* does not influence you, think of what *I* must suffer." She knew not what she had said; hardly what she intended to say.

"Enchanting softness!" exclaimed Godolphin in a transport—"Is then the safety of Godolphin so dear to that angelic bosom?"

"You know it but too well. But if *my* quiet is equally dear to *you*, promise me, that if this meeting to-morrow *must* take place, you will receive Fitz-Edward with civility, and hear him with patience. Remember on how many accounts this is necessary. Remember how many expressions there are which his profession will not allow him to hear without resentment, that must end in blood. Your's is *no* common cause of enmity; none of those trifling quarrels which daily send modern beaux into the field. Your characters are both high as military men, and as gentlemen; and your former intimacy must, I know, impress more deeply on the mind of each the injury or offence that either suppose they receive. Be careful then, Godolphin; promise me you will be careful!"

"Ah! lovely Emmeline! more lovely from this generous tenderness than from your other exquisite perfections; can I be insensible of the value of a life for which *you* interest yourself? and shall I suffer any other consideration to come in competition with your peace?"

"You promise me then?"

"To be calm with Fitz-Edward, I do. And while I remember his offence (for can I forget while I suffer from it), I will also recollect, that *you*, who have also suffered on the same account, think him worthy of compassion; and I will try to conquer, at least to

stifle, my resentment. But what shall we do with Adelina?"

"That must depend on her situation in the morning. I have greatly apprehended an unhappy turn in her intellects ever since my first coming. The death of Trelawny, far from appearing to have relieved her by removing the impediment to her union with Fitz-Edward, seems rather to have rendered her more wretched. Continually agitated by contending passions, she was long unhappy, in the supposition that Fitz-Edward had obeyed her when she desired him to forget her. Since Trelawny's decease, as she has more fearlessly allowed her thoughts to dwell on him, she has suffered all the anxiety of expecting to hear from him, and all the bitterness of disappointment. And I could plainly perceive, that she was still debating with herself, whether, if he *did* apply to her, she would accept him, or by a violent effort of heroism determine to see him no more. This conflict is yet to come. Judge whether, in the frame of mind in which you see her, she is equal to it; and whether any additional terror for you and for him will not quite undo her. Alas! far from aggravating, by pursuing your resentment, anguish so poignant, try rather to soothe her sorrows and assist her determination. And whatever that determination may be, when it is once made, she may perhaps be restored to health and to tranquillity."

"Indeed I will do all you dictate, my loveliest friend! Surely I should ill deserve the generosity you have shewn to me, were I incapable of feeling for others, and particularly for my sister. But wherefore that air of defiance which Mr. Fitz-Edward thought it necessary to assume? He seemed to come more disposed to *insult* than to conciliate the family of Lady Adelina."

"Alas! do you make no allowance for the perturbed situation of his mind, when he saw the woman he adores to all appearance dead, and for the first time beheld the poor little boy? He looked upon you as one who desires to tear from him for ever these beloved objects; and forgetting that he was the aggressor, thought only of the injury which he supposed you intended."

"There is, indeed, some apology for the asperity of his manner; and perhaps I was in some measure to blame. Generous, candid, considerate Emmeline! how does your excellent heart teach you to excuse those weaknesses you do not feel, and to pity and to forgive errors which your own perfect mind makes it impossible for you to commit! Ah! how heavily is your tenderness perpetually taxed: *here*, it is suffering from the sight of Adelina—in town, it will have another object in the unfortunate Delamere."

"Did you not tell me he was in tolerable health?"

"Alas! what is bodily health when the mind is ill at ease? The anxiety of Delamere to see you, to hear his destiny from yourself, is uneasy even to me, who feel my own exquisite happiness in knowing what that destiny must be. I look with even painful commiseration on this singular young man. Yet from passions so violent, and obstinacy so invincible, I must have rejoiced that Miss Mowbray has escaped; even though her preference of the fortunate Godolphin had not rendered his lot the most happy that a human being can possess."

"Since you are so good," said Emmeline faintly, for she was quite exhausted, "to compassionate the situation of mind of Delamere, you will, I think, see the humanity of concealing from him—that—" She could find no term she liked, to express her meaning, and stopped.

"That he has a fortunate rival?" said Godolphin.
"No, dearest Emmeline, I hope I am incapable of such a triumph! Till poor Delamere is more at ease I am content to enjoy the happiness of knowing your favourable opinion, without wishing, by an insulting display of it, to convince him he has forever

'Thrown a pearl away richer than all his tribe!'

"Yet I am sure you will think it still more cruel to give him hope. I will tell you all my weakness. While I see you here, all benignity and goodness to me, I feel for Lord Delamere infinite pity; but were you to receive him with your usual sweetness, to give him many of those enchanting smiles, and to look at him with those soft eyes, as if you tenderly felt his sorrows, I am not sure whether the most unreasonable jealousy would not possess me, and whether I should not hate him as much as I now wish him well."

"That were to be indeed unreasonable, and to act very inconsistently with your natural candour and humanity. I will not think so ill of you as to believe you. You know I must of course often see Lord Delamere: but after the avowal you have extorted from me, surely I need not repeat that I shall see him only as my friend."

Godolphin then kissed her hands in rapture; and for a few moments forgot even his concern for Lady Adelina. Emmeline now wished to break off the conversation; and he at length allowed her to leave him. After having inquired of Barret after her mistress, who was happily in a calmer sleep, she retired to her own room, where she hoped to have a few hours of repose: but notwithstanding the promises of Godolphin, she felt, as the hour of the morning approached

on which he was to meet Fitz-Edward, that anxiety chased away sleep, and again made her suffer the cruellest suspense.

The heart of Godolphin, glowing with the liveliest sense of his own happiness, yet felt with great keenness the unfortunate situation of his sister. He began to doubt whether he had any right to perpetuate her wretchedness; and whether it were not better to leave it to herself to decide in regard to Fitz-Edward. The delicacy of his honour made him see an infinity of objections to their marriage, which to common minds might appear chimerical and romantic. To that part of his own family who were yet ignorant of her former indiscretion, as he could not urge his reasons, his opposition of Fitz-Edward must seem capricious and unjust. Lord Westhaven must therefore either be told that, which had hitherto with so much pains been concealed from him, or he must determine to refer Fitz-Edward entirely to Lady Adelina herself; and on this, after long deliberation, he fixed.

Exactly as the clock struck seven, Fitz-Edward was at the door; and was introduced into Godolphin's study, who was already up and waiting for him. Emmeline, still full of apprehension, had arisen before six, and hearing Lady Adelina was still asleep, had gone down stairs, and waited with a palpitating heart in the breakfast room.

She was glad to distinguish, at their first meeting, the usual salutations of the morning. She listened; but though the rest of the house was profoundly silent, she could not hear their conversation, or even the tone in which it was carried on. It was not, however, loud, and she drew from thence a favourable omen. Near two hours passed, during which breakfast was carried in to them; and as the servant passed back-

wards and forwards, she heard parts of sentences, which assured her that then, at least, they were conversing on indifferent subjects.

Now, therefore, the agitation of her spirits began to subside; and she dared even to hope that this meeting would prove the means of reconciliation, rather than of producing those fatal effects she had dreaded.

In about a quarter of an hour, however, after they had finished their breakfast, they went out, and crossed the lawn together. Then again her heart failed her; and without knowing exactly what she intended, she took the little boy, whom the maid had just brought to her, and walked as quickly as possible after them. Before she could overtake them, they had reached the gate; and in turning to shut it after him, Godolphin saw her, and both together came hastily back to meet her. At the same moment, the child putting out his hands to Godolphin, called him papa! as he had been used to do; and Fitz-Edward, snatching him up, kissed him tenderly, while his eyes were filled with tears.

Godolphin took the hand of Emmeline, "Why this terror? why this haste?" said he, observing her to be almost breathless.

"I thought—I imagined—I was afraid—" answered she, not knowing what she said.

"Be not alarmed," said Godolphin—"We go together as friends."

"And Godolphin," interrupted Fitz-Edward, "is again the same noble minded Godolphin I once knew, and have always loved."

"Let us say then," cried Emmeline, "no more of the past.—Let us look forward only to the future."

"And the happiness of that future, at least as far

as it relates to me, depends, dearest Miss Mowbray, on you."

"On me!"

"Godolphin wishes me not now to see his sister. I have acquiesced. He wishes me even to refrain from seeing her till she has been six months a widow. With this, also, I have complied. But as it is not in my power to remain thus long in a suspense so agonizing as that I now endure, he allows me to write to her, and refers wholly to herself my hopes and my despair. Ah! generous, lovely Emmeline! *you* can influence the mind of your friend. When she is calm, give her the letter I will send to you; and if you would save me from a life of lingering anguish to which death is preferable, procure for me a favourable answer."

Emmeline could not refuse a request made by Fitz-Edward which Godolphin seemed not to oppose. She therefore acquiesced; and saw him, after he had again tenderly caressed the child, depart with Godolphin, who desired her to return to the house, in order to await Lady Adelina's rising; where he would soon join her. With an heart lightened of half the concern she had felt on this melancholy subject, she now went to the apartment of her poor friend, who was just awakened from the stupor rather than the sleep into which the soporifics she had taken had thrown her. With an heavy and reluctant eye she looked round her, as if hopeless of seeing the image now always present to her imagination. Emmeline approached her with the child. She seemed happy to see them; and desiring her to sit down by the bedside, said—"Tell me truly what has happened? have I taken any medicine that has confused my head, or how happens it that I appear to have been in a long and most uneasy dream? Wild and half formed

images still seem to float before my eyes; and when I attempt to make them distinct, I am but the more bewildered and uneasy."

"Think not about it, then, till the heaviness you complain of is gone off."

"Tell me, Emmeline, have I really only dreamed, or was a stranger here yesterday? I thought, that, suddenly I saw Fitz-Edward, thin, pale, emaciated, looking as if he were unhappy; and then, as it has of late often happened, I lost at once all traces of him; and in his place Godolphin came, and I know not what else; it is all confusion and terror!"

Emmeline now considered a moment; and then concluded that it would be better to relate distinctly to her, since she now seemed capable of hearing it, all that had really passed the preceding evening, than to let her fatigue her mind by conjectures, and enfeeble it by fears. She therefore gave her a concise detail of what had happened; from the accidental meeting with Fitz-Edward, to the parting she had herself just had with him in the garden. She carefully watched the countenance of Lady Adelina while she was speaking; and saw with pleasure, that though excessively agitated, she melted into tears, and heard, with a calmer joy than she had dared to hope, the certainty of Fitz-Edward's tender attachment, and the unhopèd-for reconciliation between him and her brother. Having indulged her tears some time, she tenderly pressed the hand of Emmeline, and said, in a faint voice, that she found herself unable to rise and meet Godolphin till she had recovered a little more strength of mind, and that she wished to be left alone. Emmeline, rejoiced to find her so tranquil, left her, and rejoined Godolphin, who was by this time returned; and who read, in the animated countenance

of Emmeline, that she had favourable news to relate to him of his sister.

While they enjoyed together the prospect of Lady Adelina's return to health and peace, of which they had both despaired, the natural cheerfulness of Emmeline, which anxiety and affection had so long obscured, seemed in some degree to return; and feeling that she loved Godolphin better than ever, for that generous placability of spirit he had shewn to the repentant Fitz-Edward, she no longer attempted to conceal her tenderness, or withhold her confidence from her deserving lover. They breakfasted together; and afterwards, as Lady Adelina still wished to be alone, they walked over the little estate which lay round the house, and Emmeline allowed him to talk of the improvements he meditated when she should become its mistress. The pleasure, however, which lightened in her eyes, and glowed in her bosom, was checked and diminished, when the image of Delamere, in jealousy and despair, intruded itself. And she could look forward to no future happiness for herself, undashed with sorrow, while he remained in a state of mind so deplorable. When they returned into the house, Barret brought to Godolphin the following note:—

“Dearest and most generous Godolphin! I find myself unequal to the task of *speaking* on what has passed within these last twenty-four hours. I wish still to see you. But let our conversation turn wholly on Lord Westhaven, of whom I am anxious to hear; and spare me, for the present, on the subject which now blinds with tears your weak but grateful and affectionate

“ADELINA.”

Godolphin now assured her, by Emmeline, that he would mention nothing that should give her a moment's pain, and that she should herself lead the conversation.

He soon after went up to her and Emmeline, in her dressing-room; and found her still calm, though very low and languid. The name of Fitz-Edward was carefully avoided. But in the short time they were together, Godolphin observed that the eyes of Lady Adelina seemed, on the entrance of any one into the room, fearfully and anxiously to examine whether they brought the letter she had been taught to expect from Fitz-Edward. It was easy to see that she deeply meditated on the answer which she must give; and that she felt an internal struggle, which Godolphin feared might again unsettle her understanding. She was too faint to sit up long; and desirous of being left entirely alone, Godolphin had for the rest of the day the happiness of entertaining Emmeline apart. He failed not to avail himself of it; and drew from her a confession of her partiality towards him, even from the first day of their acquaintance; and long before she dared trust her heart to inquire into the nature of those sentiments with which it was impressed.

Late in the evening, a messenger arrived with the expected letter from Fitz-Edward. To convince Godolphin of the perfect integrity with which he acted, he sent him a copy of it; adding, that he was then on his road to London, where he should await, in painful solicitude, the decision of Lady Adelina. It was determined that Emmeline should give her the letter the next morning; and that, if after reading it, she retained the same languid composure which she had before shewn, they should go in the evening to Southampton, and from thence proceed the follow-

ing day to London, where Lord and Lady Westhaven so anxiously expected their arrival.

When Emmeline delivered the letter, Lady Adelina turned pale, and trembled. She left her to read it; and on returning to her in about half an hour, Emmeline found her drowned in tears. She seemed altogether unwilling to speak of the contents of the letter; but assured Emmeline that she was very well able to undertake the journey her brother proposed, and she believed it would be rather useful than prejudicial to her. "As to the letter," added she, with a deep sigh, "it will not for some days be in my power to answer it."

Every thing was, by the diligence of Godolphin, soon prepared for their departure. Lady Adelina, her little boy, Emmeline and Godolphin, attended by their servants, went the same evening to Southampton; from whence they began their journey the next day; and resting one night at Farnham, arrived early only the following at the house Lord Westhaven had taken in Grosvenor-street.

CHAP. XV.

THE transports with which Lord Westhaven received his sister, were considerably checked by her melancholy air and faded form. The beauty and vivacity which she possessed when he last saw her, were quite gone, though she was now only in her twenty-second year; and tears and sighs were the only language by which she could express the pleasure she felt at again seeing him. Imputing, however, this dejection entirely to her late unfortunate marriage, his Lordship expressed rather sorrow than wonder. He admired the little boy, whom he believed to be

the son of Godolphin; and he met Emmeline with that unreserved and generous kindness he had ever shewn her.

Lady Westhaven, with the truest pleasure, again embraced the friend of her heart; and with delight Emmeline met her; but it was soon abated by the sanguine hopes she expressed, that nothing would now long delay the happiness of Lord Delamere.

"My Emmeline," said she, "will now be indeed my sister! Lord Montreville and my mother can no longer oppose a marriage so extremely advantageous to their son. *She* will forgive them for their long blindness; and pardoning poor Delamere for the involuntary error into which he was forced, will constitute the happiness of him and of his family."

To this, Emmeline could only answer, that she had not the least intention of marrying. Lady Westhaven laughed at that assertion. And she foresaw a persecution preparing for her, on behalf of Delamere, which was likely to give her greater uneasiness than she had yet suffered from any event of her life.

Lord Westhaven, as soon as they grew a little composed, took an opportunity of leaving the rest of the party; and went into his dressing-room, where he sent for Emmeline.

"Well, my lovely cousin," said he, when she was seated, "I have seen Lord Montreville on your business. I cannot say that his Lordship received me with pleasure. But some allowances must be made for a man who loves money, on finding himself obliged to relinquish so large an estate, and to refund so large a sum as he holds of your's."

"I hope, however, you, my Lord, have had no dispute on my account with the Marquis?"

"Oh! none in the world. What he *thought*, I had no business to inquire; what he said, was not

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much; as he committed the arguments against you to Sir Richard Crofts, who talked very long, and, as far as I know, very learnedly. He spoke like a lawyer and a politician. I cut the matter short, by telling him that I should attend to nothing but from an honest man and a gentleman."

"That was severe, my Lord."

"Oh! he did not feel it. Wrapped in his own self-sufficiency, and too rich to recollect the necessity of being honest, he still persisted in trying to persuade me, that nothing should be done in regard to restoring your estate till all the deeds had been examined; as he had his doubts whether, allowing your father's marriage to be established, great part of the landed property is not entailed on the heirs male. In short, he only seemed desirous of gaining time and giving trouble. But the first, I was determined not to allow him; and to shorten the second, I took Mr. Newton with me the next day, and desired Sir Richard, if he could prove any entail, to produce his proofs. For that, he had an evasion ready—he had not had *time* to examine the deeds; which I find are all in his hands. *We*, however, were better prepared. Mr. Newton produced the papers that authenticated your birth; he offered to bring a witness who was present when Mr. Mowbray was married to Miss Stavordale; nay, even the clergyman who performed the ceremony at Paris, and who is found to be actually living in Westmoreland. The hand-writing of your father is easily proved; and Mr. Newton, summing up briefly all the corroborating testimonies that exist of your right to the Mowbray estate, concluded by telling Lord Montreville, that at the end of two days he should wait upon his Lordship for his determination, whether he would dispute it in a court of law, or settle it amicably with me on behalf of his

niece. Newton then left us; and I desired your uncle to allow me a few moments private conversation; which, as he could not refuse it, obliged old Crofts, and that formal blockhead his son, to leave us alone together. I then represented to him how greatly his character must suffer should the affair become public. That though I believed myself he was really ignorant of the circumstances which gave you, from the moment of your father's death, an undoubted claim to the whole of his fortune, yet that the world will not believe it; but will consider him as a man so cruelly insatiable, so shamefully unjust, as to take advantage of a defenceless orphan to accumulate riches he did not want, and had no right to enjoy. I added, that if notwithstanding he chose to go into court, he must excuse me if I forgot the near connection I had with him, and appeared publicly as the assertor of your claim, and of course as his enemy.

"The Marquis seemed very much hurt at the peremptory style in which I thought myself obliged to speak. He declined giving any positive answer; saying, only, that he must consult his wife and his son. What the former said, I know not; but the latter, generous in his nature, and adoring *you*, protested to his father that he would himself, as your next nearest relation, join in the suit against him, if the estate was not immediately given up. This spirited resolution of Lord Delamere, and the opinions of several eminent lawyers whom Sir Richard was sent to consult, at length brought Lord Montreville to a resolution before the expiration of the two days; and last night I received a letter from him, to say that he would, on Monday next, account with you, and put you in possession of your estate; the management of which,

however, and the care of your person, he should reserve to himself till you were of age."

"Good God!" exclaimed Emmeline, trembling, "am I to meet my uncle on Monday on this business?"

"Yes; and wherefore are you terrified?"

"At the idea of his anger—his hatred; and of being compelled to live with the Marchioness, who always disliked me, and now must detest me."

Lord Westhaven then assured her that he would be there to support her spirits. That her uncle, whatever might be his feelings, would not express them by rudeness and asperity; but would more probably be desirous of shewing kindness and seeking reconciliation. Yet that it was improbable he should propose her residing with Lady Montreville; "whose present state of health," said he, "makes her incapable of leaving her room, and for whose life the most serious apprehensions are entertained by her physicians."

Emmeline, thus reassured by Lord Westhaven on that subject, and extremely glad to hear there would be no necessity for proceedings at law against her uncle, returned with some cheerfulness to the company; where it was not increased by the entrance of Lord Delamere, which happened soon afterwards.

The very ill state of health, indicated by his appearance, extremely hurt her. Nor was she less affected by his address to her, so expressive of the deepest anguish and regret. She could not bear to receive him with haughtiness and coldness; but mildly, and with smiles, returned the questions he put to her on common subjects. His chagrin seemed to wear off: and hope, which Emmeline as little wished to give, again reanimated in some degree his melancholy countenance.

The next day, and again the next, he came to Lord Westhaven's; but Emmeline cautiously avoided any conversation with him to which the whole company were not witnesses. Godolphin too was there: her behaviour to him was the same; and she would suffer neither to treat her with any degree of particularity. Godolphin, who knew her reason for being reserved towards *him*, was content; and Delamere, who suspected not how dangerous a rival he had, was compelled to remain on the footing only of a relation; still hoping that time and perseverance might restore him to the happiness he had lost.

Monday now arrived, and Emmeline was to wait on her uncle in Berkley-square. At twelve o'clock Lord Westhaven was ready. Emmeline was led by him into the coach. They took up Mr. Newton in Lincolns-inn; and then went to their rendezvous. Emmeline trembled as Lord Westhaven took her up stairs: she remembered the terror she had once before suffered in the same house; and when she entered the drawing-room, could hardly support herself.

The Marquis, Sir Richard Crofts, his eldest son, and Lord Delamere, with two stewards and a lawyer, were already there. Lord Montreville coldly and gravely returned his niece's compliments; Sir Richard malignantly eyed her from the corners of his eyes, obscured by fat; and Crofts put on a look of pompous sagacity and consequential knowledge; while Lord Delamere, who would willingly have parted with the whole of his paternal fortune rather than with her, seemed eager only to see a business concluded by which she was to receive benefit.

The lawyer, in a set speech, opened the business, and expatiated largely on Lord Montreville's great generosity.

Lord Westhaven looked over the accounts: they appeared to have been made out right. The title-deeds of the estate were then produced; the usual forms gone through; and papers signed, which put Emmeline in possession of them. All passed with much silence and solemnity: Lord Montreville said very little; and ineffectually struggled to conceal the extreme reluctance with which he made this resignation. When the business was completed, Emmeline advanced to kiss the hand of her uncle: he saluted her, but without any appearance of affection; and coldly inquired how she intended to dispose of herself?

"I propose, my Lord, wholly to refer myself to your Lordship as to my present residence, or any other part of my conduct in which you shall honour me with your advice."

"I am sorry, Miss Mowbray, that the ill state of health of the Marchioness prevents my having the pleasure of your company here. However, my daughter, Lady Westhaven, will of course be happy to have you remain with her till you have fixed on some plan of life, or till you are of age."

"Not only till Miss Mowbray is of age, my Lord, but ever, both Lady Westhaven and myself should be gratified by having her with us," said Lord Westhaven.

To this no answer was given; and a long silence ensued.

Emmeline felt distressed; and at length said—"I believe, my Lord, Lady Westhaven will expect us."

They then rose; and taking a formal leave of the Marquis, were allowed to leave the room. Lord Delamere, however, took Emmeline's hand, and as he led her to the coach, implored her to indulge him

with one moment's conversation at any hour when they might not be interrupted. But with great firmness, yet with great sweetness, she told him that she must be forgiven if she adhered to a resolution she had made, to give no audience on the topic he wished to speak upon, for many months to come.

"Almost two years!" exclaimed he—"almost two long years must I wait, without knowing whether, at the end of that time, you will hear and pity me! Ah! can you, Emmeline, persist in such cruelty?"

"A good morning to your Lordship," said she, as she got into the coach.

"Will you dine with us, Delamere?" asked Lord Westhaven.

"Yes; and will go home with you now, and dress in Grosvenor-street." He then gave some orders to his servants, and stepped into the coach.

"I never was less disposed in my life," said he, "to rejoin a party, than I am to go back to those grave personages up stairs: it is with the utmost difficulty I command my temper to meet those Crofts' on the most necessary business. My blood boils, my soul recoils at them!"

"Pooh, pooh!" cried Lord Westhaven, you are always taking unreasonable aversions. Your blood is always boiling at somebody or other. I tell you, the Crofts' are good, necessary, plodding people. Not too refined, perhaps, in points of honour, nor too strict in those of honesty; but excellent at the main chance, as you may see by what they have done for themselves."

Delamere then uttered against them a dreadful execration, and went on to describe the whole family with great severity and with great truth, till he at length talked himself into a violent passion; and Lord Westhaven with difficulty brought him to be calm, by

the time they had set down Mr. Newton and stopped at his own door. At the same instant Lord Westhaven's coach arrived there, a splendid chariot, most elegantly decorated, came up also. Delamere, struck with its brilliancy, examined the arms and saw his own: looking into it he changed countenance, and said to Lord Westhaven—"Upon my word! Crofts' wife and your Swiss relation, de Bellozane!"

"Crofts' wife?"

"Aye. I mean the woman who was once Fanny Delamere, my sister."

"Come, Delamere, forget these heart-burnings, and remember that she is your sister still."

"I should be glad to know (if it were worth my while to inquire) what business Bellozane has with her?"

By this time they were in the house, where Lady Frances and the Chevalier arrived also.

Lord Westhaven met them with his usual politeness; but Delamere only slightly touched his hat to Bellozane, and sternly saluted his sister with "your servant, Lady Frances Crofts!" He then passed them, and went into Lord Westhaven's dressing-room; while her Ladyship, regardless of his displeasure, and affecting the utmost gaiety, talked and laughed with Lord Westhaven as she went up stairs. Emmeline followed them, listening to the whispering compliments of Bellozane with great coldness; and Lady Frances, entered with a fashionable flounce the drawing-room where her sister was, cried—"Well child! how are you? I beg your pardon for not coming to inquire after you sooner: but I have had such crouds of company at Belleville Lodge, that it was impossible to escape. And here's this animal here, this relation of your Lord's, really haunts me; so I was forced at

last to bring him with me." This speech was accompanied by a significant smile directed to Bellozane.

Lady Westhaven, checked by such an address from flying into the arms of her sister, now expressed without any great warmth, that she was glad to see her. Something like general conversation was attempted. But Lady Frances, who hoped to hide, under the affectation of extravagant spirits, the envy and mortification with which she contemplated the superior happiness of her sister, soon engrossed the discourse entirely. She talked only of men of the first rank, or of *beaux esprits* their associates, who had been down in parties to Belleville Lodge (the name she had given to her villa near Richmond); and she repeated compliments which both the Lords and the wits had made on her figure and her understanding. When she seemed almost to have exhausted this interesting topic, Lady Westhaven said, as if merely for the sake of saying something—"Mr. Crofts has been so obliging as to call here twice since we came to London; but unluckily was not let in. Pray how does he do?"

"Mr. Crofts? Oh! I know very little of him. At this time of the year we never meet. *He* lives, you know, in Burlington-street, and *I* live at Belleville; and if he comes thither, as he sometimes does of a Friday or Saturday, he finds me too much engaged to know whether he is there or not. I believe, though, he is very well; and I think the last time I saw him he was nearly as lively and amusing as he usually is. Don't you think he was, Bellozane?"

"O! *assurance oui*," replied the Chevalier, sneeringly, "*Monsieur Croff a toujours beaucoup de vivacité. —C'est un homme fort amusant ce Monsieur Croff.*"*

* Oh! certainly, Mr. Crofts is always very sprightly. A most entertaining personage.

Lady Westhaven, disgusted, shocked, and amazed, had no power to take any share in such a dialogue; and Lady Frances went on.

"Well! but now I assure you, Augusta, I'm going to be most uncommonly good; and am coming, though 'tis a terrible heavy undertaking, to pass a whole week, without company, with *mon tres cher Mari*, in Burlington-street. Nay, I will go still farther, and make a family party with you to the play, which I generally detest of all things."

"That is being really very kind," said Lady Westhaven. "But since you are so tenderly disposed towards your own family, would it not be well if you were to inquire after my mother? You know, I suppose, how very ill she is; how much worse 'tis feared she may be?"

"Yes, I shall certainly call," replied Lady Frances, with the utmost *sang froid*, "before I go home. But as to her illness, you are frightened at nothing: she has only her old complaints."

"Her old complaints! And are they not enough? If I were in a situation to be useful to her; or even as it is, if Lord Westhaven would permit me, I should certainly think it my duty constantly to attend her."

"Probably you might. And it is equally probable that it would be of no use if you did. She has Brackley, and all her own people about her; and no more *could* be done for her, even though you were to hazard your *precious* life, or if I, (who you know would not risk by it that of an heir to an Earldom) should sacrifice *my* ease and *my* friends to attend her."

The unfeeling malignity of this speech was so extremely distressing to Lady Westhaven, that she could hardly command her tears.

Lord Westhaven saw her emotion, and said, "Au-

gusta, my love, your sister is too brilliant for you. You have not acquired that last polish of high life, which quite effaces all other feelings; nor will you, perhaps, ever arrive at it."

"God forbid that I ever should!" cried Lady Westhaven, unable to conceal her indignation.

"Poor thing!" said Lady Frances, with the most unblushing assurance—"You have curious ideas of domestic felicity: and it's a thousand pities, that instead of being what you are, destiny had not made you the snug, notable wife of a country parson, with three or four hundred a year—You would have been pure and happy, to drive about in a one horse chaise, make custards, walk tame about the house, and bring the good man a baby every year: but really, you are now quite out of your element." She then rang the bell for her carriage; which being soon ready, she gaily wished her sister good day, and the Chevalier handed her down stairs; where, as she descended, she said, loud enough to be heard, "*S'il y'a une chose au monde que je deteste plus qu' un notre, c'est la tristesse d'une société comme cela.*"* The Chevalier assented with his lips; but his heart and his wishes were fled towards Emmeline. He was, however, so engaged with her proud and insolent rival, that he no longer dared openly to avow his predilection for her: and Lady Frances seemed so sure of the strength of that attachment which was her disgrace, that she brought him on purpose where Emmeline was, to shew how little she apprehended his defection.

Lord Westhaven, after pausing a second, ran down stairs after them; and just as Bellozane was stepping

* If there is any thing in the world I utterly detest, 'tis such dismal society as that.

into the chariot, took him by the arm, and begged to speak to him for two minutes.

He apologised to Lady Frances, and they went together into a room; where Lord Westhaven, with all the warmth which his relationship authorised, remonstrated against his stay in England; represented the expense and uneasiness it must occasion to the good old Baron; and above all, exhorted him to fly immediately from the dangerous society of Lady Frances Crofts.

Bellozane received this advice from his cousin with a very ill grace. He said, that he could not discover why his Lordship assumed an authority over him, or pretended either to blame his past conduct, or dictate his future. That he came to England a stranger; brought thither by his honourable passion for Miss Mowbray, which he had a right to pursue; but that Mr. Godolphin, who was his only relation then in England, had either from accident or design shewn him very little attention; while Lady Frances had, with the most winning *boneteté*, invited him to her house, and supplied the want of *that* hospitality which his own family had not afforded him. And that infinitely obliged as he was to her, he should ill brook any reflection on a woman of honour who was his friend.

"But, my Lord," added he, "if your Lordship will allow me to visit here as Miss Mowbray's favoured lover, I will not only drop the acquaintance of Lady Frances, but will put myself entirely under your Lordship's direction."

Lord Westhaven, piqued and provoked, answered—"that he had no power whatever to direct Miss Mowbray; and if he had, should never advise her to receive him. Be assured Monsieur le Chevalier, that you have no chance of ever being acceptable to her, and you must think no more of her."

Bellozane, equally impatient of advice and contradiction, burst from him; and went back to Lady Frances in a very ill humour.

Delamere, who had been dressing while his eldest sister remained, now joined Lady Westhaven and Emmeline in the drawing-room. Thither also came Lady Adelina; who, during the five days they had been in town, had not been well enough till this day to dine below.

She was now languid and faint, and obliged to retire, as soon as the cloth was removed, to her own room. Emmeline attended her; and when they were alone together, she complained of finding herself every day more indisposed. "The air of London," said she, "is not good for my child: I cannot help fancying he droops already. And the noise of a house where there are unavoidably so many visitors, and such a multitude of servants, is too much for my spirits. As Lord Westhaven is desirous of my staying in London till my sister Clancarryl arrives, that we may meet all together after being so many years divided, I will not press my return to East Cliff; but I wish he would allow me to go to some village near London, where I may occasionally enjoy solitude and silence; for I have that upon my heart, Emmeline, that demands both."

Emmeline communicated her wish to Godolphin the same evening; who undertook to settle it with Lord Westhaven as his sister desired; and the next day Lady Adelina and her little boy removed to Highgate, where her brother had procured her a handsome lodging; and he, quitting those he usually occupied in town, went to reside with her.

After having been there a few days, she sent to Emmeline the following letter, which she desired might be delivered by her own hand:

To the Honourable George Fitz-Edward.

"I have thus long forborne to answer your letter, because I have not till now been able to collect that strength of mind which is necessary, when I am to obey the inexorable duty that tears me from you for ever!

"That you yet *love* me well enough to solicit my hand, is I own most soothing and consolatory; but where, Fitz-Edward, is the Lethean cup, without which, you cannot *esteem* me?—without which, I cannot esteem myself! No! I am not worthy the honour of being your wife! It is fit my fault be punished—punished by the cruel obligation it lays me under of renouncing the man I love!

"Fitz-Edward, I will not dissemble! I cannot, if I would! My affection for you has become a part of my existence, and can end but in the grave. Under the dread of your infidelity or your danger, my reason was too weak to support me: now that I have no longer any apprehensions of either, my reason is returned—it is returned to shew me all my wretchedness, and to afford me that light by which I must plunge a dagger into my own bosom.

"Had I, however, no objections on my own account, there is one that on another appears insuperable. Were the marriage you solicit to take place, and to be followed by a family, could I bear that my William, the delight and support of my life, should be as an alien in his father's house, and either appear as the son of Godolphin, or learn to blush for his mother!

"We must part, Fitz-Edward! Indeed we must! Or if we are obliged to meet, do you at least forget that we ever met before.

"I know that the daughter of Lord Westhaven,

in youth, beauty, and innocence, would not have been, however portionless, unworthy of you. But what would you receive in the widow of Trelawny? A mind unsettled by guilt and sorrow; spirits which have lost all relish for felicity; a blemished, if not a ruined reputation; a faded person, and an exhausted heart—exhausted of almost every sentiment but that so fatally predominant; which now forces me to blot my paper with tears, as I write this last farewell!

“Farewel! most beloved Fitz-Edward!—Ah! try if it be possible to be happy! Be assured I wish it, even though it be necessary for that end to drive from your memory, for ever, the lost

“ADELINA TRELAUNY.”

Emmeline, to whom this letter was sent open could not but approve the sentiments it contained while her heart bled for the pain it must have cost Lady Adelina, and for that which it must inflict on Fitz-Edward.

When she had dispatched a note to his lodgings to name an early hour the next day for speaking to him, she went down into the drawing-room, where a large party of company were already assembled. Emmeline, to avoid a particular conversation with Lord Delamere, which he incessantly solicited, placed herself near one of the card-tables; when, at a late hour of the evening, dressed in the utmost exuberance of fashion, blazing in jewels and blooming in rouge, entered Mrs. James Crofts, followed by the two eldest of her daughters; one, dressed in the character of Charlotte in the Sorrows of Werter; and the other as Emma, the nut-brown maid. Their air and manner were adapted, as they believed, to the figures of those characters as they appeared in the print-shops; and their excessive affectation, together with the

gaudy appearance of their mama, nearly conquered the gravity of Emmeline and of many others of the company.

While Mrs. Crofts paid her compliments to Lady Westhaven and Emmeline, and gave herself all those airs which she believed put her upon an equality with the circle she was in, the two Misses anxiously watched the impression which they concluded their charms must make on the gentlemen present. Their mama had told them, that most likely all of them were Lords, or Lords' sons at least; and the girls were not without hopes, that among them there might be some of that species of men of quality, whom modern novelists describe as being in the habit of carrying forcibly away, beautiful young creatures, with whom perchance they become enamoured, and marrying them in despite of all opposition. They longed above all things to meet with such adventures, and to be carried off by a Lord, or a Baronet at least; whose letters afterwards, to some dear Charles or Harry, could not fail to edify the world. After Mrs. Crofts had displayed her dress, and convinced the company of her being quite in a good style of life; and when her daughters had committed hostilities for near an hour upon the hearts of the gentlemen, they failed out in the same state as they entered; nor could all Emmeline's good humour prevent her smiling at the satyrical remarks made on them by some of the company; nothing more strongly exciting the ridicule and contempt of people of real fashion, than awkward and impotent efforts to imitate them.

The next day, Fitz-Edward attended at the hour Emmeline appointed, and received from her the letter of Lady Adelina, with a degree of anguish which gave great pain to Emmeline and Godolphin. Still, however, he was not quite deprived of hope; but

flattered himself that the persuasions of her sister, Lady Clancarryl (who was now every day expected, with her husband and family, to pass the rest of the winter in London), added to those of Lord Westhaven, and the good offices of Emmeline, would together prevail on Lady Adelina to alter a resolution which rendered them both wretched.

Some weeks, however, passed, and she still adhered to it; while the melancholy conversation which Emmeline frequently had with Fitz-Edward, and the importunity and unhappiness of Delamere, deprived her of much of that tranquillity she might otherwise have enjoyed; particularly after the recovery of Lady Westhaven (who presented her Lord with a son), and the arrival of Mrs. Stafford and her family from France.

Lord Westhaven, who held a promise particularly sacred when made to the unfortunate, had procured for Mr. Stafford a lucrative employment in the West Indies. Thither he immediately went; and his wife, whose spirits and health were greatly hurt, was happy to accept the offer Emmeline made her of going down with her children to Mowbray Castle. The Marquis of Montreville had presented his niece with the furniture he had sent thither, being in truth ashamed to charge it; there was therefore every thing necessary; and there Emmeline intended Mrs. Stafford should reside till she should be established in some residence agreeable to her, which she intended to fix if possible near her own; and she now felt all the advantages of that fortune, which enabled her to repay the obligations she owed to her earliest friend.

CHAP. XVI.

THE rank, and extensive connections of Lady Westhaven, led her unavoidably into a good deal of company; but it was among persons as respectable for their virtues as their station. Emmeline, of course, often accompanied her; but almost all her mornings, and frequently her evenings, were dedicated to Lady Adelina; who hardly saw any body but her, Lady Westhaven, her brothers, and her sister; and never went out but for the air.

Godolphin passed with her much of his time: to the love and pity he had before felt for her, was added veneration and esteem, excited by the heroism of her conduct. At her lodgings, too, he could see Emmeline without the restraint they were under in other places. There, he could talk to her of his love; and there she consented to hear him.

Lady Westhaven went constantly every morning to visit her mother, who had lately been rather better, and whose health her physicians entertained some hopes of re-establishing. Her own unhappy temper seemed to be the chief impediment to her recovery; her violent passions, unsubdued by sickness and disappointment; and her immeasurable pride, which even the approach of death could not conquer, kept her nerves continually on the stretch; and allowed her no repose of mind, even when her bodily sufferings were suspended. That her favourite project of uniting the only surviving branches of her own family, by the marriage of Lord Delamere and Miss Otley, was now for ever at an end, was a perpetual source of murmuring and discontent. And though Emmeline had as splendid a fortune, with a person and a mind infinitely more lovely, her Lady-

ship could not yet prevail upon herself to desire, that the name for which she felt such proud veneration, and the fortune of her own illustrious ancestors, should be enjoyed, or carried down to posterity by her, who had become the object of her capricious but inveterate dislike.

Emmeline was very glad that the Marchioness thro' prejudice, and her uncle through shame, forbore to persecute her in favour of their son: but though perfectly aware of the antipathy Lady Montrevile entertained towards her, she yet shewed her all the attention she would receive; and would even constantly have waited on her, had she not expressed more pain than pleasure in her presence.

Lady Frances Crofts, by this time fixed in Burlington-street for the winter, called now and then on her mother; but her visits were short and cold. It unfortunately happened, that the Marchioness, whose amusement was now almost solely confined to reading the daily prints, had found in one of them a paragraph, evidently pointing at the intimacy subsisting between Lady Frances and the Chevalier de Bellozane, which had long been the topic of public scandal.

Lady Frances called upon her while her mind was under the first impression of this disgraceful circumstance; and she spoke to her daughter of her improper attachment to that young foreigner with more than her usual severity. Lady Frances, far from hearing her remonstrance with calmness, retorted, with rudeness and asperity, what she termed unjust reproaches; and asserted her own right to associate with whom she pleased. The Marchioness grew more enraged, and they parted in great wrath: in consequence of which, Lady Montreville, in the inconsiderate excess of her anger, sent for her husband and

her son; and exclaiming with all her natural acrimony against the shameful conduct of Lady Frances, insisted upon their obliging Crofts to separate his wife from her dangerous and improper acquaintance, and forcing her immediately into the country.

Lord Montreville, who had already heard too much of his daughter's general light conduct, and her particular partiality to Bellozane, now saw new evils gathering round him, from which he knew not how to escape. The fiery and impatient Delamere, already irritated against Bellozane for his pretensions to Emmeline, broke forth in menace and invective; and nothing but his father's anguish, and even tears, prevented his flying directly to him to execute that vengeance which his mother had dictated. She herself, in the violence of her passion, had overlooked the consequence of putting this affair into the hands of the inconsiderate and headlong Delamere; but when she saw him thus inflamed, terror for *him*, was added to resentment against her daughter; and altogether produced such an effect upon her broken constitution, that in a few days afterwards her complaints returned with great violence, and all remedies proving ineffectual, she expired in less than a fortnight. Lady Westhaven and Emmeline attended on her themselves for the last four or five days; but she was insensible, and knew neither of them. Delamere, very fond of his mother, and whose feelings were painfully acute, suffered for many days the most violent paroxysms of grief; yet it was a considerable alleviation to reflect that he had not finally been the cause of her death. Lord Montreville bore it with more composure: and the softer, though deep sorrow of Lady Westhaven, found relief in the constant and tender attention of her Lord, and the sympathy of Emmeline.

Lady Frances Crofts, not insensible to remorse, but resolutely stifling it, affected to hear the news with proper concern, yet as what had been for many months expected. She sent constantly to inquire after her father; and the Marquis, hoping that while her mind was softened by such a mournful event his remonstrances might make a deeper impression, determined to go to her; therefore the day after the remains of the Marchioness had been carried to the family vault of the Delameres, he took his chair, and went to Burlington-street.

On entering the house, the servants, who concluded he came to Mr. Crofts, were taking him into those apartments below which their master occupied: but his Lordship told them he must speak to their lady. Her own footman said her Ladyship had given orders to be denied.

“To her father, puppy?” said Lord Montreville. “Where is she?”

“In her dressing-room, my Lord.”

He then passed alone up stairs.—As he went, he heard the voice of laughter and gaiety, and was more shocked than surprised, when, on opening the door, he saw Lady Frances in a morning dishabille, and the Chevalier de Bellozane making her tea. At the entrance of her father thus unexpectedly, she changed colour; but soon assuming her usual assured manner, said she was glad to see his Lordship well enough to come out.

“Dismiss this young man,” said he sternly. “I must speak to you alone.”

“*Va mon ami,*” cried Lady Frances, with the utmost ease, “*pour quelques moment.*”

Bellozane left the room; and then Lord Montreville, with paternal affection, tried to move her. But she had conquered her feelings; and answered with

great calmness—"That conscious of her own innocence, she was quite indifferent to the opinion of the world. And that though she certainly wished to be upon good terms with her own family, yet if any part of it chose to think ill of her, they must do so entirely from prejudice, which it was little worth her while to attempt removing."

Lord Montreville, now provoked beyond all endurance, gave way to the indignation with which he was inflamed, and denounced his malediction against her, if she did not immediately dismiss Bellozane and regulate her manner of life. She heard him with the most callous insensibility; and let him depart without making any attempt to appease his anger or calm his apprehensions. From her, he went down to Crofts; to whom he forcibly represented the necessity there was for putting an immediate stop to the scandal which the conduct of his wife occasioned. Pusillanimous and mean-spirited, Crofts chose neither to risk his personal safety with the Chevalier, nor the diminution of his fortune by attempting to procure a divorce, which would compel him to return what he loved much better than honour.

He saw many others do extremely well, and mightily respected, whose wives were yet gayer than his own; and convinced, that while he had money he should always obtain as much regard as he desired, he rather excused to Lord Montrelille the conduct of Lady Frances, than shewed any disposition to resent it. The Marquis left him with contempt, and ordered his chair to Lord Westhaven's. As he went, he could not forbear reflecting on the contrast between his eldest and youngest daughter, and between his eldest daughter and his niece. He grew extremely anxious for Lord Delamere's marriage with Emmeline: sure of finding, in her, an honour to his fami-

ly, which might console him for his present misfortunes : and he deeply regretted that infatuation which had blinded him to her superior merit, and hazarded losing her for ever. Disgusted already with the Crofts', he remembered that it was in a great measure owing to them, and he thought of them only with repentance and dislike.

He saw Lord Westhaven alone ; and relating to him all that had passed that morning, besought him to consider what could be done to divide Bellozane from Lady Frances Crofts.

Lord Westhaven had seen and heard too much of the intimacy between them. He was extremely hurt that so near a relation of his own should occasion such uneasiness in the family of his wife ; but as he had not invited him over, and always discouraged his stay, he had on that head nothing with which to reproach himself. And all he could now do, was to promise that he would speak again to Bellozane, and write to the Baron de St. Alpin, intreating him to press the return of his son to Switzerland. His Lordship entered warmly into the apprehensions of Lord Montreville ; and undertook to use all his influence with Delamere to prevent his running rashly into a quarrel with a young man as passionate and as violent as himself.

Lord Montreville then spoke of Emmeline ; and expressed his wishes that the union between her and his son might speedily be accomplished : but on this subject Lord Westhaven gave him very little hopes. Though Emmeline had done her utmost to conceal even from Lord and Lady Westhaven the true state of her heart, his Lordship had, in their frequent conferences on her affairs, clearly perceived what were her sentiments. But since they were in favour of his brother, he could not think of attempting to alter

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them, however sorry for Delamere; and could only determine to observe an absolute neutrality.

He did not communicate to the Marquis all he thought, but told him in general, that Emmeline seemed at present averse to every proposal of marriage, and firm in the resolution she had made, to remain single till she had completed her twenty-first year. Lord Westhaven sent for Bellozane; who had lately been less frequent in his visits at Grosvenor-street, and who seemed to resent the coldness with which his cousins received him, and to have conceived great anger at the reserve and even aversion with which Emmeline treated him. The servant whom his Lordship dispatched with a note to Bellozane, returned in about ten minutes, and said that the Chevalier was gone to Bath. Lord Westhaven now hoped, that for some time the intercourse which had given such offence, and occasioned such misery, would be at an end: in the afternoon, however, Crofts came in; and on Lady Westhaven's inquiry after her sister, he told her that she was going that afternoon to Speenhamland in her way to Bath. Conduct, so glaringly improper and unfeeling, a defiance so bold to the opinions of the world and the common decencies of society, extremely hurt both her Ladyship and her Lord. The latter, however, found some satisfaction in reflecting, that at least Delamere and Bellozane could not immediately meet.

Above a month now passed with as much tranquillity as the ardent supplications of Delamere to Emmeline would admit. Lord and Lady Clancarryl, with their family, arrived in London to pass the rest of the winter; and Lady Adelina, insensibly won from her retirement by the pleasure of meeting at once her sister and her two brothers, seemed to be in better health, and sometimes in better spirits. As

she was now frequently induced to join these charming family-parties, she was obliged to see Fitz-Edward among them; and he entertained new hopes that she would at length conquer her scruples and accept his hand: she carefully, however, avoided all conversation with him but in mixed company; and Emmeline being continually with her, they were equally prevented from hearing, with any degree of particularity, Godolphin or Fitz-Edward.

The Marchioness of Montreville had now been dead almost two months; and Lady Westhaven, who from respect to her memory had hitherto forbore to appear in public, was prevailed upon to go to a new play; for the author of which, a nobleman, one of her friends, being particularly interested, prevailed on all the people of fashion and taste whom he knew, to attend on the third night of its representation. Lady Westhaven, Lady Clancarryl, and Emmeline, were, by his earnest intreaties, prevailed upon to be among them. But as Lord Westhaven, Lord Clancarryl, Godolphin, and Fitz-Edward, were absent, being gone altogether to the seat of the former in Kent, for a few days, they foresaw but little pleasure in the party; and Lady Westhaven expressed even a reluctance for which she knew not how to account. The eagerness of Lord ——— to serve his friend at length overruled her objections. His Lordship himself and Lord Delamere were to attend them; and they were to be joined by some other ladies there. The stage-box had been retained for them; and they proceeded to the play-house, where they were hardly seated, before Lady Westhaven saw, with infinite mortification and alarm, her sister, Lady Frances Crofts, enter the next box, handed by the Chevalier de Bellozane, and accompanied by a lady of fashion indeed, but of very equivocal character, with whom

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she had lately contracted a great intimacy. All attention to the play was now at an end. Incapable of receiving amusement, Lady Westhaven would instantly have returned home; and Emmeline, who saw rage and fierceness in the countenance of Lord Delamere, was equally anxious to do so. But they knew not how to account for such a wish to their party, without making their fears public; and while they deliberated how to act, the play went on. Lady Frances, as if quite unconscious of any impropriety in her conduct, spoke to them and to Delamere. They forced themselves to answer her with civility; but her brother, turning from her, darted an angry look at Bellozane, and went to the other side of the house. He from thence watched with indignation the familiar whispers which passed between her and the Chevalier; and reflecting on the recent death of his mother, which had been hastened if not occasioned by this connection; remembering how greatly the sufferings of her last hours had been embittered by it; and recalling to his memory a thousand other causes of anger against Bellozane; he heated his imagination with the review of these injuries, till he raised himself into an agony of passion, which it was soon impossible for him, had he been so disposed, to restrain.

A very few minutes after the play ended, Lady Westhaven, impatient to get away before her sister, beckoned to Delamere; and finding her servants ready, told her party she was too much tired to stay the entertainment, and rose with Emmeline to go. Lord — led her Ladyship, and Delamere took the hand of Emmeline: the two former walked hastily through the lobby; but as the two latter followed, they were suddenly stopped by Rochely, who, making one of his solemn bows, advanced close to Emmeline, and, with great composure, congratulated her in his usual

slow and monotonous manner, on her late acquisitions; assured her of his great respect and esteem; and added, that as he understood she would, when she came of age, be possessed of a large sum of money, he flattered himself she would allow him to manage it for her, as Lord Montreville at present did; declaring that nobody could be more attentive to the interest of his customers. The profound gravity with which, in such a place, he made such a request; the sordid meanness of spirit, which could induce a man already so very rich, to solicit custom with the avidity of a mechanic beginning business; and the uncouth and formal figure of the person himself; would have excited in Emmeline ridicule as well as contempt, at any other time: but now, distressed at the delay this meeting occasioned, she hurried over some answer, she hardly knew what, and hastened towards the door. Just, however, before they reached it, Bellozane, with Lady Frances Crofts hanging on his arm, overtook and passed them: the Chevalier slightly touched his hat to Emmeline; and Lady Frances, nodding familiarly, said—"Good night! good night!" Lady Frances and Bellozane went on; and Emmeline, who saw fury in the eyes of Delamere, now wished as much to linger behind as she had before done to hurry forward. But Delamere quickening his pace, overtook them as they descended the steps, and rushed so closely and with so much intended rudeness by Bellozane, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could avoid falling, and dragging his fair associate with him. The fiery Frenchman recovering his footing, turned fiercely to Delamere, and asked, in French, what he meant? Lord Delamere, in the same language, replied, that he meant to tell him he was a scoundrel! Instantly a mutual blow was exchanged: the shrieks of Emmeline brought

the sentinels; who, together with the crowd which immediately gathered, forced them from each other.

Lord —— who had taken care of Lady Westhaven to her coach, alarmed at Emmeline's not joining them, and at the noise he heard, now came back to see what was the matter. He met her, more dead than alive, coming towards him, attended by a stranger; and she had just breath enough to implore him not to think of *her*, but to find Lord Delamere, and to try to prevent the fatal consequence of what had just happened.

Leaving her to the care of the gentleman he had found her with, who almost supported her to the coach, his Lordship went forward in quest of Delamere, whom he met with two or three other gentlemen. Bellozane, after stating to them the affront he had received, and giving Lord Delamere a card, had returned back into the lobby with Lady Frances and her friend; from whence it was supposed he had gone out with them across the stage, as Lady Frances appeared in great alarm. Lord —— now intreated Delamere to go with him to the coach, where he told him his sister was in the utmost terror for his safety. But inquiring eagerly whether Miss Mowbray was safe with her, and hearing she was, he said he would be in Grosvenor-street to supper, and desired they would go home. Lord —— then very warmly remonstrated on the cruelty of terrifying his sister, and insisted on his going with him to the coach: but they were by this time among the crowd at the door, where people began to go out fast; and Delamere, whose passions were now inflamed to a degree of madness, broke violently away from his Lordship; and rushing into the street, instantly disappeared. Every attempt which himself, his servants, or some

gentlemen who were witnesses to the transaction, made to find him, being ineffectual, Lord —— now returned to the coach, where Lady Westhaven was fainting in the arms of Emmeline; who, equally alarmed, and hardly able to support herself, was trying to assist and console her. Lord ——, instead of returning to his own family, now sent a footman to desire they would go home without him; and remaining in Lady Westhaven's carriage, directed it to be driven with the utmost speed to Grosvenor-street. As they went, he attempted to appease the agonizing fears of them both, by persuading them that they might find Lord Delamere at home before them; but they knew too well the ferocity with which he was capable of pursuing his vengeance when it was once awakened; and arrived at home in such disorder, that neither could speak.—The coach, however, no sooner stopped, than somebody ran out. They had no power to ask who; but the voice was that of Godolphin; who finding his brother likely to be detained two days longer, and existing only while he could see Emmeline every hour, had returned alone to town, and now waited their arrival from the play. He was astonished at the situation he found them in, as he assisted them out of the carriage. He received, however, a brief account of the cause from Lord ——; while Lady Westhaven, a little recovered by the sight of Godolphin, and the hartshorn and water she had taken, found her voice.

“For God's sake! dear Godolphin, lose not a moment, but go after my brother. We dread lest he went immediately in search of Bellozane—Oh! fly! and endeavour to prevent the horrid effects that may be expected from their meeting!”

“Pray go!” said Emmeline. “Pray go instantly!”

Godolphin needed not intreaty. He took his hat, and ran away directly, without knowing whither to go. He thought, however, that it was possible Delamere might go to Berkly-square, and send from thence an appointment to Bellozane. Thither therefore he hastened; but heard that Lord Delamere had not been at home since he dressed to dine in Grosvenor-street, and that the Marquis was gone to Lord Dornock's, where he was to stay some days; news, which increased the alarm of Godolphin, who had hoped that his influence might be used to prevent the rashness of his son. He ordered Millefleur, and Delamere's coachman, footmen, and grooms, to run different ways in search of their master, while he went himself to the lodgings of Bellozane. Bellozane, he learnt, came from Bath only that morning, and had dressed at his lodgings, but had not been there since.

He now flew to the house of Lady Frances Crofts. Mr. Crofts was gone down to his father's; and Lady Frances, who had come from Bath the same day, had dined with her friend, and was to be set down by her carriage after supper. Eagerly asking the name of this friend, he was directed to Charlotte-street, Oxford-street; where on hastening he found Lady Frances, who was vainly attempting to conquer the terrors that possessed her. Bellozane, he heard, had procured chairs for her and the lady with her, at the stage-door, and had there wished them a good night, though they had both intreated of him to go home with them. They added, that they had refused to let him look for their carriage, which was driven off in the crowd, lest he should meet with Delamere; but were greatly afraid he had gone back to the avenues of the play-house with that design. Godolphin, however unpromising his search yet appear-

ed, determined not to relinquish it. But while he continued running from place to place, Lady Westhaven and Emmeline sat listening to every noise, and terrifying themselves with conjectures the most dreadful. Almost as soon as Godolphin was gone, they had conjured Lord —— to go on the same search; but he returned not; and of Godolphin they heard nothing. Even the late hours when fashionable parties break up, now passed by. Every coach that approached made them tremble between hope and fear; but it rolled away to a distance. Another and another passed, and their dreadful suspense still continued. Emmeline would have persuaded Lady Westhaven to go to bed; but nothing could induce her to think of it. She sometimes traversed the room with hurried steps; sometimes sat listening at the window; and sometimes ran out to the stair-case, where all the servants, except those who had been dispatched in pursuit of Lord Delamere, were assembled.

The streets were now quiet; the watch called a quarter past five; and convinced, that if something fatal had not happened, somebody would have returned to them by this time, their terror grew insupportable. A quick rap was now heard at the door. Emmeline flew to the stairs—"Is it Lord Delamere?" "No, Madam," replied a servant, "it is Captain Godolphin." Afraid of asking, yet unable to bear another moment of suspense, she flew down part of the stairs. Godolphin, with a countenance paler than death, caught her in his arms—"Whither would you go?" cried he, trembling as he spoke.

"Have you found—Delamere?"

"I have."

"Alive and well?"

"Alive—but—"

"Oh! God!—but what?"

"Wounded, I fear, to death. Keep his sister from knowing it too suddenly."

That was almost impossible. Lady Westhaven had at first sat down in the drawing-room in that breathless agony which precluded the power of inquiry; then losing her weakness in desperation, she ran down, determined to know the worst, and was already on the stairs.

Emmeline, white and faint, leaned on Godolphin. —"Where is he, where is my brother?" cried Lady Westhaven.

Godolphin beckoned to the servants to assist him in getting her up stairs. After a moment, they were all in the drawing-room.

"Tell me," cried she, with an accent and look of despair—"Tell me, for I will know! You have seen my brother; he is killed! I know he is killed!"

"He is alive," answered Godolphin, hardly bearing to wound her ears with such intelligence as he had to deliver—"at least he *was* alive when I left him."

"*Was* alive! He is wounded then—and dying!"

"It were useless and cruel to deceive you, I greatly fear he is."

Uttering a faint shriek, Lady Westhaven now sprung towards the door, and protested she would go to him wherever he was. Emmeline clung about her, and besought her to be patient—to be pacified.

"Perhaps," cried she, "his situation may not be so desperate. Let us rather inquire what can be done for him, than indulge the extravagance of our own despair."

"Ah! tell me, then, where?—how?" Lady Westhaven could say no more. Godolphin thought it best to satisfy her.

"I will not relate the first part of my search. It was fruitless. At length I saw a crowd before the door of the Bedford. I asked what was the matter? and heard that two gentlemen had fought a duel, by candle light, with swords; that one was killed and the other had escaped. This was too much like what I expected to hear: I forced my way into the room. Lord Delamere was bleeding on the ground. Two surgeons were with him. I cleared the room of all but them, and the necessary attendants. I saw him carefully conveyed to bed. I left them with him; and came to tell you. Now I must hasten back to him. I will not flatter you; the surgeons gave me very little—indeed no hope of his life."

"Oh! my father! my father!" exclaimed Lady Westhaven, "what will become of him when he hears this?"

"I would go to him," said Godolphin, "but that I must return to poor Delamere. What little he said was to request that I would stay with him."

"Go then," said Emmeline—"we must do without you. Let him not miss the comfort of your presence."

"Yes," answered he, "I must indeed go." Emmeline, leaving Lady Westhaven a moment to her woman, followed him out, and he said to her—"Try, I conjure you, my Emmeline, to exert yourself for the sake of your poor friend. Keep her as tranquil as you can; and may ye both acquire fortitude to bear what is, I fear, inevitable!"

"Oh! my father!" loudly exclaimed Lady Westhaven, with a dreadful shriek—"Who shall dare to announce these tidings to you?"

"Send," continued Godolphin, "an express to Lord Montreville: he is at Lord Dornock's; and dispatch another to my brother. Pray take care of

your own health. It is now impossible for me to stay—the poor languishing Delamere expects me.” He then ran hastily away; and Emmeline, struggling with all her power against her own anguish, was obliged to commit her friend to the care of her servants, while she sat down to write to Lord Montreville. Her letter contained only two lines.

“ My dear Lord,

“ Your son is very ill. We are much alarmed; and Lady Westhaven begs you will immediately come hither. Do not go to Berkley-square.

“ EMMELINE MOWBRAY.”

*Grosvenor-street,
April 5th.*

This note, short as it was, she had the utmost difficulty to make legible. A servant was sent off with it, who was ordered to answer no questions; and in another short and incoherent note she told to Lord Westhaven the melancholy truth, and sent it by express into Kent.

Having thus obeyed Godolphin as well as she could; she returned to Lady Westhaven, who could not be prevailed upon to go to bed, but insisted on being allowed to see her brother. Emmeline, dreadfully terrified by her obstinacy, now sent for the two physicians who usually attended the family. One of them had been taken by Godolphin to Delamere; but the other instantly attended the summons. Every argument he could use failing entirely of effect, he was obliged to administer to her a remedy, which soon acting on her fatigued and exhausted spirits, threw her for a short time into insensibility. While poor Emmeline, who expected soon the arrival of

the unhappy father, and who waited with torturing anxiety for news from Godolphin, could not even sit down; but wandered about the house, and walked from room to room, as if change of place could shorten or lessen her dreadful suspense.

No news, however, came from Godolphin. But a little before eight o'clock, the Marquis's chaise stopped at the door.

He got out; asked falteringly of the servants for his son. Their looks imported sad tidings; but they were ordered to profess ignorance; and it was the excruciating task allotted to Emmeline to inform this wretched parent that his only son, the pride and support of his life, had fallen; and what made it still more horrid, by the hand of his daughter's paramour. Lord Montreville entered the drawing-room; and the wild and pallid looks of his niece struck him with such horror, that he could only pronounce with trembling lips the name of Delamere; and then throwing himself into a chair, seemed to expect she should tell him what he was unable to ask.

She approached him; but words failed her.

"Delamere!—my son!" cried he, in a voice hollow and tremulous.

"He is not dead, my Lord."

"Not dead! wherefore is it then that you look thus? Oh! what is it I am to know!"

Emmeline then briefly related his situation, as she had heard it from Godolphin. She had only said, that though desperately wounded, he yet lived; when Lord Montreville, gazing on her with eyes that bespoke the agony of his soul, and seizing her violently by the hand, said—"Come, then, with me!—come to him with me, now, this instant!"

He then burst out of the room, still taking her

with him. She knew not why he wished her to follow; but went, unequal to resistance or inquiry.

His chariot was at the door. They both got in, and just as it was driving away, Millefleur ran up to it.

"Your master?—your master?—" said Lord Montreville.

"Yet living!"

"And Captain Godolphin sent me to see if you was come, in hopes that you might see him."

"Go on!" cried Lord Montreville, with a degree of fierceness that made Emmeline shudder. The horses flew. He continued in dreadful and gloomy silence, interrupted only by deep groans. Emmeline had no comfort to offer, and dared not speak to him. At length they arrived at the place. The servants assisted their Lord to leave the chariot. Just as he got out of it, Dr. Gardner came out; but too much shocked to be able to speak, he waved his hand to say that all was over; and almost instantly, Godolphin, with a countenance most expressive of what he felt, came out to him also.

"My dear Lord, your going up will be of no use: spare yourself so great a shock, and suffer me to attend you home."

"He is dead then?"

Deep and mournful silence told him it was so.

"I will see him, however," said he, pushing by those who would have detained him.

"No, no," cried Emmeline. "Pray, my Lord! my dear uncle!"

"Uncle!" exclaimed he. "Have I deserved to be your uncle!—But I am punished—dreadfully, dreadfully punished!"

A crowd was now gathering; and Godolphin was compelled to let him proceed; while he himself ap-

proached Emmeline, who was left half dead in the chariot.

"Oh! attend not to me!" said she. "Go, I beg of you, with my poor uncle!"

Dreadful was the scene when the miserable father beheld the body of his son. In that bitter anguish which is incapable of tears, he reproached himself for the obstinacy with which, even against his own judgment, he had opposed his marriage with Emmeline. "Instead of seeing thus my hopes blasted, I might have grown old among his children, and the children of my brother's daughter. But I drove her to France; and in consequence of that, the scourge, the dreadful scourge, has come upon me! I and my house are low in the dust! Weak and wretched infatuation! Dreadful sacrifice to vain and empty ambition! Oh! my poor murdered boy!" Then, after a moment's pause, he turned suddenly to Godolphin, whose manly countenance was covered with tears. "Tell me, Sir! did he not wish to see his misjudging father? did he leave me nothing—not even his forgiveness?"

"Lord Delamere," said Godolphin, "was wounded in the lungs, and every effort to speak threatened his immediate dissolution. He expressed a wish to see you and Miss Mowbray; but said very little else."

"I brought her, because I knew he must wish to see her. But he will see her no more!" A deep and hollow groan now burst from him. His sorrow began to choak him; and exclamation was at an end. But struggling yet a moment with it, he said quickly to Godolphin—"Do you think he suffered great pain?"

"I believe very little, my Lord."

"And he had every assistance?"

“He had instantly every assistance that skill could offer. Two surgeons of eminence were at supper with company in the house; and they were with him before I was, which was not ten minutes after the accident. I never left him afterwards, but to run to Lady Westhaven.”

“Excellent young man! you will still, I know, remain with him, and do what *I* cannot do.” He then paused a moment, and his anguish seemed to gather strength--while with a look of deep and gloomy despair he approached the bed; slowly and sternly invoked the vengeance of heaven on his eldest daughter; and then continued with glazed and motionless eyes to gaze on the body. From this dreadful torpor it was necessary to rouse him, and to remove him from the room. The united efforts of Godolphin and the surgeons, with difficulty effected it. He was, however, at length placed in the chariot; and with Emmeline, who was more dead than alive, was conveyed to Grosvenor-street. Godolphin, dreading the scene he was to encounter when they got thither, followed them on foot; and assisted Lord Montreville to his chamber, where he intreated the servants not to allow him to see Lady Westhaven, till they were both better able to bear the interview. He then returned to Emmeline; who, quite overcome by excessive terror and fatigue, had hardly strength to speak to him; and unable to support herself longer, retired to bed, where a violent fever seized her; and for near a week she was so alarmingly ill, that Godolphin, in the wildest distraction, believed he saw her snatched from him by the inexorable hands of death. Lady Adelina came to her the evening after Delamere's decease, and never left her bed-side while there was the least appearance of danger; Godolphin continued whole days in the little dressing-room that

adjoined to it; and Fitz-Edward, who insisted on attending him during these hours of torturing suspense, was unavoidably frequently in the presence of Lady Adelina, whose every sentiment was for the time absorbed in her fear for a life so dear to them all.

At length Emmeline, though yet too ill to leave her room, was no longer in danger; and Lord Westhaven, who returned instantly to town on hearing the mournful news, helped to appease the violent grief of his wife. But on the more settled and silent anguish of her wretched father, his good offices made not the least impression. He seemed to abhor all thoughts of consolation: and when the remains of poor Delamere were carried to be deposited with those of his mother, he shut himself up in total darkness, and refused to admit even Lady Westhaven to participate his sorrows. When she was allowed to pay her duty to him, he conjured her to keep from him the sight of any of the Crofts', and that she would prevent even their name being repeated in his presence. With their visits there was no danger of his Lordship's being offended; for, as he had, in consequence of this family calamity, resigned all the places he held, Sir Richard and his two sons were already eagerly paying their court to his successor; and had entered into new views, and formed new political connections, with an avidity which made them equally forgetful of their patron's personal afflictions, and of that favour to which they owed their sudden and unmerited elevation. Amidst all the misery which the guilty and scandalous conduct of his wife had brought upon the family of his benefactor, the point on which Mr. Crofts felt the most solicitude, was to know what portion of the Delamere estate was irrevocably settled in equal divisions on the daughters, if the Marquis of Montreville died with-

out a son. The physicians now advised Lord Westhaven to carry the Marquis into the country as soon as possible; where he might enjoy the solitude he so much desired, without being excluded from the air, as he was in town, by being confined entirely to his bed-chamber and dressing-room. The sight of any of his own seats, places which he had so lavishly embellished for the residence of him who was now no more, he could not yet endure; and Lord Westhaven, with some difficulty, prevailed upon him to remove to *his* house in Kent. Thither, therefore, the Marquis and Lord Westhaven's family removed, at the end of a fortnight; but Emmeline, though pretty well recovered, desired Lady Westhaven not to insist on her being of the party; being convinced, that though he tried to see her with fortitude, and to behave to her with tenderness, the sight of her was painful to her uncle, and perpetually brought to his mind his own fatal misconduct in regard to his son.

Lady Westhaven yielded reluctantly to her reasons, and departed without her; but as her health made her immediate departure from London necessary, she went with Lady Adelina to Highgate; who now remained there only for the purpose of taking leave of Lord and Lady Clancarryl, as they were within a fortnight to return to Ireland.

In this interval, they heard that Lady Frances Crofts, infatuated still with her passion for Bellozane, had followed him to Paris, whither he had fled after his fatal encounter with her brother. Bellozane, stung with guilt, and pursued by remorse, hurried from her with detestation; and concealing himself in Switzerland, saw her no more. For some time she continued to live in France, in a style the most disgraceful to her family and herself. Nobody dared name her to her unhappy father. But Lord

Westhaven at length interposed with Crofts, who, influenced by his authority, and still more by his own desire to lessen her expenses, went over, and found no great difficulty in procuring a *lettre de cachet*, which confined her during pleasure to a convent.

C H A P. XVII.

TO fix some plan for her future life, Emmeline now thought absolutely and immediately necessary. To go to Mowbray Castle seemed the poorest measure she could adopt; and on that she appeared to determine. But though she still meant to adhere to her resolution of remaining single until she became of age, the tender importunity of her lover, the pressing intreaties of her friends, and her own wishes to make them happy, were every hour more powerfully undermining it. Her mind, softened by grief for the death of poor Delamere, and more fondly attached than ever to the generous Godolphin, whose noble qualities that unhappy event had served to call forth anew, was rendered less capable than ever of resisting his prayers; and Delamere, on whose account her determination had been originally made, could now no longer suffer by her breaking it. Still, however, she insisted upon it, that a term little short of what she had named should elapse before her marriage should take place; as a compliment to the memory of her unfortunate lover, and to the deep sorrow of her uncle and Lady Westhaven.

Here then she rested her last defence. And when their increasing solicitations obliged her to consent to shorten the term to three months, Godolphin undertook to make it the particular request of Lord Montreville and his daughter, that their marriage should

take place within three weeks. Animated by the hopes of hastening the period, he went himself into Kent; where he pleaded so successfully to Lady Westhaven, that she not only wrote pressingly to Emmeline, but prevailed on the Marquis to give him a letter also, in which, after deploring, in terms expressive of anguish and regret, that unfortunate infatuation which had eventually robbed him of his son, he told her that he had very little more now to wish, dead as he was to the world, than to see her happily married. That the tender attention of the generous Godolphin to that beloved son, in the last hours of his life, had endeared him to him above all other men; that his character, connections, and conduct, were unexceptionable; and therefore, his Lordship added, that though he did not know that he could himself bear to see it, he wished she would not hesitate to complete his happiness; observing, that if she thought it too early after the loss of so near a relation, she might have the ceremony performed with such privacy, that only the respective families need know of its celebration. Emmeline, having now no longer a subterfuge, was obliged to let Godolphin take his own way. He exerted himself so anxiously to get the deeds completed, that before the end of three weeks they were finished. Lord and Lady Clancarryl prolonged their stay on purpose; and they, together with Lady Adelina and Fitz-Edward, were present at the ceremony. When it was over, Lord and Lady Clancarryl took an affectionate leave of the bride and bridegroom, and set out for Ireland, accompanied by Fitz-Edward; who, with the most painful reluctance, tearing himself from Lady Adelina by her express desire, was yet allowed to carry with him the hope, that at the end of her mourning she

would relent, and accede to the intreaties of all her family.

Godolphin, his Emmeline, his sister and her little boy, took immediately afterwards the road to East Cliff. They continued there the months of May and June; where, about six weeks after their marriage, they were visited by Lord and Lady Westhaven; the latter having never left her father till then, and being impatient to return to him, though she assured Mrs. Godolphin that he was much calmer and more composed than they had at first expected. In the filial attention of his youngest daughter, he found all the consolation his misfortunes would admit of on this side the grave; and Emmeline, who had deeply lamented the lingering and hopeless anguish to which her uncle was condemned, heard with satisfaction that resignation was, however slowly, blunting the anguish he had endured; and that having relinquished for ever all those ambitious pursuits to which he had sacrificed solid happiness, he thought only of rewarding the piety and tenderness of his youngest daughter; and heard of the happiness of his niece with pleasure. When Lord and Lady Westhaven left East Cliff, Mr. and Mrs. Godolphin and Lady Adelina went to Mowbray Castle; where Mrs. Stafford received them with transport, and where they were surrounded by numberless tenants and dependants, who blessed the hour of its restoration to its benevolent and lovely mistress, as well as that which had given her to a man, who had a heart as nobly enlarged, and a spirit generously liberal, as her own.

The comfortable establishment of Mrs. Stafford at Woodfield, was a point which Emmeline had much at heart; and Godolphin, who knew it was now almost her first wish, took his measures with so much success, that it was soon accomplished. Mrs. Stafford,

however, at their united request, consented to stay with them while they remained at Mowbray Castle; and Emmeline had the delightful assurances of having made her happy, as well as of having greatly contributed to the restored tranquillity of Lady Adeline.

Mowbray Castle, ever so peculiarly dear to Mrs. Godolphin, and where she was now blessed with her beloved husband and her charming friends, brought, however, to her mind, the mournful remembrance of poor Delamere; and the tears of rapture with which the greatness of her own happiness sometimes filled her eyes, were mingled with those of sorrow for his untimely death. She considered him as the victim of his mother's fatal fondness and his father's ambition: yet, that his early death was not immediately owing to his violent passion for her, was a great consolation; and with only the one source of regret which his premature fate occasioned, and which being without remedy yielded inevitably to time; she saw an infinite deal for which to be grateful, and failed not to offer her humble acknowledgments to that Providence, who, from dependance and indigence, had raised her to the highest affluence; given her, in the tenderest of husbands, the best, the most generous and most amiable of men; and had bestowed on her the means and the inclination to deserve, by virtue and beneficence, that heaven, where only she can enjoy more perfect and lasting felicity.

